

*Daubigny 1865*



"EFFET DE LUNE."  
BY C. I. DAUBIGNY

THE PARIS SALON OF FIFTY YEARS AGO BY D CROAL THOMSON (Concluding Article)

THE Exhibition in Paris fifty years ago was particularly interesting to the artists of the period, because immediately before then that is in 1863, there had been a remarkable and sweeping rejection of the works of the men whom we now consider form an important part of the first section of modern French art. In 1863 the elderly officials of the Salon rode on the top of their commission, and were having as it were, a final kick at the new development of painting. Without consideration of their artistic merits they refused to hang the more forward painters of the time, Edouard Manet, Fantin Latour, Cazin, Vollon, Legros, Whistler, Jongkind, and Harpignies all

suffered rejection and these men are the artists we now recognise amongst the most gifted of the period, while the wire-pullers of the council are all forgotten. The painting Jury consisted of over a dozen artists and of these I confess to knowing only four. Three of them, Ingres, Flandrin, and Delacroix, however, had declined to serve on the Jury, and the fourth was Meissonier, who was not an exhibitor. All the other names on the list of judges are now unknown.

The Emperor Napoleon was personally very angry over the rejections, and he offered 'Les Refusés' his whole-hearted sympathy. He assisted them to open a rival Salon which was frankly styled "Le Salon des Refusés." The Emperor published an official statement that he had received so many "réclamations" that he decided to permit the work of these artists to be seen by the public.



*D'après M<sup>r</sup> Desir je vous fais remettre Le Croquis, Vm Tableau  
(Source de mortefontaine) que j'envoie cette année au salon  
Ce 17 mars 1864 (Corot)*

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part the Emperor Napoleon III played in the artistic world of France has never been fully explained, nor has he received the credit due to one who stood by and assisted the men before they were recognised by the world.

We know that in the Emperor's private collection in the Tuileries, and at Fontainebleau, he owned some most excellent pictures, and notably the famous Corot *Souvenir de Mortefontaine*, of which the artist's own drawing is here reproduced. A beautiful picture, now in the Louvre, hung from 1864 to 1889 at the Château of Fontainebleau, and was also a fine Daubigny in the Tuileries, more than one Corot. It is related that when the picture was taken by the Communists in 1871 it was rudely called to another "Honour to Art!"

It is to be hoped that even yet one of the great works of the Emperor before the 1870 war will be made possible to tell the story of the decided taste of the sovereign possessed for men such as Corot, Daubigny, and Messieurs les Refusés. I have tried to obtain some information from the revered Lady who, since then, has been in his country her home, but without result.

As it may, it is quite certain Napoleon III was more of an art patron than has ever been before. His military and political misfortunes have entirely eclipsed his better qualities, and his taste for Corot and Daubigny was remarkable. It should not be forgotten that immediately after the royal purchase of *Mortefontaine* Corot was chosen Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, and this on the personal intervention of the Emperor, otherwise the decoration would not have been conferred.

We shall commence our further survey of the Salon of Fifty Years Ago with a consideration of the works of Daubigny (1817-1878), represented among our illustrations by two drawings.

One, the famous *Moonlight*, forms our frontispiece—about which there are some interesting facts to relate—and the subject of the other is *Villerville*, a seaside place near Trouville, where the artist often painted. Of this fishing village perched on the cliffs he made pictures both from above and below, and these were mostly produced with full colour, and even with the palette-knife in place of the brush, a method our own Constable successfully inaugurated. *Villerville* was painted for Madame Daubigny, the artist's wife, and it remained her property a long time. The subject, notwithstanding its grimness, was one that all the family liked, and their friend, Emile Vernier, lithographed it at least two separate times. Afterwards the picture was bought by the famous art banker of Holland, M. Mesdag, and it remains in his well known collection at The Hague.

To the 1865 Salon Daubigny sent the *Château et Parc de St. Cloud*, commissioned by the enlightened but unfortunate Emperor, together with the great canvas, *Effet de Lune*, in which English people should be specially interested. Of the latter picture Daubigny's own sketch forming our frontispiece shows the composition well. The moon appears to float through the clouded sky, and the little hamlet sleeps peacefully on the plain. Towards the houses two figures move, one carrying a lamb and the other a lantern, and they are followed by a dog. The painting itself is in richly toned colours, and, with the mystery added by the moonlight, it is a work of the highest artistic quality.





*J'ajouté mon tableau de Villerville que j'ajoute  
cette année*

*— Daubigny*





*Effet d'Automne Daubigny fév 1865*

"EFFET D'AUTOMNE"  
BY KARL DAUBIGNY





Cl. Frère. See 13 Mar. 1865

"HIDE-AND-SEEK"

BY EDOUARD FRÈRE

er the *Moonlight* had been at the Salon,igny on the suggestion of several Englishers (Leighton, the future P.R.A., amongst) sent the canvas to the Royal Academy, in 1866 was held in the building now occupied by the National Gallery. But if Daubigny was not and admired by the then younger men, he was unknown and disliked by the older set whose opinion was not yet broken. So the picture, although not actually rejected, was hung with the possible honour, over a doorway, and almost invisible notwithstanding its six feet in length. Daubigny's friends were furious, but they were weak, and therefore almost powerless. They did not prevent the deliberate affront to a younger man about whom, the older men thought, too much fuss was being made.

Mr H. T. Wells, a figure painter hardly remembered now but just then elected an Associate, and an owner of some wealth, bought the picture, and thus tempered the extreme chagrin the artist experienced when he and his son Karl, of whose work we also give a reproduction, came later in the year to London to see how his masterpiece fared. Mr Wells sold the picture about twenty years afterwards to a Cornish collector and as he gained several thousand pounds for it, the picture making a purchase, purely from sympathy as it was, turned out a fairly profitable arrangement. We have a ready mention that Corot (1796-1875), then approaching his seventieth year, sent

to the 1864 Salon his ever beautiful *Souvenir de Morle fontaine*. In the Catalogue of the Salon the title carried an asterisk, which showed that when it was sent in, the painting was still in the possession of the painter. The picture, now in the Louvre, was for many years the only satisfactory work by Corot which was accessible to the public. This difficulty in seeing the master's pictures was responsible for the fact that it was not until over a dozen years after the artist's death that his reputation began to be built up outside but in purely artistic circles, of course the fame of Corot was already well established.

The sketch of *Houffleur* by J. B. Jongkind (1819-1891) is only a kind of memorandum of the composition of a picture which is certainly interesting. Jongkind was a Dutch painter who spent most of his time in Paris, but loved to go to the sea-coasts of Normandy and Picardy. He was an etcher and a water-colourist of fine quality, a pupil of Isabey.

Karl Daubigny (1846-1886) painted in direct continuation of his father's subjects. He never was taken seriously, as his pictures were too frequently weak reflections of the older painter. At the same time he had a strong artistic sense, which enabled him to produce a number of excellent landscapes, of which the *Automne*, represented by the sketch reproduced on page 153 is one.

In Edouard Frère (1819-1886) we have a French artist of a different character, one whose figure-pictures have enjoyed, and still continue to enjoy, a place of distinction amongst collectors. *Hide and Seek* is a typical example of his work, and his greatest pleasure was to introduce happy or industrious children into his pictures. Mr Ruskin once said that Frère's colour could be compared with Rembrandt's, and further, that 'he painted with his soul, combining the depth of Wordsworth, the grace of Reynolds, with the loveliness of Fra Angelico.' Another critic spoke of his children as being always fascinating because of their unconsciousness.

The art of Jules Breton (1827-1906) during his lifetime was very warmly appreciated, and his

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success was immense amongst both his own countrymen and Americans. In Birtuin his reputation has never been so high, and there are few examples of his work in our country. His compositions are always carefully arranged and their drawing correct, while his colour is usually good, occasionally rising to a very high level. This picture of the 1864 Salon *Une Gardes de Dindons*, is a typical example of his style, which was always concerned with French peasantry of the better sort.

From the note accompanying the drawing it appears that the artist encountered the remarkable turkey guardian in the far south of France, on the border of the Mediterranean Sea. He relates how he found her sitting motionless on a piece of rock, her thoughts in the sky, while the turkeys wobbled around. In the misty distance the Mediterranean shone like a white line. The artist goes on to say that he passed close to the strange girl without her taking any notice, and he watched her figure for some time. He does not say if he afterwards persuaded her to sit to him, but only that on account of the extreme heat he returned to the village along the olive-shaded road.

The drawing is a clever one, but the bare outline of the profile without eye or mouth makes it look rather like a diagram, while the drawing of the left hand and arm is more than doubtful.

Jules Breton's pictures in the Luxembourg, *La Bénédiction des Blés* and the *Rappel aux Glaneuses* have brought him unstinted fame, while the payment by Lord Strathcona of fifty thousand dollars for his large picture, *Les Communiantes*, has given him a position which otherwise his work hardly justifies. Yet his reputation in France remains at the highest, and it is remarkable that this reputation is as firm with the artistic world as with the ordinary public, and his poetic literary publications are always spoken of with respect.

The two charming little sketches from pictures by Gustave Castan (1823-1892) are much better in black and white than the originals are in colour. The painter was a Swiss, born at Geneva, and a pupil of Calme, himself a Swiss artist of the conscientious and constrained school. Castan was a clever and industrious man, and in addition to being a painter was an engraver and lithographer of eminence in his day. He reached Paris when



Les Bords de la Creuse à Garlieux  
Jules Breton 1864

Gustave Castan

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bizon men were coming into their own, and rawings reveal how strong and how healthy luence was. Castan also made many illus for newspapers

now reach what is perhaps the finest drawing those we have reproduced in these articles, e of the most remarkable productions in line

Barbizon School This is the *Plaine de on*, by Théodore Rousseau (1812-1867) sketch made from some rising ground near nebleau, and the artist himself describes the in a letter accompanying the drawing om the window of my studio in the country rve upon a small elevation of the ground the of a little wood of oaks. It is poor, stunted ocky, but raised from its humility by three ie poplars", and in a lofty strain he proceeds ress his appreciat on of the beauties of the y, concluding by describing how the peasant nly appeared from amongst the trees and l a further note of dignity to the scene

e splendid majesty of this apparently simple ng is something to be pondered over The brandtesque selection of the vital lines in the re, the beauty of the composition, and the

suggestion of the immensity of nature in com parison with humanity, as shown by the great poplar trees overshadowing the little figure of the home-going peasant—all these together render this a drawing of the very highest order

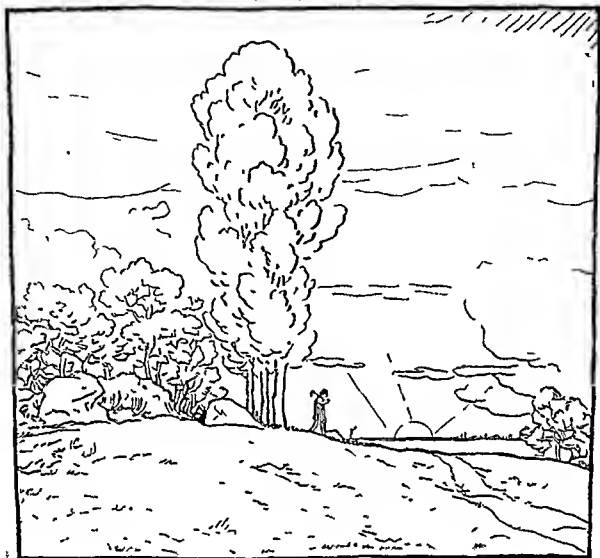
We now come to the works of three artists eminent in their way fifty years ago, but only one of whom is now remembered Gustave Morin (1809-1886) was a native of Rouen and began to exhibit at the Salon in 1833 In 1858 he returned to Rouen as Director of the Academy of Painting, and in 1865, the year he made the drawing he became Conservateur of the Museum there. It was probably the Great Exhibition of 1862 that brought Morin to London, and he seems to have grasped quickly some of the peculiarities of the streets at that time. To the Salon of 1866 he sent a water-colour *At the Corner of London Bridge*, and in our *Croquis dans les Rues* he displays his knowledge of our metropolis Therein we find an omnibus with its "knifeboard" and box seats, a hansom cab cutting along a big costermonger with a small donkey, and in the background the Lord Mayor's coach, with the gamins of the streets, the butcher



Un Caducataire

Salon De 1865

Gustave Castan



' LA PLAINE DE BARBIZON '  
BY THÉODORE ROUSSEAU



"LONDRES—CROQUIS DANS LES  
RUES" BY GUSTAVE MORIN

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the dog Toby. It would be hard to bring more incidents specially characteristic of the end of last century.

J. V. Rops (1833-1898) was an artist classed with the Belgian School, as he was of Namur, but his instincts were far more French, and in his later life he developed a class of drawing nearly allied to the decadents of the 19th or worse, and some of his subjects no doubt would be permitted to publish either in the East or the West. The drawing, *La Campagne parisienne*, which we reproduce, is, however, one so full of a humour of which no one need be ashamed. The idea throughout the drawing is connected with the contests of the artistic world, where there are a number of painters hard at work amidst the turmoil of horse traffic, the central point being the St Cloud coach filled to more than overflowing, not forgetting the dog hanging from the driver's foot at the back.

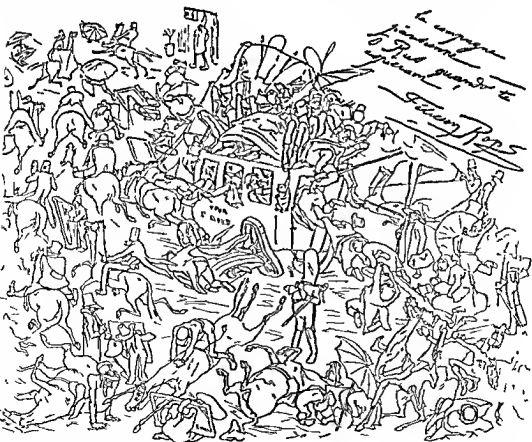
Joseph Suchet and his pictures I find little to

say except that he was a native of Marseilles and lived there. As a draughtsman he had great skill, and his *Fishing Boat* moves along, somewhat high in the water, while the little boat behind is lighter still. The wind blows the sails vigorously, and apparently in gusts by the way the flag turns upwards.

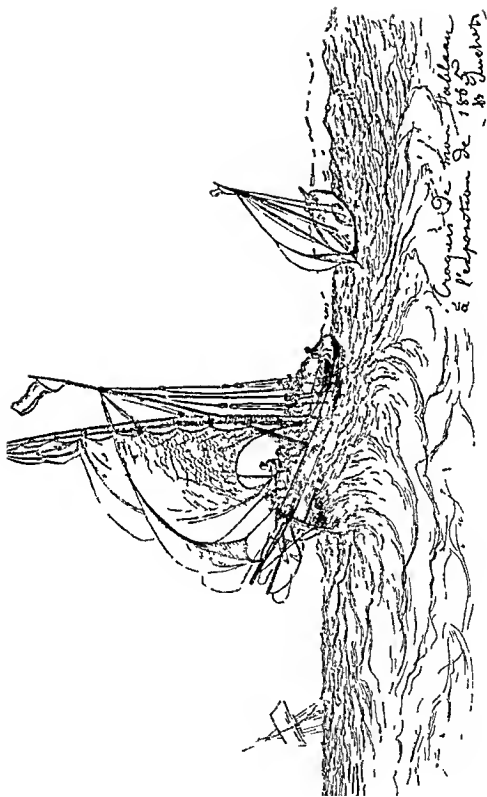
The three remaining drawings are all by men whose eminence is far more widely admitted now than at the time they were produced.

Edouard Manet's work (1832-1883) is interesting even in its smallest details, and the curious miniature sketch he has made of three pictures is remarkable in every way.

The *Buveur de l'Fau* appears to be one of the painter's first ideas for a picture which afterwards became celebrated. It originally formed part of a large picture entitled *Gipsies*, which figured in Manet's personal Exhibition in 1867. The subject of the picture was sufficiently detached to be cut in three portions by the artist, each three feet high







"BARQUES DE PÊCHE DANS LE GOLFE  
DE MARSEILLES" BY JOSEPH SUCHET

of a Gipsy man and a Gipsy woman while the *Water Drinker* was 20 x 19 inches. It is described as 'A boy in his shirt sleeves seen in profile turned towards the left holding in his uplifted arms a vessel full of water his head thrown back and his mouth open a stream of water pouring out of the vessel into his mouth'.

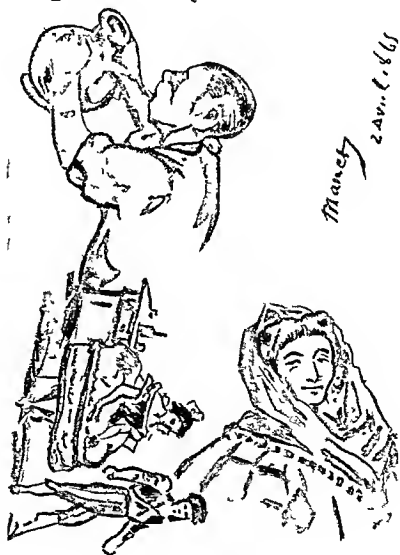
The sketch of *The Spanish Dancers* was done from Spanish drawings in Paris and the date is 2 April 1865 on the sheet shows that it was made 12 months before Manet's only visit to Madrid in the autumn of that year. For long Manet was attracted to the art of Spain and to its people and in some strong points there is a connection between his painting and that of both Velasquez and Murillo however different they may apparently be. The remaining figure on the sheet is *Lola de Valence* a celebrated Spanish dancer who was popular in France for years and Manet painted her portrait several times.

The fifty years that have passed since Edouard Manet painted have scarcely availed to reconcile the ordinary public to his pictures. When they were first exhibited M. Théodore Duret says (and M. Duret is the much honoured living link between the pioneers of the early days and our own time and was the personal friend of Manet and Whistler) in his brilliant biography of the artist that Manet's pictures had the same sort of violent fascination for the visitor to the Salon that a red rag has for a bull or a mirror for Turks.

Manet's honesty was doubted and his sincerity which was well marked to his friends was never accepted by the public. In person however he was a man of polished manners and blameless life who lived soberly with his wife and

in their. He was scrupulously correct in his dress, and it was in some measure owing to his example that artists commenced to dress like ordinary men of the world. When in 1915 we observed an artist wearing a velvet coat and slouch hat we set him down as one who has to bolster up his reputation by other means than his artistic productions.

Manet went right through the mill in the sixties. Beginning with 1859 he was rejected four times and accepted thrice. He was fully persuaded however that if the public came to know his work it would be well received at least by some so he persevered and like Whistler did everything he could to let his pictures be publicly exhibited.



SKETCHES 'WATER DRINKER' 'THE SPANISH DANCERS' AND 'LOLA DE VALENCE' BY EDOUARD MANET

year 1867, when the Great Exhibition  
 in the French metropolis, both Manet  
 urbet, who also was popularly disliked  
 permission to hold personal exhibitions  
 like structure was erected near the Pont de  
 and there in May 1867 Manet exhibited  
 fifty of his pictures practically all he had  
 d. As M. Duret relates, the greater part  
 magnificent collection has now found its  
 various public and private collections of  
 Europe and America. But the Parisian  
 and their visitors refused to see any good in  
 work, and it has remained for the present  
 ion to place him on the high level where he  
 y belongs. The catalogue of the Exhibition  
 7 contained a lengthy statement by Manet,  
 ons for holding a Private Exhibition, setting  
 re artist's position in a remarkable way.

necessity to exhibit he emphasises very  
 y "The matter of vital concern for the  
 is to exhibit, for it happens, after some  
 g at a thing that one becomes familiar with  
 as surprising or, if you will shocking. Little  
 le it becomes understood and accepted.

hibiting an artist  
 friends and sup-  
 s who encourage  
 in his struggle  
 lanet has no pre-  
 ns either to over-  
 an established  
 of painting or to  
 a new one. He  
 mply tried to be  
 self and not  
 ter.

he sketches of  
 s de Chavannes  
 4-1895) are several  
 many which the  
 t prepared for his  
 t decorative panels  
 Amiens Museum  
 h have been men-  
 ed in the preceding  
 cle (p. 77). The  
 sent figures are a  
 e difficult to disen-  
 gle, but they show  
 dies of children in  
 ous attitudes of  
 t, with a mother's  
 id or arm supporting  
 m.

Puvis de Chavannes had two studios, one in  
 Paris Place Pigalle, and the other outside the  
 Western walls, and he spent the time occupied in  
 going from one to the other (as he did every day  
 for years) in considering and deciding how his  
 work was to proceed. He executed only a few  
 easel pictures or *tableaux de chevalet*, as his mural  
 decorations engaged most of his thoughts. Some  
 think that his great series at Amiens constituted  
 his chief work but the mural pictures in the Paris  
 Pantheon are naturally much better known. He  
 was essentially a painter of the joys of the peasant  
 in his life and in his work, and in this respect is  
 a contrast to J. F. Millet who so divinely chose  
 the graver and even the more tragic aspect of the  
 peasant's existence.

Our final illustration is a reproduction of a  
 sketch *Le Brouillard* by Jules Dupré (1812-1889)  
 and it is accompanied by a note from the artist  
 which declares that it was always a great affair for  
 him to put pen to paper. The subject of the  
 sketch of itself is nothing he says, it is the "côté  
 symphonique" which is the great thing and indeed  
 the highest expression of art. D. C. T.



SKETCHES FOR "LES PÊCHEURS" (MUSEE D'AMIENS). BY P. PUVIS DE CHAVANNES



Je voulais vous écrire, et y ai tant  
 jours, mais c'est toujours pour moi  
 une grosse affaire que de me mettre en  
 plume aux doigts et attends le cadre  
 pour vous terminer le petit tableau  
 et au commencement le brouillard, que je  
 voudrais élever jus qu'à la  
 reverse, le sujet y met beaucoup,  
 mais le sujet n'est rien, c'est le  
 côté symphonique qui est la grande chose  
 et la plus haute expression de l'art,  
 puis qu'elle vient de l'ensemble

J. Dupré

# PAINTINGS OF OSWALD BIRLEY R O I

is surely not the fact of his being or not painted with the sitter that makes for the difference between an interesting and a dull one and as we are all capable of the landscape-painter's rendering of a subject which we are unfamiliar provided that it is regarded with true artistic insight and in a personal manner so we may enjoy the portrait of an unknown individual provided the artist has succeeded, by an intimate study of the subject in grasping in his conception some of the psychic as well as the physical of the sitter and in capturing upon his brush the hint of that divine spark which is within

the eminent Italian criminologist Cesare Lombroso who wrote in one of his books *On the Criminal Type* a discussion of the physical and functional and skeletal anomalies which he had identified as being characteristic of the criminal type the following words (I quote from the interesting summary of Professor Lombroso's investigations compiled by the author) which are significant of the testimony of a famous artist to the accuracy and subconscious analytical power of vision of a trained artist. Painters and unhampered by false doctrines, this type long before it became the subject of a special branch of medicine. The assassins, executioners, criminals painted by Mantegna, and Ribera the Spagnoletto, with marvellous exactitude the characteristics of the born criminal, the descriptions of great writers—Shakespeare, Dostoyevsky and—are equally faithful representations physically and psychically of the criminal type. Needs not for say that it is a very far cry from the portraits of criminals painted by Mantegna and Spagnoletto to the pleasant people's portraits accompany this article. It is interesting to note how the artist, with an intuition almost divine, leaps at a single bound to the comprehension of a truth which science attains and confirms at the

end of a long and many staged road of inductive and deductive reasoning. Again on the other hand as exemplifying the beauty of soul and nobility of character of which great portrait painters have left us a lasting memorial, can we look unmoved at many of the portraits by Raeburn and go away without a feeling that here are finely epitomised all the sterling and rugged virtues inherent in the natures of that hardy race to which the painter and so many of his sitters belonged?

The portrait painter of to-day must find however one would imagine a task of ever increasing difficulty. The strain of modern civilisation and the intermingling of class and race must be gradually effacing types and causing often the physiognomy to become a concealing mask rather than a revealing map of the underlying personality. More than ever must the portrait painter be a close and sympathetic student of humanity and other things



THE RAG SORTER

BY OSWALD BIRLEY



"SIR RALPH ANSTRUTHER, BART"  
BY OSWALD BIRLEY

## Oswald Birley, R O I

al, the profounder his study, the greater art.

e after this preamble, to the painter of our readers may judge from the several ons which accompany this article—we a portrait painter who has a rigid and strict n of his duties and his obligations towards

in the same battalion May good luck attend him

Exigencies of the portrait painter's art would seem to demand in the successful practitioner, either the development of a style and technique which allows of a gradual working up of the canvas, patchwork wise, in such a way as to allow alterations and additions in detail to be effected without loss of harmony and cohesion in the whole, or else a rapidity and dexterity of brush work which enables the results of the artist's analysis of his sitter to be synthesised on the canvas almost at one sitting. Conditions vary from day to day, sittings may be, of necessity, few and far between, such difficulties must hamper the portrait painter, and, while they should not touch his *art*, must undoubtedly interfere with his *craft*, if such a distinction may be permitted. Oswald Birley's style of work conforms to the second manner referred to above, and his method must be, in truth a rapid one to account

His aim it is to keep ever conscientiously in the thought of that inevitable com which must be satisfactorily encompassed curate physical presentment coupled with sion of the character of the sitter, as it is in the mind of the artist, so as to raise the rom being a mere outward likeness to being t in the highest sense of the term id Birley is one of the members of the young if portrait painters in this country—a school omprises a number of men whose contribu o modern art are highly interesting His characterised by great sincerity and con

usness it never s, it is even at times king in elements constitute a super and immediate at eness to the eye that ssy, in an exhibition, nly to overlook his uts and to pass them thout doing justice to qualities of firm and ic draughtsmanship, estrained colour and rable technique, which loser inspection will al. The artist comes Lancashire family, and born in 1880. His er up to August last ght be summed up, newhat in the curt inner of Professor ggins in Shaw's "Py gilion" as Harrow, Trinity ollege, Cambridge, residen, Paris, St John's ood. But at the out reak of war he was one t the first to offer himself, e enlisted in the 10th battalion of the Royal usiliers, and after a few norths in the ranks was "retted and Lieutenant



• CHILDREN OF LEOPOLD HIRSCH 1907 •

BY OSWALD BIRLEY



AN INTERIOR AT JAMES PRYDE'S FROM  
THE OLD PANTANO BY OSWALD BIRLEY R O I



for the large the very large number of portraits he has signed. Rapid work is not, however, necessarily scamped work, and his painting bears evidence of very much more than a merely superficial study of his subject. One feels that the study of the personalities with whom his profession as portrait painter brings him in contact interests him exceedingly, but he keeps always before him a sense of his obligations towards the sitter, the necessity and the duty of preserving the strictest fidelity to his conception of the individual of not permitting the portrait to lapse into being a secondary element in an artistic scheme whereby it is conceivable that a finer, a more interesting picture, but not a better portrait might, upon occasions be the result.

It requires character to comprehend character, and individuality to appreciate and depict individuality. The painter of portraits corresponds to the biographer in literature, not to the novelist or essayist, and the greater the biographer and the finer his character, the more valuable will be his conception of his subject, the more interesting the more subtle and the more profound his analysis. In the *œuvre* of the artist under discussion the most interesting characterisations to me personally, are to be found in his admirably virile portraits of men—in such works as the *Arthur Wagg, Esq.*, shown at the Royal Academy in 1913, the *Hon. Henry Portman* shown on the same occasion, in which is exemplified in a striking manner the artist's ability in the rendering of modern male costume—not an easy problem but one which in this particular work, has been handled most successfully. Other works of interest that should be referred to in this connection are *Codrington Crutchley*, in hunting kit, shown at the Royal Scottish Academy in 1911, the

portrait of *Sir Alfred Mond* in last year's Royal Academy where was also to be seen the portrait badly skied unfortunately, of *Lord Reading* the Lord Chief Justice. Among numerous other male portraits of interest Oswald Birley has signed an admirable work, *John Ross* (International Society, 1913), *Colonel Lynes* (Modern Society of Portrait Painters, 1913), *Colonel Spottiswoode*, *Sir Ralph Anstruther*, and the excellent *T. E. A. Buchan Hepburn, Esq.*, which last three we illustrate. Of the portraits of women, a very beautiful and charming piece of painting is that of an old lady, *Mrs. Russell Martineau* (Modern Society of Portrait Painters), another work to be remembered is that by which the artist was represented at the Venice Exhibition, 1912, *Mrs. Prescott Deane*, a three quarter length in an agreeably decorative modern costume, and the portrait of *Mrs. Alice*



"MONTAGUE ROSS ESQ." (R. A. 1913)



"LADY IN BLACK AND ROSE"  
BY OSWALD BIRLEY



"MRS ALICK WILSON  
BY OSWALD BIRLEY



A. BUCHAN HEPBURN, ESQ  
SWALD BIRLEY



COLONEL SPOTTISWOODE  
BY OSWALD BIRLEY

hich we reproduce together with the *Lady and Rose* exhibited in 1911 at the Modern of Portrait Painters and at the Walker Liverpool and last year at the Carnegie Pittsburgh. In the 1914 Autumn Exhibition of the International Society he showed five portrait of Miss Esmé Robb Birley's numerous commissions have not left him time for other work. Some portrait-drawings such as *The Rag Sorter* painted and shown the following year at the Salon firstly at the Anglo-American Exposition interesting portrait of Mabel Beardsley in 1915 (exhibited at the International Spring Exhibition) which attracts attention both by the subject and account also of its beautiful colour deserve singled out for special mention.

Of interest of the artist is the painting of groups as for instance, the skilfully drawn theatre-box group with its clever use of modern types, exhibited at the International Society of Portrait Painters a year ago and the *Children of Leopold Esch* in which the arrangement is clever and the background cleverly used with the figures, though the end one feels, has been handled with less success. Two of Oswald Birley's most recent works, both in this year's Academy are the clever and skilfully drawn portrait of *Montague Robb* and a presentation portrait of *Viscountess of Salford* for the London Hospital. Edmund Davis purchased for the Hospital where his gift is now in a self-portrait by Oswald Birley, was exhibited in London in 1913. A brilliant mirror painting in which the artist delighting in other of the problems in which he takes interest and besides the reflection of himself in a blue painting-overall there is admirable still life in the cleverly chosen ornaments on the mantelpiece. This brings me to a matter to which I should like to refer in conclusion. Some months ago THE STUDIO illustrated a beautiful portrait of the Countess of Salford by Mr William Orpen and there was made in the article accompanying it to the very interesting of Mr Orpen in reviving, so happily the presentation of the sitter amid appropriate environment. Those who re-

member that admirable *tour-de-force*, Oswald Birley's *Interior a James Prydes* which after being exhibited at the Royal Academy last year is now being shown at the Royal Scottish Academy's exhibition and is here reproduced in colour will recognise how skilfully he grapples with the difficulties of painting interiors. May we not suggest that the artist (when some day, as we hope he may he takes up his painting again) should also make some excursions into this region of the portrait interior piece, and combining his undoubted gifts in portraying men and women with his clever vision and technical ability in the painting of still life give us works which, satisfactory as portraits of individuals, yet afford a further hint in their surroundings, of their lives thus leaving a record of the period in which those lives are set?

ARTHUR REDDIE.



MISS MABEL BEARDSLEY AS AN ELIZABETHAN PAGE. BY OSWALD BIRLEY.



THE GRANVILLE

OIL PAINTING BY W. W. RUSSELL

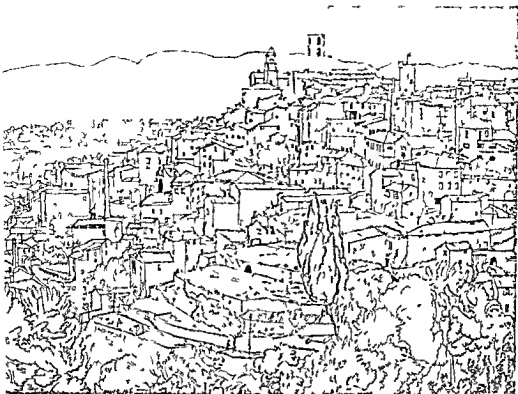
## PARIS PAST AND PRESENT

For the artist Paris has always had a peculiar fascination attracting thousands of painters, etchers and other lovers of the beautiful from all parts of the world. In spite of changes brought about by the natural development and evolution of civilisation evidences of its glorious history and present greatness still abound on all sides. In view of the momentous crisis through which the French nation is passing the Editor has deemed it an opportune moment to place before his readers a record of the architectural and topographical beauties of Paris, wherein will be reproduced water colour drawings, pastels, etchings &c., of its river bridges, quaysides, churches, public buildings and monuments, old streets and ancient houses by the many distinguished artists whose finest efforts have been inspired by the charm and romance of the French capital. Most of these works will be presented as full page plates, some of them in colours. The volume which will form the Special Autumn Number of *THE STUDIO* is now in course of preparation, and will be ready for publication early in the coming Autumn.

## THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUBS FIFTY THIRD EXHIBITION

To the exhibitions of the New English Art Club we always look for an assemblage of works accepted and hung with a certain catholicity of taste and speaking broadly the pictures there to be seen diverse in their manner of treatment and perhaps not always entirely congenial in outlook, at any rate furnish evidence of personal view points in art and of a striving after self-expression in the man untrammelled by considerations which he properly outside the scope of the punter and draughtsman.

We have noticed of late however in these exhibitions a certain sprinkling of works leading one to suppose that some of those whose pictures are accepted satisfy themselves with imitating and that not invariably with complete success the acceptable works of one or two of the established members of the New English Art Club. A case in point was furnished at the exhibition now under discussion by several examples of water-colour which, bearing considerable resemblance to the landscape drawings of that artist in the medium Mr. A. W. Rich proclaimed



OWN OF GRACE

THE DRAWING BY ALBERT KOTHENSTEIN

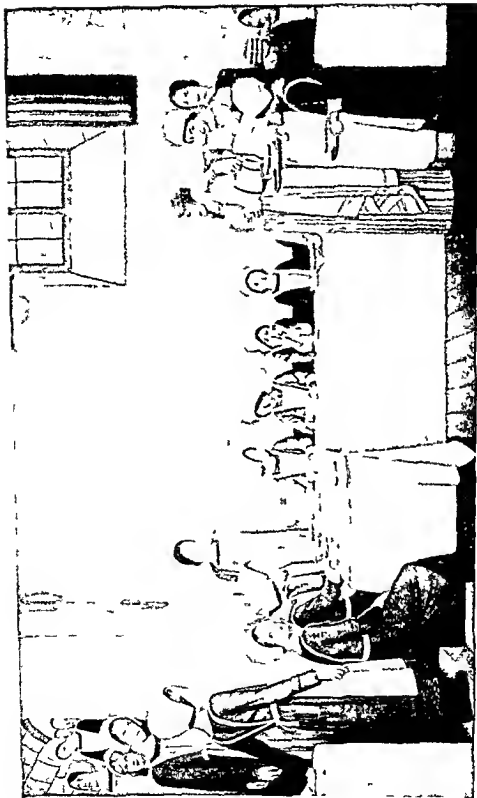
antedness of their authors merely to follow unquestionably, a very able lead  
Spring Exhibition at the Suffolk Street  
contained many works of interest, though  
re, in fact very few of really outstanding  
ce Mr Orpen sent nothing and the  
of his work from the walls made one  
ow much his always arresting and vivacious  
have meant in these exhibitions

teer, however, was represented by several  
the most important of which, *Stormy*  
, showed how wonderfully he had captured  
ct of nature and flung it with apparent  
ness a trifle disdainfully even, but with  
sincerity, upon the canvas. Another work  
*Sketching*, a graceful study of a girl in a  
se setting, acknowledging a debt to the  
ith century, and a delightful little water  
*A Deserted Quarry*, evoking a memory of  
rough, were among the best things the  
on contained. Good landscapes were also  
sted by Mr Mark Fisher, in three luminous  
rather haphazard, however, in composition,  
J Holmes, whose *Brick Cupolas* was an  
ng example of his austere and intellectual  
id Mr David Muirhead, whose delicate

printing, *The Haven*, and a beautiful *Norfolk*  
*Village* had the tender silvery quality of his work.  
In beauty of colour allied with decorativeness of  
composition Mr Collins Baker's *Llyn Houett* was  
impressive and one of the best things we remember  
of his, and the fine *Sussex Downs* by Mr H  
Bellingham Smith, also a little water-colour *The*  
*Dorens* by the same artist, were remarkable for  
their delicate harmony of colour and decorative  
arrangement of the composition

One of the finest pictures upon the walls of the  
large gallery was by Mr W W Russell who ex  
hibited, in *The Granville* here reproduced, a work  
superb in quality of paint, and in colour most  
attractive in its harmony of black and gold, enlivened  
by little touches of red in the plush seats of the  
music hall. The gradation of light from the stage  
along the plastered wall of the auditorium, and  
reflected by the faces of the audience in the stalls,  
intent upon the "turn" which, unseen by us,  
engrosses their attention, is all handled most  
effectively. *A Day by the Sea*, showing figures on  
the beach, was another pleasing work in more  
familiar vein, by Mr Russell, who sent also a  
companion music hall scene, *An Audience*, clever  
but slighter than his admirable *Granville*

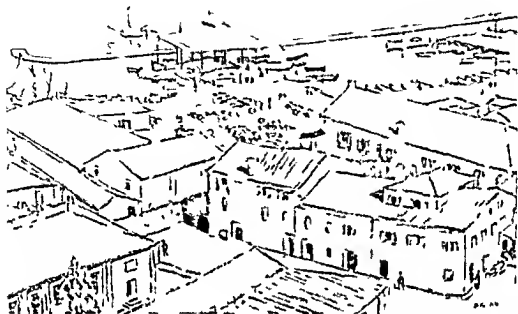




"ORPHANS," DECORATION FOR THE NEW  
ENTRANCE HALL OF MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL  
LONDON BY CAYLEY ROBINSON



COTTAGE ENTRANCE FROM A WOOD  
ENGRAVING BY SYDNEY LEE ARE



HARBOUR

WATER COLOUR BY HUGHES FOX PITT

rien Pissarro's work on this occasion seemed as interesting as usual, and we most pleasure from a little drawing in a of water-colour and chalk, of *Larnham* ant, cool landscape, of which we have is at last years Royal Academy, was Mr d Sickert's *The Parsonage Pond*, and, other works to be remembered were Miss inner's bright and cheerful *Spring in Hyde Goathland Moor*, a charming little picture an expanse of landscape with sunlight and adows on the hills, by Tom Roberts, a minous sketch *La Cote Dinard* by Miss e Brend, Mr Alfred Hayward's atmospheric les, Mr Henry Rushbury's finely and y drawn *Red Barge*, making a happy contrast ur with the spring green of fields around, using scene in *An Irish Police Court* by ony Cyriax Mr Gerard Chownes *The Actada, Granada*, a clever water-colour lqua *Ventimiglia* by Miss Vera Waddington, atharine Clausen's well composed *Group of s The Castle in the Air* by Mrs Edith ey, and Miss Ruth Doggett's *Pitros Square*

Portraits are never very numerous at the New English, and those seen there are always com mendably free from that air of "look pleasant please," which is characteristic of so many modern examples of this class of work. Interesting was Mr Francis Dodd's portrait of *The Dean of Ba'iol* rather dryly painted but with much character. Mr McIvor's largest contribution was the portrait of a little girl, *Virginia's daughter of Capt Harry Graham*, which, while possessed of a certain charm seemed somehow not quite happily composed. Other works of which one carried away a pleasant recollection were Professor Brown's sympathetically painted *An Oxyenarian* Mr W Rothenstein's *Elle the Thut her*, with a rugged dignity of face a little out of tune with the rather "æsthetic" colouring of the clothes and Mr F H S Shepherd's somewhat hard, though cleverly painted *Family Group at Hagley*, in which the numerous portraits hanging upon the walls of the interior seemed to over shadow in interest the occupants of the room. A group of four heads *La Graninière* by the same artist contained some beautiful passages of colour. Two strongly marked portraits were those by Mr



THE TWO BRIDGES

(By permission of the Proprietors of *The Times*)

BY NOEL ROOKE

W J Leech of *Professor H Brougham Leech* and the aggressively clever head of Mr George Bernard Shaw which, catalogued simply as *Oil Painting* was Mr Augustus John's sole contribution to the exhibition. Mr McEvoy showed also some of those pale rubbed-out water-colours in which at times he achieves such interesting quality and such subtle portraiture. In this respect his *Mrs Odette Thornhill* and *Major Steeter Edwards* are memorable.

Among artists who have turned their attention to mural decoration Mr Cavley Robinson always arouses our admiration for the sincerity and the humanity and simplicity which besides a trace of austerity, are characteristic of his work. His large painting, *Orphans* which we reproduce, was one of the outstanding features of the New English display. This work forming one of a series of

Acts of Mercy intended for the new entrance hall of the Middlesex Hospital is an interesting example of decorative painting, and a panel of much dignity and charm. Noteworthy is the contrast of the pale light of the window day with the

warm illumination of the lamp upon the table, around which are gathered the little girls in their blue uniforms. The classic dignity of pose of the women attending to the meal (particularly of the one who, in somewhat severely hanging dress, holds a baby on her arm) contrasts agreeably with the unaffected attitudes of the children, of the one who—most reprehensibly, no doubt—drinks with both elbows on the table, and those others coming down the winding stairs to join their companions at supper.

Mr Maxwell Armfield showed one of a series of fresco paintings, *The Years at the Spring*, entitled *The Rathe Primrose*, which we hope to illustrate in a future number, and other works decorative in character were Mr Joseph Southall's *The Sailing Boats Return*, Mr C M Gere's beautiful tempera paintings *Morning* and *Evening* and his five *Trenches of the Gods*.

Among the drawings which are, almost invariably, one of the most attractive features of the exhibitions of the New English Art Club we illustrate *The Trench of Grass*, a pen drawing in brown ink by



BLACK JAGUAR      PITCHING BY OROVIA  
(New English Art Club)

some mysterious power the outlines of Tamapaus, until the towers and domes of the 'Jewel City' began to shape themselves out of vague nothing even as by the creative genius that built them after reclaiming a swamp. When the sun is up the myriads of jewels on the imposing tower sparkle, as do the dew-drops when the sun shines upon the green grass-carpet that borders the sombre cedar groves of Presidio. Even when everything is wrapped in mist the golden dome of the Massachusetts Building glimmers out of the veil suggesting that here lies something precious to human hearts.

Many a night have I stood upon the hills and watched this great Exposition bathed in a vondrous flood of light. It is indeed inspiring. Gaze, if you will, upon that magnificent jewel-decked tower of glowing amber ever pointing to the sky, for an inspiration. Look at the reflection of the exquisite columns of masculine beauty on the lagoon by the Fine Art Palace, and think of its meaning. Watch the moving shadow lights—music expressed in rainbow colours—through the colossal dome of the Palace of Horticulture, and try if you will to interpret it in the music of your heart. Lift your eyes to yonder figure on the top of the Column of Progress—to that Adventurous Bowman standing in the living light, clear and strong against the dark sky, with his eyes ever fixed toward the north, eager to find the result of his highest and best efforts. Look how the radiating shafts of light reach up to the ninth heaven of the universe.

How inspiring is the sight of spiritual streamers connecting the Jewel City with the heights of heaven showing the sacred kinship between the finite and infinite between man and God!

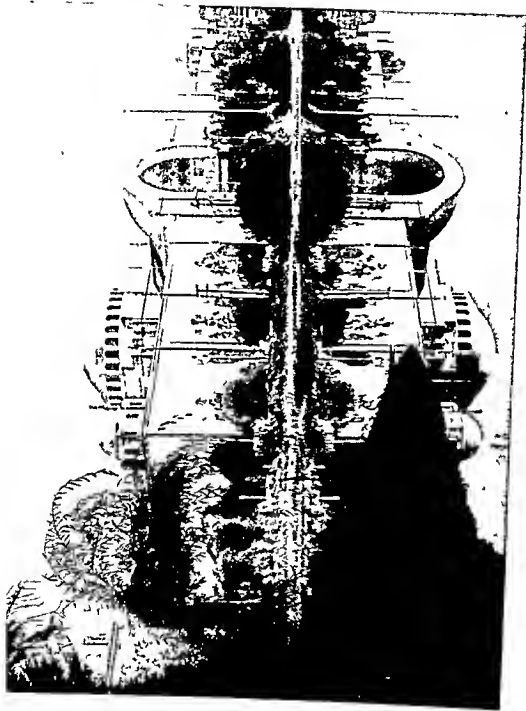
As I gaze upon these buildings so artistically grouped with their colour and sculptural adornment, a thought dawns upon me and grows in my mind. It is extremely suggestive, and I have come to believe that the same thought must have been guiding consciously or unconsciously, the hands of those who built and adorned the Exposition. The thought may even be strange to the artists and architects themselves but it must have been in them in some form or other. Or, perchance by some great invisible forces, in their mysterious yet customary way, the idea must have found an expression through man's work. Whatever may be the right interpretation I cannot cast my eyes upon these buildings now without being struck by their remarkable resemblance to a huge wedding cake profusely decorated. Can there be a more perfect model for a wedding cake than the magnificent Palace of Horticulture—a part of this group?

And why should there not be a resemblance? It is but just that there should be such a likeness. The different Powers of the world are here to join in a feast celebrating the marriage of the Pacific and the Atlantic, the union of East and West.

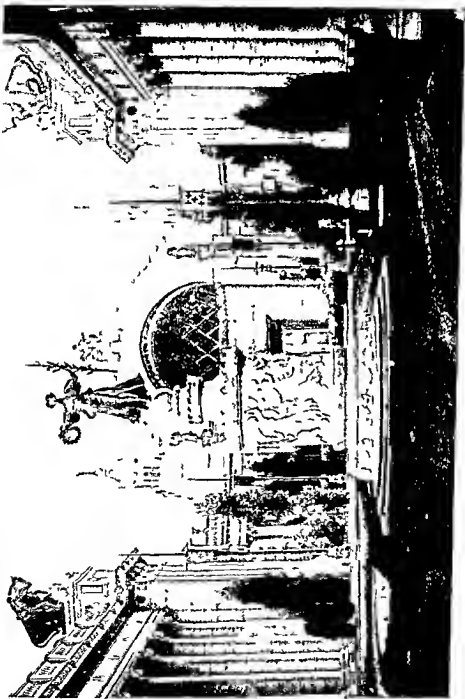
The Orient and the Occident have taken the most important and serious step of their lives. The outcome of the new life the life of the wedded couple is to be watched with the greatest of interest. Their future is already suggested by the wonderful colour scheme of this Exposition. The edifices representing different architectural styles each with its own individuality, its own national and racial characteristics are brought to a harmonious unity by being placed closely together, combining and blending their different ingredients and colours. Differences in the shade or colour of the human eye and complexion are but a necessary part of the expression of the spiritual harmony of humanity. Therein lies the true significance of the colour scheme of which this Exposition is justly proud. Failing to see this fact the mere pleasing effect to the eye is but a shadow of shadows. If you lose sight of the fact that the true significance of all the splendours of the Jewel City is in the union of the East and the West, as symbolised by the completion of the Panama Canal the solemnity and the sacredness of the purpose of this epoch-making enterprise are lost for ever lost. Japan has brought her tribute to this happy and unique international function so well symbolised by the 'Jewel City'



HAWAIIAN PALACE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION  
VIEW OF PROGRESS WITH THE PALACE OF  
VARIED INDUSTRIES AND PALACE OF MINES

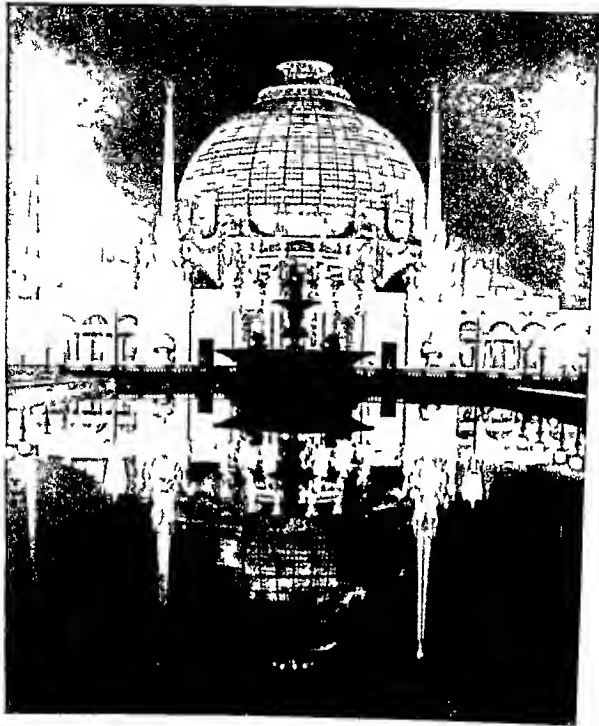


PANAMA PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION  
LAGOON AND PALACE OF EDUCATION

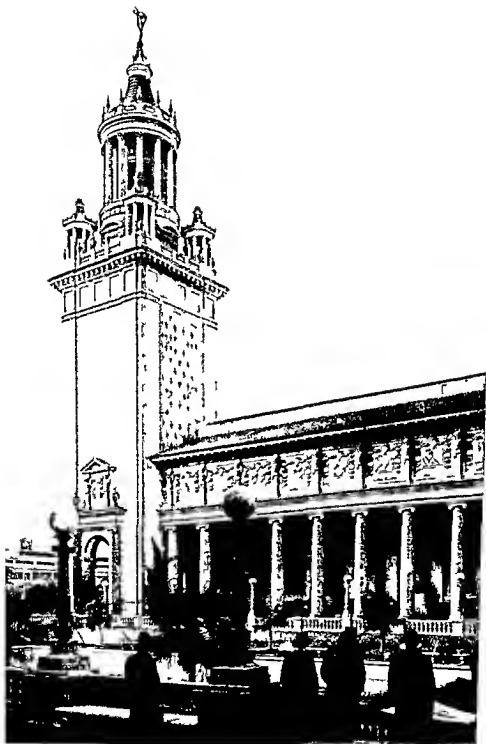


PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION COURT OF THE FOUR SEASONS, DESIGNED BY HENRY BACON, AND FOUNTAIN OF CLIPS, BY LVELYN BEATRICE LONGMAN

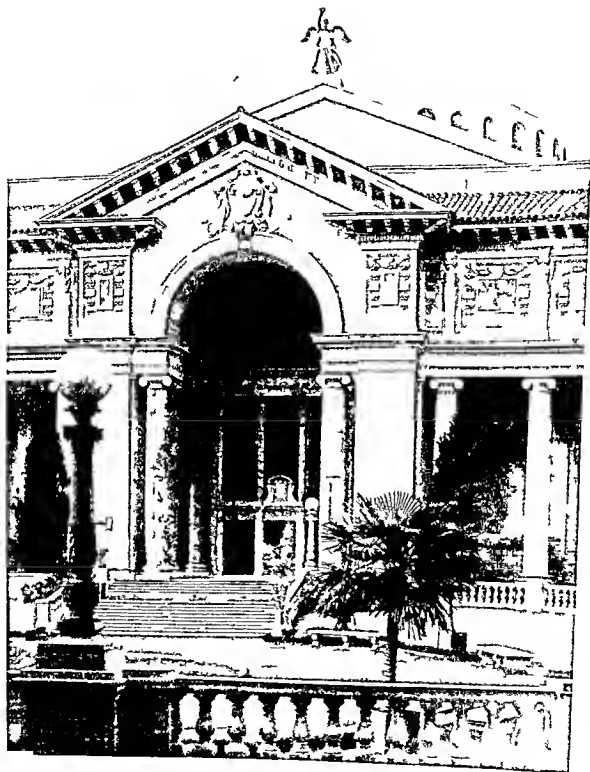




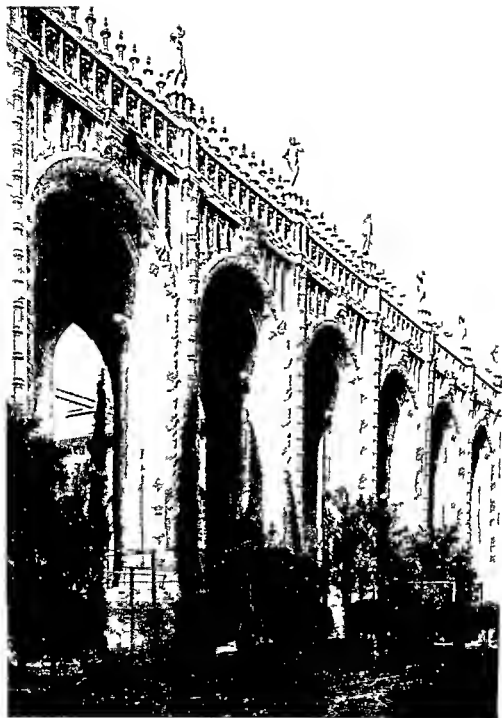
PANAMA PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL  
EXPOSITION THE PALACE OF HOKI  
CULTURE ILLUMINATED AT NIGHT



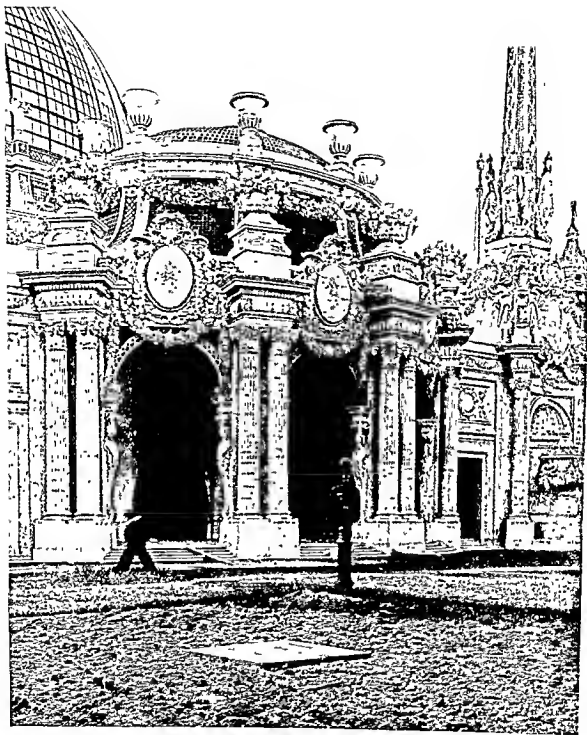
PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION  
OF 1907 SHOWING ITALIAN TOWER AND  
OF COLONNADE OF PALACE OF EDUCATION



PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION  
ENTRANCE TO THE PALACE OF EDUCATION  
FROM THE COURT OF PALMS



AMA PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL  
POSITION ARCHES OF ENTRANCE  
THE COURT OF ABUNDANCE



PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL  
EXPOSITION: CHIEF ENTRANCE TO  
THE PALACE OF HORTICULTURE

## Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture

### INTERNATIONAL DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE

Like some of the Royal Gold Medal Royal Institute of British Architecture Sir Ernest George and Mr. Reginald Durling of Toronto is not associated with Domestic Architecture though he had some notable private houses. His is lain rather in the sphere of banks, offices, hospitals, and University buildings. His work has interested not only those who have seen it in reality, but those who are able to assess its worth by means of reproductions. This is the first time that a Canadian architect has been selected for this distinction. He was born and bred in the Dominion and received some training in the offices of Sir John Blomfield and Sir George Gilbert Scott. It was not until 1891 that Mr. Durling to the Royal Gold Medal in person. He is represented at the meeting in the High Commission for Canada. It is interesting to remember that the Royal Gold Medal was first instituted for the merit of the junior architect of the profession in 1836. The first winner was not Sir John Lubbock and Queen Victoria consented to an award in the arrangement since 1848 when Sir John Lubbock received the distinction has been conferred annually on the architect or architect or architect nominee of the year in various countries. It was one of those who received it (in 1874) and afterwards Sir John Lubbock that had the distinction conferred on him after he had received it. The Stones of the building he would have been and re-

spectfully accepted it. "I now proudly refuse it."

A notable Past President and life-long supporter of the Institute died in June namely Mr. J. Maxwell Anderson. He was responsible for many of the best modern buildings in the City and elsewhere in London and was also the architect for some large country houses. Dignity was always present in his work as in his life and his fine personal qualities will be remembered for a long time. His portrait painted by C. W. Furse hangs at the Institute.

Economy in living, which we are recommended to observe, will be followed probably by attempts at economy in building. This is no new ideal, and innumerable houses exist to show that to be too sparing in first costs is false policy. Durability can be obtained by a little further expenditure, and liberality in essentials is always well repaid. While

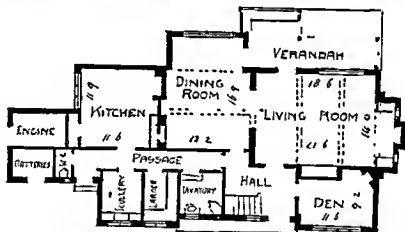


FIREPLACE CARVING AND PLASTER WORK AT SUMMERHILL COURT, KINGS WINFORD. DESIGNED BY J. A. SWAN, F.R.I.B.A.



THE MEAD, WRITTLE, ESSEX.  
REGINALD A. RIX, A.R.I.B.A.,  
ARCHITECT.

Every one knows of failures in construction through well intentioned parsimony, there is evidence also of success in building cheaply and substantially. For instance, "The Mead," Writtle, Essex, was designed by Mr Reginald A. Rix, A.R.I.B.A., to secure a country house at the lowest possible cost, not only in original outlay but in upkeep. The outside walls are partly covered with smooth cement in its natural colour, and partly with hanging tiles. The roof tiles are sand faced and very dark. Simplicity is the keynote of the internal decoration. Woodwork is used freely, and the walls are finished with wall-cloth and simple distemper. The doors are plain boarded, and the ground floors have wood blocks or tiles. The house is so planned that nearly all the rooms face south-east to obtain the maximum of sun. It will be seen from the plan that a large living room has been provided, and folding doors open from it to the dining room. Both these apartments lead to the verandah, which is used for meals as often as possible. A feature of the house is the miniature gallery overlooking the hall. There



are six bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom, etc. Accommodation is provided for electric lighting plant. The building stands in three acres of land, part of which is taken up by a tennis lawn, lily pond, rock garden, and other adjuncts which do not show in the illustrations. The conveyance revealed an interesting history, which, though short in details, covers a long period. The land originally belonged to the Pope of Rome, who sold it in the fourteenth century to William of Wykeham, and by him it was given to New College Oxford, from whom it was purchased by Mr Rix.

The detail of the morning room at Summerhill Court, Kingswinford (p. 196), shows the fireplace, which is built of Horton stone with a background



D. WHITTLE, ESSEX

REGINALD A. RIN A. R. I. B. A. ARCHITECT

s tiles in red and purple. The panelling height of seven feet six inches, and the sk is relieved by patterns of vine fruit.

Over the fireplace is a decoration with *notif*. A large bay window, with antique coloured medallions, is a feature of the he whole of the cartoons and models for  $\frac{1}{16}$  glass and plaster are the work of the

Mr James A Swan F. R. I. B. A., of am

though there has been an almost inevitable falling off in the number of "one-man shows" the exhibitions of the leading societies have been held as usual this season in London and other centres apart from the numerous special exhibitions which have been held in aid of war funds. And though no statistics are available as to the number of visitors to these exhibitions there is reason to believe that in this respect also there has been no marked falling off.

## STUDIO TALK

*From Our Own Correspondents*

ION — A year has passed since the Great Powers of Europe entered on the most stupendous struggle which the world has ever witnessed and the issue of which so e ordinary mortals can judge, is still in The art historian of the future, however, sick on this interval of time fraught with gie events, may hardly fail to note the tively slight interruption of the normal [ affairs in this country. Twelve months outlook in regard to art seemed very dark y of the fixtures for the autumn and early ason were at once cancelled but as time more hopeful feelings prevailed and

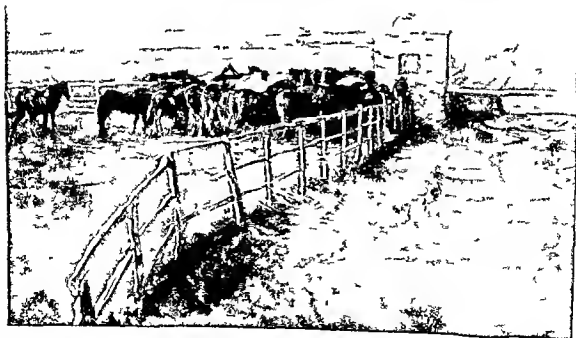
Among the artistic events of the season which has now come to an end with the closing of the Academy sculpture claims the chief place. First there was the magnificent addition to the art treasures of the nation represented by the sculptures of Auguste Rodin, whose gift has been and will always be deeply appreciated by art lovers in this country, where the great French sculptor's work has a host of admirers. And now within the last few weeks at the Victoria and Albert Museum hard by the gallery where Rodin's masterpieces are displayed, we have had another remarkable manifestation of plastic art in the collection of works by Ivan Meštrović, the Serbo-Croatian sculptor, perhaps the greatest artist and, without doubt, the greatest sculptor that any Slavonic nation has yet produced. Hitherto his work has



been publicly exhibited chiefly in Vienna at the periodical exhibitions of the Secession where according to Mr Seton Watson's note prefixed to the catalogue of the collection at South Kensington, he held his first collective exhibition in 1910 though this is not quite accurate as some two or years before that a collective exhibition of his work was held at Spalato, the capital of his native province of Dalmatia where a few years earlier he had after spending his boyhood as a shepherd become apprenticed to a marble worker. Here again in the autumn of 1908 in company with other artists of the province he made his appearance before his countrymen with a notable group of works in the first Dalmatian Art Exhibition which was noticed in these pages shortly afterwards (see THE STUDIO for March 1909 p. 162) which also is not mentioned in Mr Seton Watson's sketch of his career. But it was in the Serbian Pavilion at the great International Exhibition at Rome four years ago that the art of Mestrovic who was then barely thirty years of age scored its greatest triumph and as remarked by Vittorio Pica in his comprehensive illustrated record of that exhibition (I Arte Mondiale a Roma nel 1911) provided

the public with *un frisson non eau* as Victor Hugo said of the young Baudelaire

The collection of Mestrovic's sculpture at South Kensington does not of course comprise the whole *oeuvre* of the artist but the works assembled there represent admirably the diversity of his talent—and as another Italian critic Sgr. Mano Lago has observed the art of Mestrovic is remarkable for its variety. Foremost among them are those monumental creations inspired by the tragic history of his race and his passionate devotion to the cause which in common with all the Southern Slavs he has at heart—the resurrection of a race which for centuries has been and still is to a large extent, under the domination of Turk, Teuton or Magyar. Forbidding as some of these monumental figures are at first sight one cannot fail to be impressed by the pathos which is expressed in them and though in presence of these manifestations of 'patriotic exaltation' one is conscious of very diverse influences affecting this sculptor's work—influences which it is not easy to reconcile with anything essentially Slavonic and indeed when not archaic rather suggest a Teutonic type of



\* THE HORSES WATERING PLACE VIA APPIA

(Fine Art Society)

BY COMMENDATORE ARISTIDE SARTORIO

c expression—the in-pression which the  
tion as a whole leaves on us is that of a quite  
rdinary genius and that if in some cases this  
expresses itself with a frankness to which  
e unaccustomed it is entirely sincere—that,  
ort Ivan Mestrovic, to quote the remark of  
f the Italian critics just mentioned, is not  
great sculptor but also—and even more—a  
poet.

—

• work of the Italian painter Commendatore  
de Sartorio has been frequently referred to  
pages of this magazine during the past dozen  
or more and in our Special Number of  
Peasart Art published in 1913 two typical  
les of his water colours of the Roman  
agna were reproduced in colours. Thus  
the artist has explored and studied under  
st diverse aspects, and it is, as Mr Selwyn  
n remarks in his preface to the catalogue of  
eunion of these pictures recently exhibited in  
alleries of the Fine Art Society, 'a theme of  
lling interest a land of magic whose romance  
et yet been cheapened by modern conditions.  
eproduction we give of *The Horse's Watering*  
*Via Affia* will give an idea of the artist's  
and forceful statement of the aspect of  
and the character of the district this was  
f the best among the seventy works exhibited  
of them executed in a mixture of pastel and  
ra, and the original, gave a wonderful im-  
on of heat and sunlight. We much regret to  
from reports in the daily press that the artist,  
n the outbreak of hostilities volunteered for  
e in an Italian cavalry regiment has been  
prisoner by the Austrians

—

Frank Beresford's portrait of Mme Tamaki  
which we reproduce is a capital presentment  
e talented Japanese *prima donna* as she  
red recently in the rôle of Madame Butterfly  
ccinus popular expert at the London Opera  
e. Mr Beresford knows Japan and the  
ese well and he is we believe the first  
artist to receive an award at the annual  
tion held under Government auspices in

in Water Colours. The artist, who has been a full  
member of the Society since 1903, takes an active  
part in his native town of Birmingham, as a member  
of the Royal Birmingham Society of Artists, to  
which he is also Professor of Painting. His  
presentation of *Honest Jack Falstaff* follows upon  
Shakespearian lines in making the bluff and amorous  
old toper a likeable scoundrel enough despite his  
roistering proclivities, and the facial expression,  
the joviality and general *bonhomie* of the old  
reprobate, is admirably expressed. Almost we  
seem to hear him giving utterance to those  
characteristic sentiments 'If I had a thousand  
sons, the first human principle I would teach them  
should be—to forswear thin potations, and to  
addict themselves to sack."



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tion as a whole leaves on us is that of a quite  
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s expresses itself with a frankness to which  
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ost diverse aspects, and it is, as Mr Selwyn  
in remarks in his preface to the catalogue of  
ection of these pictures recently exhibited in  
alleries of the Fine Art Society, "a theme of  
elling interest, a land of magic whose romance  
et yet been cheapened by modern conditions."  
eproduction we gave of *The Horses' Watering*  
*Via Appia*, will give an idea of the artist's  
and forceful statement of the aspect of  
and the character of the district, this was  
f the best among the seventy works exhibited,  
of them executed in a mixture of pastel and  
ra, and the original, gave a wonderful im-  
on of heat and sunlight. We much regret to  
from reports in the daily press that the artist,  
in the outbreak of hostilities volunteered for  
e in an Italian cavalry regiment, has been  
prisoner by the Austrians

Frank Beresford's portrait of Mme Tanaka  
which we reproduce, is a capital presentment  
a talented Japanese *prima donna* as she  
red recently in the rôle of Madame Butterfly  
ccini's popular opera at the London Opera  
c. Mr Beresford knows Japan and the  
ese well, and he is we believe, the first  
h artist to receive an award at the annual  
tion held under Government auspices in

in Water Colours. The artist, who has been a full  
member of the Society since 1903, takes an active  
part, in his native town of Birmingham, as a member  
of the Royal Birmingham Society of Artists, to  
which he is also Professor of Painting. His  
presentation of *Honest Jack Falstaff* follows upon  
Shakesperean lines in making the bluff and amorous  
old toper a likeable scoundrel enough, despite his  
roistering proclivities, and the facial expression,  
the joviality and general *bonhomie* of the old  
reprobate, is admirably expressed. Almost we  
seem to hear him giving utterance to those  
characteristic sentiments "If I had a thousand  
sons, the first human principle I would teach them  
should be—to forswear thin potations, and to  
addict themselves to sack."





HONEST JACK FALSTAFF FROM THE  
WATER COLOUR BY W J WAINWRIGHT RWS



THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS  
BY E. CARTER PRESTON  
(Fine Art Society — Photo Malolos Arbuthnot)

At the Fine Art Society's galleries Mr. E. Carter Preston, a Liverpool artist, has been showing a number of 'Polychrome' models and statuettes, three of which we illustrate. Many of the press notices have quoted the word as 'Polychrome,' and polychrome these amusing little figures unquestionably are, but in the word the artist creates to describe his productions we get a hint of the method of construction of these models. He works with a saw only, and the figures are built up out of a number of slices which are fastened together. This engenders a certain facility in repeating the design. There is an architectural solidity about these little wood figures which invests them with a distinct dignity and forcefulness and their rich colouring is reminiscent somewhat of the sumptuousness and Oriental splendour of the Bakst designs for the Russian ballet costumes. It

was only at the outbreak of war that Mr. Preston, forsaking his easel, took up the designing of toys and models, and he has proved that in inventive ness, craftsmanship, and skill, British artists can hold their own in this field. Besides a number of toys and hair ornaments, the exhibition contained some excellent decorative pieces, such as the *Djin*, *Europa and the Bull* and two dragons, various symbolic pieces the best of which were *Heligoland*, with a golden British Lion at grips with the Prussian Eagle, and a majestic figure, "*Who is this that cometh from Edom*," fine both in colour and design. Amongst the studies in portraiture the best were *Joffre and the Gallic Cock*, *The Grand Duke Nicholas*, his lean alertness admirably expressed, and Mr. Asquith as a *Greco-Roman Orator*, "*Wait and See*," notable for the dexterous management of the richly coloured toga and the expressive features,



A GRECO-ROMAN ORATOR "WAIT AND SEE"  
BY E. CARTER PRESTON  
(Fine Art Society — Photo Malolos Arbuthnot)



JOFFRE AND THE GALIC COCK

(Fine Art Society — Photo of a Visit to a Butcher)

BY E. CARTER PRESTON

and amusing also was *The Rose of Lancaster*, in which Mr Churchill, seated Britannia-wise, has posed his sub-marine-headed trident, to take up emblem of his subsequent appointment.

The fine, and at the moment eminently appropriate, exhibition of Naval and Military Works of art now being held at the Guildhall Art Gallery, is proved a great attraction. Here are to be seen a number of paintings of famous military exploits, among them many old favourites lent from various private owners and Galleries, many coming from the National collections of France and from Belgian artists. In much painting of this kind the interest of the subject, of course, transcends the importance of the picture from a purely artistic point of view, but to-day, when our hearts are stirred with the knowledge of the magnificent deeds of our brave sailors and soldiers and those of our gallant Allies such an exhibition as this makes the strongest claim upon our interest, expressing, as in so many pictures we find expressed, the highest ideals of patriotism, self-sacrifice, and great-hearted devotion to duty

Some portraits of famous personages in the public eye at the moment are prominent features of the exhibition, such as Sargent's fine *Sir Ian Hamilton*, a richly colouristic portrait of the *Car* by V. Sieroff, Herkomer's portrait, dated 1890 of Earl Kitchener, and the same artists *Lord Fisher*, *General Joffre*, painted by Henri Jacquer, *Sir David Beatty*, by Hugh G. Riviere, *Sir John French*, by J. St. Heier Lander, a painting by C. W. Furse of *Lord Charles Beresford*, *Laszló's Rt Hon A J Balfour*, *Lavery's Rt Hon Winston Churchill*, *Fiddes Watt's Rt Hon H H Asquith*, and *Logsdail's Sir Eduard Grey*.

France has always counted among her artists a distinguished school of military painters, and the exhibition contains examples by, among others, Meissonier, J. L. Gérôme, A. de Neuville, E. Detaille, A. P. Roll, J. Berne Bellecœur, G. Jeanniot, and G. Hoffbauer.

Among our own artists who have painted naval or military subjects, some of the best things are the works by Lady Butler, Robert Gibb, W. L. Wyllie, Norman Wilkinson, and Bernard Gribble, and we also remember with pleasure Bertram Priestman's *Launch of H.M.S. Thunderer*, and *The Wash of the Next Ahead* by Arthur J. W. Burgess.

A Special Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, held during July with the worthy object of helping the Artists' General Benevolent Institution, contained many good and characteristic works by various of the members. Among the best things, to mention but a few of them, were Mr. Henry E. Crockett's *Pleasant Meadows*, four works by Mr. Albert Goodwin, some agreeable pastoral pictures by Mr. R. Thorne Waite, Mrs. Laura Knight's sunny *Cornstack*, beautiful studies in pencil by Mr. Sims, for two of his well-known pictures, interesting works by Mr. Clausen, a fine *Bolton Abbey, Yorks*, by Mr. Lamorna Birch, Mr. Robert Little's *Lake of Como from "Phry's Villa"*, wonderfully simplified but eloquent studies of pigeons, and a *Sketch in Myopia* by Mr. Edwin Alexander, and good works by the

President Mr Alfred Parsons, Mr Walter West Mr W Eyre Walker, and others

Few of the personages associated with the stage in our days have engendered the attention of artists so much as the talented Russian *danseuse*, Mme Anna Pavlova. The statuette we reproduce has just been on view at the Royal Academy and is the work of Miss Lorna Adamson, who made her debut as an exhibitor at Burlington House four years ago, when she was but sixteen. Miss Adamson is wholly self taught as an artist, and has found great advantage from a sedulous cultivation of the memory, which has enabled her to dispense almost entirely with notes and sketches

The Royal Society of Miniature Painters' Twentieth Annual Exhibition, at the Modern Gallery, contained a large number of works, many of which, aiming at nothing more than a mere coloured photograph effect were disappointing. The best things in the exhibition were Miss Nellie Hepburn Edmunds' *Helen*, daughter of Lord Edward Cecil, agreeable in composition, delicately painted, but

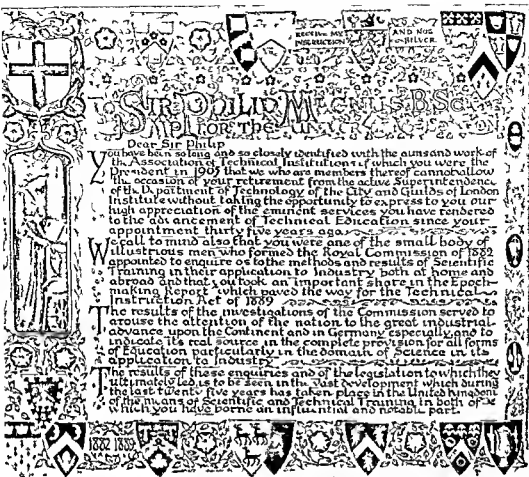


\* ANNA PAVLOVA IN THE SWAN DANCE.  
BY LORNA ADAMSON.

with appropriate freedom in the handling of the dress, and Miss Mabel Edwards's two exhibits, of which *Muriel* a girl in a violet-coloured early Victorian dress, was the more attractive. A satisfactory military miniature was that of *Major Gen E S Bulfin, CVO*, by Victor Wyatt Burnand, works delicate in handling were contributed by Count Mario Gironi, Dora Soutten (a well drawn *Portrait*) Edith M Hinchley (a clever study of an old woman), and Lydia Isabel Howorth. Some fine jewellery by Miss Kate M Eadie, whose work is well known to our readers, and a case of medals by Mr Cecil Thomas (now 2nd Lieut in the 13th Middlesex), particularly an excellent one for the Hindhead Golf Club, were by no means the least interesting of the exhibits

To the majority of people the name of the Hon John Collier is associated with those "problem" pictures with which, from time to time, he has titillated the palate of the lovers of drama in paint who go to Burlington House in search of a thrilling "picture of the year." Besides however, his activities in portrait and figure painting, the artist depicts landscape, and a number of his studies were to be seen at the Leicester Galleries last month. Of these a clever picture of *Oliver at Bordighera*, *Autumn at the Villa Serbelloni* and two airy little seascapes *Woolacombe Sands* and *The Beach at Saundersfoot*, were among the most interesting

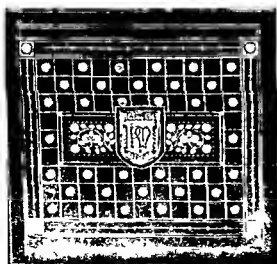
Mr Edgar Wilson and Mr D Atherton Smith held in June last a joint exhibition of work at the Twenty One Gallery, York Buildings, Adelphi, consisting of drawings and etchings by the former, and some attractive little sketches in oils by Mr Atherton Smith, similar in technique to those we reproduced in colour at the beginning of last year. Ten of this artist's fresh and luminous impressions were included in this exhibition, several being scenes in Tunis and Algiers, but the most attractive were the two entitled *On a Canal Side, Venice*, a charming study of pink sails, and the little beach scene sparkling with light *Purs Plage*. Mr Wilson's *Silenus*, the figure head of a ship seen against a background of masts and cordage and two excellent tinted drawings entitled *Locomotion*, showing, decoratively, the early days of the railroad, were among the best of his pen and ink drawings. His etchings included a second set of ten small etchings of London. There is a little stiffness in the composition of these small plates which is not disagreeable, and the etchings as



ILLUMINATED ADDRESS TO SIR PHILIP MAGNUS M.F., FROM THE ASSOCIATION OF TECHNICAL INSTITUTIONS

a whole (we would mention particularly *George Court, Adelphi, Backwater, and Charing Cross and Adelphi*) have a personal character both of design and handling

**M**ANCHESTER. — The eminent services rendered by Sir Philip Magnus to the cause of technical education in this country were recently signalled by the presentation to him of an illuminated address from the Association of Technical Institutions, by whom the preparation of the address was entrusted to Mr Henry Cadness, Second Master of the Manchester Municipal School of Art in Cavendish Street, All Saints, and as the accompanying illustrations show, the work has been carried out in a manner worthy of the occasion. The design of the address



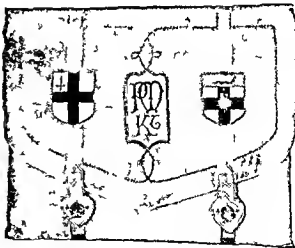
MOROCCO COVER FOR ADDRESS, DESIGNED BY HENRY CADNESS, EXECUTED BY W. MENZIES ENAMEL SHIELD BY WILLIAM CADNESS





DESIGNED, ILLUMINATED AND LETTERED ON  
VELLUM BY HENRY CADNESS OF MANCHESTER  
SCHOOL OF ART

itself and of its cover and bag is due to Mr Cadness and the illumination and lettering of the address and of the list of signatories appended to it were also his work. The address is on vellum and the lettering is done in red and black the borders of symbolic flowers and arms of the City University and Guild Companies of London being in gold and heraldic tinctures. The two figures are introduced as appropriately symbolising Science applied to Industry and Manual Training. The decorative features of the green morocco cover which was executed by Mr W. Menzies, instructor in binding at the Municipal School of Technology are its inlays of blue, and the silver enamelled shield of turquoise and lapis blue with red and gold initials, the enamelling being the work of Miss Mildred Cadness. The bag with its



SILVER GREY VELVET BAG WITH SILK APPLIQUE EMBROIDERY SHIELDS AND STRAPS. DESIGNED BY HENRY CADNESS  
EXECUTED BY E. LOUISE BRADBURY

dered helms and straps in heraldic colours the work of Miss Louise Bradbury who as Miss Cadness is associated with the School of Art.

PARIS—To some artists in the Latin Quarter even now, under present conditions, perhaps the most trying time though less so in these summer days the time between sunset and dawn is so. But to others it is the most wonderful time. It is then that contrast in a vivid gown collected on steals by your de and pictures for you last year's spring and summer nights their endless rows of glittering lights that the now dimmed boulevards. No does one hear the strains of stringed instruments in the cafes glazy clatter and the loud laughter. The times that before red green and gar in brilliant lights and had less and little structures, filling the d with wistful and malous thoughts telling strange or foreign has revivited the and the expressionless on his white horse been seen on her outskirts. Long ago the sytrafe ceased, and the lightning speed some belated tax or muffled rumble of a wagon of the Croix Luce and the purring d whirring of pa roll plates d turbs the fence futed to e and finally son bre in ences surrounding artists now artists with again refinements had at work and the xors of almost for ten alms of a scant night are being opened realms in which artists verging on the troubled eams in used by e cent's except with new and the artist will

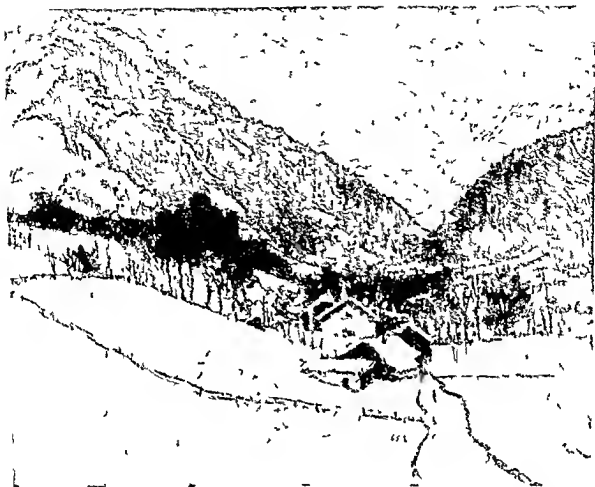
awaken with The grey earth of his brain aglow and the red earth burning in his heart.

But apart from the wonderful quiet beauty of the boulevards, artistic attractions in the Quarter have been somewhat rare of late. Perhaps the most notable of them was a little exhibition organized by some of the members of the St. George's Reading Room at 6 rue Huyghens. Here one found amongst the exhibitors many noted names, though not all represented by notable canvases. That space hanging and surroundings were problems not easy to deal with was at once evident by the general decorative arrangement. However the present exhibition certainly contained the best collection of work that has yet been shown in these rooms for which congratulations are due to the jury composed of Mlle Olga de Boznan ki



111 EVA B. BRYANT

BY LARRY E. LA MAN



THE END OF THE ROAD

BY HARRY B. LACHMAN

M. Louis Beloul and M. Vignal. Amongst the work of especial interest no one could ignore the personal charm as well as the technical accomplishment of Mme. Amard Oberteuffer's *Fruit and Flowers* and the *Notre Dame* and *Les Tulieres* *l'hiver* by George Oberteuffer. Then there were a number of delightful landscapes and village scenes by Harry B. Lachman, of whom more anon and other outstanding exhibits which attracted me were Mlle. Violet Mège's *Muses au Cimetière*, Boleslas Buynos *Vers la Victoire*, Mlle. Olga de Boznanska's *Portrait*, G. Temple Olmstead's *Le Boulevard*, the woodblock prints by Harry de Maine, Mlle. Cormier's *Étude de fleurs*, Fabus Lorensky's reminiscent *La Famille*, a fascinating little head by the sculptor George Conlon, decorative works in silver by Mlle. Edith Boddington and Mlle. S. Lahan Blaisdell and some architectural studies by H. Birtle Cox.

Though artists of many nationalities are still to be met with when one moves about in the Quarter,

the cosmopolitanism of the art world of Paris is naturally far from being so much in evidence as in pre-war days. The American colony, which of late years has become increasingly numerous, has been depleted very considerably and several of its well-known representatives have left for home across the Atlantic.

Amongst those still remaining in Paris there are few more versatile than Harry B. Lachman. His little studio in the Rue Campagne-première is a veritable hive of art and industry, the varied results of which are to be seen in profusion there. Born in La Salle, Illinois, where art was esteemed principally as an aid to commercial enterprise, his early aspirations found few congenial influences. Paris was a long way off and the road thither lay through lithographic designs and popular and sentimental illustrations. Given an ideal, however, and a determination to pursue it, I doubt if this is altogether a bad school to pass through, the demands of design no matter how ordinary more

often than not engender a fine sense of balance and arrangement, and it is Lachman's knowledge of these qualities in a painting that makes his own work extremely interesting. Coming to France some three years ago he struck out immediately for himself, with the little villages of Brittany, Spain and Switzerland for his masters and school rooms. His *A Street in Brittany* and *Fishing Smack, Brittany*, are intimate examples of his work at that time. I feel, however, that it is as a painter of snow that this artist excels. His studies and paintings of snow clad, low lying villages and mountains are all remarkable for their colour, keen observation and design. *The End of the Road* and *The Madelon, Paris—Winter*, two of his smaller canvases, show characteristically this phase of his art which elicited by no means unfavourable criticism at the Exposition Internationale de Peintres de Neige, and is seen to advantage from time to time in the Salon of the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts and the Salon d'Automne. But it is not alone in his work as a painter that Lachman expresses his talents, the making of model houses, villages, and toys occupies no small part of his time during the long winter evenings, and his embroidered cushions, with designs of quaint animals and landscapes, are not amongst the least fascinating examples of his versatility which one may enjoy in his studio, and which will be included in the first important exhibition of his collected work to be held in America during the autumn. E. A. T.

**V**ENICE — Though Trieste, which for long years has been under the domination of the House of Hapsburg whose right to what is essentially an Italian city now awaits the decision of arms, cannot vie as an art centre with the larger cities of Italy, it can nevertheless boast of a very energetic

group of young artists eager to redeem their native city from the reproach of being wholly absorbed in commerce and trade. Five years ago this group exhibited in a body at the ninth International Art Exhibition of the City of Venice, and created a favourable impression, the group consisting of Guido Marussig, examples of whose work have already appeared in this magazine and who was responsible for the decoration and arrangement of the room assigned to the group, Ugo Humani, Guido Grimaldi, Pietro Luciani, Arturo Rietti, Carlo Wostry, the sculptor Giovanni Mayer, and Glauco Cambon, whose picture of Trieste by night is here reproduced. Cambon though still quite a young man had already exhibited at Venice, and his work has made its appearance at other important art centres, such as Milan, Turin, Vienna, Munich, Berlin, as well as at the Permanente in Trieste. He is very versatile, and besides landscapes and numerous successful portraits of men and women, characterised by shrewd observation and energetic technique, he has executed a series of mural



"TRIESTE"

BY GLAUCO CAMBON

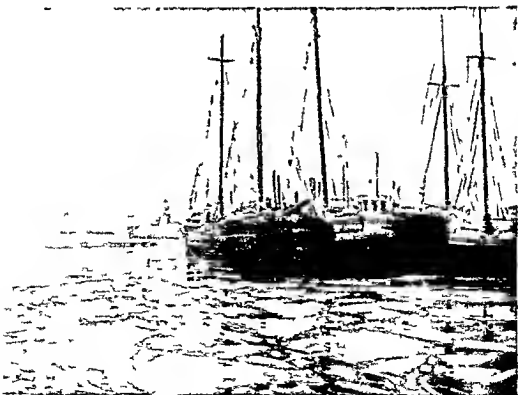
or a private residence in Trieste which decided feeling for decoration, and he has signed some attractive posters

**MONTREAL**—During the past few years the periodical exhibitions here of local paintings and sculpture have been chiefly interesting by reason of the fact they have afforded a marked impetus towards the development of a distinctly Canadian art. The effort in this direction is still somewhat tentative and speaking generally must yet be regarded in its manifestations as only occasionally satisfying. But at least sincere and virile. The Spring, on at the galleries of the Art Association in Montreal this year gave indication of further success on these lines.

Compared with exhibitions of former years, the average of the work shown on this occasion is meritorious, while in certain instances an unusually high standard was attained. Miss Muntz for example, who was represented

by three large canvases, has never perhaps expressed herself so completely and so convincingly as in her *Mother and Child* which was not only exquisitely tender in sentiment and feeling, but luminous in quality and rich and harmonious in colour. Mr. A. Suzor Coté showed also some most interesting works, well illustrating his quite remarkable versatility. They included a fine landscape, an interesting portrait of an Indian girl *Onotika* and a nude *Douleur* painted with understanding and a just perception for form. Mr. Maurice Cullen's *Sacrilège* a well balanced composition, possessing fine tonal qualities, was quite characteristic of this artist at his best.

The President of the Royal Canadian Academy, Mr. Wm. Brymner exhibited two marine studies of the Cape Breton coast, of which *Incoming Tide* was awarded a special prize and special mention should be made of the very individual and typically Canadian paintings, so different however, in treatment and intention of Mr. A. Y. Jackson who may properly be considered the leader of the new Canadian School and Mr. Clarence A. Gagnon.





SUNNY SEPTEMBER

(Montreal Art Association)

BY HELEN MCNICOL

Mr Charles W Simpson also showed a number of very pleasing canvases of which *On the Canal* was distinguished in particular by its subtlety of colour and a certain vibrant quality

Among the younger painters who were in evidence at the Spring exhibition and whose recent works indicate increase in power and adequacy of expression reference should be made especially to Mr Arthur D Rosa re Miss Mabel H May Mrs G F Greenwood and Mr O Leduc. The last named who is self taught, is an artist of decided originality and one of his pictures in oil at this exhibition representing a fruit laden branch of an apple tree in olive tones against a twilight sky was greatly admired. Mr R S Hewton one of the most promising and talented of the younger men and who by the way enlisted last winter for active service with the Second Canadian Contingent showed seven landscapes in oil or water colour all expressive and individual in character. Another

Montreal artist of rapidly developing powers is Miss Helen McNicol of whose work *Sunny September* is a typical example. H M L.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Art Club's twenty first Annual Exhibition of Oil Paintings held during the latter half of March included one hundred and one works that sustained a creditable average of excellence rather surprising in consideration of the fact that many important canvases have been absorbed by the Panama Pacific Exposition and that moreover this show followed almost immediately another just closed in the same gallery of the artist members work. The Club's Gold Medal has been awarded to Mr L G Seyffert for his portrait of *Miss Josephine Dodge* a charming presentment of young American womanhood and Mr Charles S Corson's landscape entitled *August Morning* received Honourable Mention. Mr Childe Hassam contributed a poetic conception with the title of

during recent years. His knowledge of all the varied phases of the art since the discovery of the process by Senefelder in the closing years of the eighteenth century is so complete that it is difficult to point to any one more competent than he to treat of the subject. On its historical side he has had an able collaborator in his wife, who, in her chapters on the history of the art from Senefelder to the present day has overlooked



PAPER DOLLS

BY ALICE SCHILLER

scarcely any of the numerous band of distinguished artists who have successfully demonstrated the potency of lithography as a vehicle for expressing their conceptions. The only name that we miss in glancing over the long list being that of Mr. H. H. La Thangue, R.A. And then on the technical side Mr. Pennell himself has much to say about a variety of details which will be of great service to the student such as the kind of stone



WINTER

(Philadelphia Art Club)

BY F. W. REITFELD

ed for the process, and the different sorts of hat may be employed, the preparation of materials, lithographic chalks, inks, and their manipulation, the instruments and necessary—remarkably few are absolutely necessary transfer and printing papers, presses and so forth, and there is a special on colour lithography. It is this combination of historical and technical information which gives the volume its unique value, and we can with confidence that it will have a great, the more so as in the matter of illustration, which have been particularly lavish.

*Art and Genius of Tintoret* By L. P. BROWN (London: G. Bell and Sons Ltd.)

£3 3s net.—Mr Osmaston's book was demanded. It is a curious fact that this genius always has seemed to stand in shadow of greater names. Or is it that he had none—is it that we are always conscious in treatise and inventive compositions of their very the very element which is the truest form of artistic inspiration? Always has the power to con-

That would not be Mr Osmaston's solution. He rather looks for Tintoret in this book, the fact that has been denied him the greater names in the world. Though the author is not one who is the minutiae of scientificism on one side he freshens the book with some original thought, pays a tribute to Ruskin, who, in the way always considered him the discoverer of Tintoret, even challenges him. A lengthy index is given over to a dispute

the nineteenth-century critic on his theory of a relationship between moral feeling and colour do not support Mr. Osmaston advancing reasons against Ruskin's theory. It is not to be met by reason. Ruskin was in this matter a mystic, and in spite of examples instanced by Mr Osmaston against the theory we still feel the connection between the of mind and colour which Ruskin tried to establish. Perhaps the difficulty in obtaining for Tintoret the full measure of recognition due to him rests with the

fact that religious subjects frequently engaged him, in which he does not exhibit complete sympathy with the text. In composition alone his invention is always tamed in such subjects when they are compared with his historical and mythical pictures. It is in the more legendary character of the Old Testament subjects that he is most impressive as a religious painter. Tintoret possessed an almost overpowering sense of material beauty, he hardly stands below any master in this possession. Mr Osmaston is inspired by this fact in connection with his art, and his two volumes, packed with carefully selected illustration, and step by step studying each phase of the master's career will go perhaps further than any preceding work in advancing the claims of its subject to a deeper consideration than has yet been accorded him.

The price of the portfolio of reproductions published by the Birmingham Art Gallery and recently noticed by us is 7s 6d not one shilling as stated.



PORTRAIT OF MISS JOSEPHINE DODGE

BY LEONOLD SEITZERT

(F.A. Inst., & Art Club—See p. 213)



# BRITISH ARTISTS SERVING WITH THE FORCES THIRD LIST

Albany G. A.	28th Bn London Regt (Artists Rifles)	Leigh Conrad	Royal Sussex Regt
Ambler C.	28th Bn London Regt (Artists Rifles)	Lewis Tobias	Royal Sussex Regt
Armstrong B.	The Duke of Cambridge's Own (Middlesex Regt.)	Lister J. H.	Royal Sussex Regt
Arnold R. W.	28th Bn London Regt (Artists Rifles)	Lizard L. D.	Royal Sussex Regt
Ashenden E. J.	28th Bn London Regt (Artists Rifles)	MacCormack H.	28th Bn London Regt (Artists Rifles)
Baleman J.	28th Bn London Regt (Artists Rifles)	MacDonald J. S.	Australian Exped. Force Victoria
Baldwin J.	Royal Field Artillery	MacEwan H. K.	10th of Court O.T.C.
Baxter I.	Royal Naval Air Service Anti Aircraft	MacMillan W.	28th Bn London Regt (Artists Rifles)
Beeton Alan	University & Public Schools Bn Royal Fusiliers	Meere M. C.	28th Bn London Regt (Queen's Westminster)
Bilton J.	Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regt.)	Mercer E. S.	Royal Naval Air Service
Bennett W. B.	28th Bn London Regt (Artists Rifles)	Mesrobian J.	28th Bn London Regt (Artists Rifles)
Benslyn W. J.	Sapper Royal Engineers	Montgomery Mont.	Australian Exped. Force Victoria
Benson G. C.	Australian Exped. Force Victoria	Morley C.	Capt. and Manchester Regt.
Bentley Alfred	28th Bn London Regt (Artists Rifles)	Morris C. N.	Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regt.)
Bennell C.	28th Bn London Regt (Artists Rifles)	Morris L. A.	Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regt.)
Bessant T.	28th Bn London Regt (Artists Rifles)	Mosse F. S.	and Lieut. King's Own (Royal Lancaster Regt.)
Bewan C. R. G.	28th Bn London Regt (Artists Rifles)	Munro F. C.	Royal Army Medical Corps
Blashki Evergood	Royal Army Medical Corps	Moody A.	Royal Engineers
Blunt J.	Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regt.)	Murphy H.	Royal Engineers
Bowcher Frank	28th Bn London Regt (Artists Rifles)	Murphy T.	28th Bn London Regt (Artists Rifles)
Brophy C. J.	28th Bn London Regt (Artists Rifles)	Nblett R.	Royal Engineers
Browne H. N.	28th Bn London Regt (Artists Rifles)	Nightingale C. T.	28th Bn London Regt (Artists Rifles)
Buckley H.	Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regt.)	Noonan F.	Australian Exped. Force Victoria
Burridge G. J.	Royal Garrison Artillery	Northwood W. F.	Royal Army Medical Corps
Byles W. T.	28th Bn London Regt (Artists Rifles)	Osborne W.	5th Bn Devonshire Regt.
Clark Cosmo and Lt. 7th Bn Rifle Breg. (Prince Consort's Own)		Parlow A. J.	28th Bn London Regt (Artists Rifles)
Clark P. L.	28th Bn London Regt (Artists Rifles)	Patterson Hector	Australian Exped. Force
Coates George	Royal Army Medical Corps	Patterson E. E. L.	28th Bn London Regt (Artists Rifles)
Collins W. W.	Royal Naval Air Service H.M.S. Marica	Paul A. Lee	Cpl. Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regt.)
Colville Geo.	Australian Exped. Force Victoria	Paul G. Lee	Cpl. Royal Army Medical Corps
Cooper A.	28th Bn London Regt (Artists Rifles)	Pearson R. O.	and Lieut. 28th Bn London Regt (Artists)
Cooper C.	Australian Royal Highlanders of Canada	Penny W. N.	28th Bn London Regt (Artists Rifles)
Corser P.	Australian Exped. Force Victoria	Petty E.	Royal Engineers
Craft Percy R.	Royal Army Medical Corps	Petty G.	Royal Army Medical Corps
Crichton Alex.	Royal Army Medical Corps	Pie R. W.	Sapper Royal Engineers
Crozier F. R.	Australian Exped. Force Victoria	Quirk D.	3rd Bn Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry
Culver F.	The East Surrey Regt.	Randall H. J.	Royal Army Medical Corps
Daunt D. N.	Royal Engineers	Robb as E.	Royal Army Medical Corps
Daydon A.	Royal Engineers	Roberts Tom	Royal Army Medical Corps
Decham G. P.	and Lieut. Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders	Rushbrook A.	Middlesex Bn Cyclist Corps
Dobson F. C.	28th Bn London Regt (Artists Rifles)	Savona A.	Royal Army Medical Corps
Douglas Sholto Johnstone	Lieut. Commander R.N.	Schwaben C.	13th Kensington Bn London Regt
		Scott J. B.	Capt. and Adj. Rifle Brigade
		Shackleton F. S.	Duke of Wellington's (West Riding Regt.)
		Shaw D. V.	and Lieut. 28th Bn Northumberland Fusiliers

THE LAY FIGURE ON ART  
AND THE NATIONAL SPIRIT

"HAVE we a prophet amongst us?" asked the Critic. "Is there any one who can foretell future of art will be, and what are to be opponents in years to come?"

"Calculations about the future are rather able," said the Man with the Red Tie, "prophet's rôle is always a thankless one subtle about what may be?"

"Cause there is a certain fascination in what you calculate" returned the Critic, "and because natural in tact to wonder what will be the consequences of present-day happenings. of us like to imagine that we have the gifthecy."

"needs no prophet to foretell the future of an art," broke in the Plain Man. "Art is—beyond hope of recovery. War has it."

"Why should war kill art?" questioned the Critic. "Is it a necessity for its existence?"

"Of course it is," replied the Plain Man. "Art is a curiosity and a product of peaceful and luxurious life."

"Its purpose is only to amuse, and necessity disappears when people are faced with serious facts of life and have neither money to spend on luxuries nor time to give to amusement."

"As Europe is at war European art disappears," asserted the Man with the Red Tie, "and we need not worry ourselves any more about it, past or future, is that your argument?"

"That about sums it up," agreed the Plain Man. "We have had a long spell of peace and we have been pretty prosperous for a great many years, but we have had a very good innings, and we have wasted a good deal of time and money on it. For the future we shall have to do without it, it goes away of most of our other luxuries."

"There speaks the practical, common-sense man who is not afflicted with imagination," laughed the Man with the Red Tie. "To him art seems to be only a curiosity or an amusement because he has never felt the need of it. That it can be counted among the necessities of human life has never occurred to him. Art is a necessity! What nonsense!" cried the Plain Man. "How can it be a necessity?"

"Because it is needed for the effective expression of human ideas," answered the Critic. "Because it is the medium through which the thoughts and feelings of the human race are best made manifest. A nation's art is the national spirit is most plainly expressed, and the level of that nation's intelligence

is most clearly established. The nation that has no art is, like the man who has no artistic sense, undeveloped both mentally and spiritually."

"But if it was all that, it would flourish just as much in war as in peace," protested the Plain Man. "Nothing would kill it. But look at facts. Who is thinking about art now? I tell you it is dead."

"You mean that you are not thinking about it," said the Man with the Red Tie. "But have you ever given it a thought except in your spare moments? Have you ever regarded it as part of your life? To you it has only been an amusement, and you say it is dead simply because you have no time just now for amusing yourself."

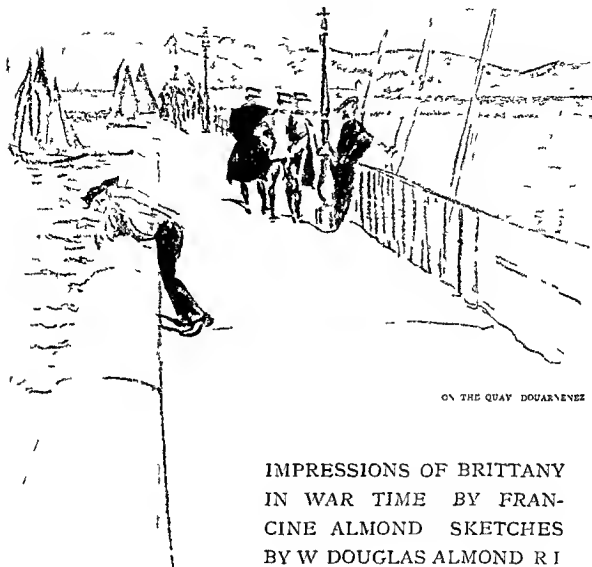
"Yes, the people who say that art is dead are those who have never realised that it is alive," agreed the Critic. "War cannot kill art unless it kills first the spirit of the nation by which that art was produced. Look at countries like Poland, Bohemia, and Serbia, is their art dead?"

"Then if art cannot be killed why are you worrying about its future?" asked the Plain Man. "It will go on just the same whether there is war or peace."

"No there you are wrong" cried the Critic. "If war changes the national spirit it will change too the art of the nation. If war makes us less frivolous, less luxurious, and less careless, if, as I believe it will, it strengthens our character and leads us to think more seriously, our art will become stronger and greater, finer in spirit and more noble in its aims. Art will shed the frivolities and affectations which have grown upon it in times of peace, just as the nation will throw off its peace-produced slackness and love of ease. But exactly what will be the nature of the change it is not easy to forecast at this moment—that is why I want a prophet who can see into the future."

"Reason out the future by the analogy of the past," suggested the Man with the Red Tie. "The nations you have just quoted provide you with sufficiently striking instances."

"Yes, they prove that even when, as a consequence of war, adversity overtakes a nation art is potent to keep alive the national spirit, and is often a bond of union between peoples of the same race," agreed the Critic. "In Poland, after many years of dismemberment the national spirit survives and is eloquently expressed in the works of her artists. Among the Czechs of Bohemia and Moravia and their near relations, the Serbo-Croats, art is of paramount importance as a means of expressing national aspirations. War, I say, does not kill art."



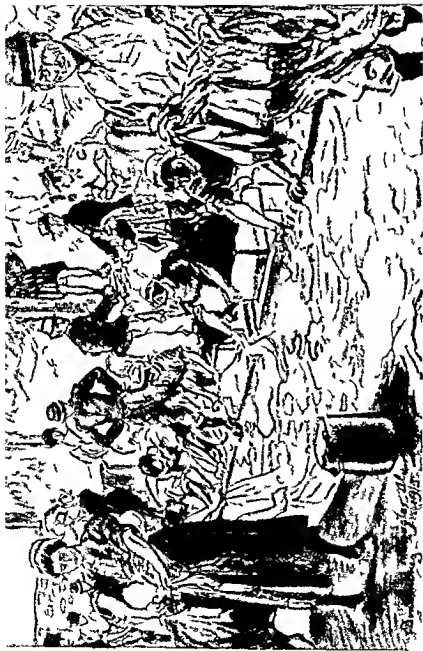
ON THE QUAY DOUAR'VEZ

IMPRESSIONS OF BRITTANY  
IN WAR TIME BY FRANCES  
ALMOND SKETCHES  
BY W DOUGLAS ALMOND R I

**P**EACEFUL Brittany That part of France so beloved by artists for its primitive simplicity, its days of dazzling sunshine when shadows are as purple as those of the Midi, its days of mists and rain when sun baked colour glows with a luscious softness through its bath of delicious moisture Brittany, with its note of black that always comes "just right — the note that gives such surprising value to the tawny yellows, brilliant blues and gorgeous reds and purples Brittany the happy resting place of Americans who know their Europe, and of Great Britons who love their little Brittany

And you who love it are you still thinking of it as Peaceful Brittany? Come, then and see it in war time, see it warm with pulsating life and movement, see it more gorgeous still with its added

colour of thousands and tens of thousands of soldiers Scarlet and blue soldiers drilling for war in open spaces where peace used to reign Sappers in fangue uniforms of cotton that once was blue and now by repeated washings and sun kissings runs a riotous gamut of hydrangea tones from deepest purple to mauvish pink Sappers quite unconscious of their colour value as, with spades over their shoulders that catch the glinting sunshine they swing along in hundreds bent upon experimental trench digging Soldiers marching and manoeuvring and dancing around in bayonet practice The air filled with the rattle of musketry, the tramp tramp tramp of moving battalions and ever and anon the bugle call ' ' Poilus every where, energetic alert, indulging in *blague* as they peel potatoes for the evening meal outside the



WASHING FOR THE SOLDIERS DOUARNENEZ FROM  
A SKETCH IN COLOURED CHALKS BY W. DOUGLAS ALMOND R.I.

## Impressions of Brittany in War Time

ry casernes. Poulus encircling lavours  
hey hammer and punch and pound their  
l belongings in imitation—and a good one  
the energetic Breton blanchisseuses. They  
wish everything they possess in a perfect  
of cleanliness decorating the surrounding  
with every imaginable article of wearing  
from scarlet cloth trousers to variegated

And this  
'Peaceful

"  
apertecms  
stirry life  
taffoffers  
their coffee  
terrasse of  
Hôtel de  
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t France is  
e French than  
as been for a  
long time  
d France  
diluted by  
rists is a new  
entry

Little Pont  
en, la coquette  
Finistere, is

itively in the sulks because Concarneau  
s been favoured with soldiers and she has  
t. Indeed, the rivalry that exists among the  
ferent villages as to which shall have the  
reatest number of "Piou Piou" to house and  
ok after would be ludicrous if it were not so

Throughout the department of Finistere the  
assant women by common consent have adopted  
iversal mourning. One no longer sees gay cap  
bons or coloured tabliers. And these women

of Brittany have taken on an air of greater dignity  
in their sombre black garments. What matter if  
they personally have not lost their loved ones  
they put on mourning out of respect to the heroes  
who have so bravely given their lives "pour la  
Patrie." Fete days and Pardons, it is all the same,  
the costumes of the Breton women form a sombre  
black background to the gay tole of the fishermen

which kept brilliant  
by frequent  
dippings in dyes  
of dazzling yellow  
ochres and burnt  
sennas.

Pont Abbé,  
being so near  
Quimper, is par  
ticularly favoured  
in the way of  
troops. The great  
convent is full of  
invalids, housed  
and cared for by  
the Religieuses  
—but all the con  
vents of France  
seem given up to  
the care of the  
wounded—and  
these Religie  
uses, shrouded in  
their picturesque  
habits, add  
greatly to the  
beauty of the  
wonderful scene  
as they glide  
through the  
streets on their  
quiet visits of  
mercy.

Even the re  
fined beauty of

Quimperle has taken on a military aspect  
"Les blessés" seek the refreshing shadows of  
the thick, beautifully clipped trees that make  
such deliciously shaded alleys around the old  
square.

But of all the towns of Finistere Douarnenez  
strikes us as being most rampantly, what Americans  
call "It." And to add another Americanism, it's all  
that and some more too. Douarnenez is wonder  
ful, it is so strong so vibrant, so rich in vitality  
that it acts upon one like a tonic. It makes one



QUIMPERLE

ashamed to be anything but vigorous Slackers! I am sure such poor worms would cease to crawl in Douarnenez. It may be the air, which is in vigorating and pure, it may be the stern life of active physical labour, but whatever it is it is there and is founded on the good old adage of 'Early to bed and early to rise'. Douarnenez begins to bestir itself at five in the morning and it keeps it up vigorously until nine in the evening when suddenly comes a profound silence a silence that is felt—Douarnenez sleeps. But at five in the morning Douarnenez wakes. There is no mistake about it. Douarnenez wakes without even a reminiscence yawn and clatters through the streets en route for its sardine fisheries en route for its tinning factories its early markets and now—en route for its early marches. One wakens to the tramp tramp of hundreds of soldiers passing by. The Angelus rings cocks crow bugle-sound and clickety-click go the sabots. What a magnificent réveille!

And what a sight to see the fishing fleet eight hundred strong swirl around the jetty all swinging in on the same tack all bent to the same graceful angle and each boat settling down with the quiet precision of a veteran that is all order and no rule. Then the rattle of the anchor chains—trump! Like a charge of musketry it echoes through the surrounding hills and the sails—browns yellows and tawny pinks—are lowered and in their places, fastened to the masts, float out the fléts

bleus, vaporous in their fairy like beauty, fine as cobwebs they wave and float and festoon themselves in every imaginable shade of grey and blue and mauve, one blending into the other in a bewildering billowy mass of soft colour, until Douarnenez harbour rivals in witchery the enchantment of fairyland.

After the patrol with fixed bayonets has made its

round of the town—for all solders must be in nine o'clock—we often steal away to the quay and from there make a circuit of the town by skirting the waters edge. At low tide one can almost but not quite pick ones way over the seaweed covered rocks to the Isle of Tristan the summer home of Jacques Richépin. Surrounded by its solid walls of stone masonry this romantic looking island gives one furiously to think of that picturesque rascal La Fontanelle who in 1595 took refuge there after terrorising the people of Brittany with his awe



PORT AVEN

inspiring brigandage. It is a moment too to dwell upon the quaint legend of La Ville d'Is that city of fabulous culture and luxurious vice. In order to make a spectacle to amuse her guests, Dahut, the beautiful daughter of King Grallon, stole the key of the *défilé* from her sleeping father and unlocked the gates, so allowing the waters to rush in. A tragic spectacle it turned out to be when the tempestuous waves engulfed the mad revellers and the beautiful city leaving only the fleeing king with his daughter Dahut seated

## Impressions of Brittany in War Time



CONVALESCENT

d him on his flying  
rand S. nt Guénolé  
ng them calling  
the king to throw  
Dahut as the vicked  
of the d saster  
t s here n plain  
of Douarnenez po t  
Gra lon flung h s  
ter Dahut into the  
and she became  
en of Bad Weather  
he nat ves say One  
ear he whistle and  
when the ten pest

t to see the wonde  
out of Douarnenez n  
of ts most enchant  
nments one must  
t by the pale moon  
when the delicate

floating webs are traced against the  
sky and the forest of masts rises up  
tall and straight silhouetted against  
the horizon. If in daytime the  
scene is a glorious Turner of voluptu-  
ous color the night uncovers  
the stretching tide for ever in  
the memory. One need not, how-  
ever search for "effects" in  
Douarnenez. All one has to do is  
to sit at the door of the Hotel d  
Bretagne that admirable and ant-  
ique building situated in the very centre of  
the town and "effects" come to  
one.

It is from this comfortable point  
of vantage that our astonished eyes  
see a rose garden come marching  
gaily down the steep incline and a  
braver rose garden was never seen.  
A section of one of the regiments  
has been ordered to the front and  
as it is going to the station. Be-  
fore leaving the camp it had been  
rewarded by gifts of June roses.  
Every man gallantly stuck a rose  
in the button of his frock and on the  
cane at each march between rows  
of black-robed white-capped women  
of Douarnenez and backed by that





\* STREET GOSSIP QUIMPERLE \*  
FROM A SKETCH IN COLOURED CHALKS  
BY W DOUGLAS ALMOND, R.I



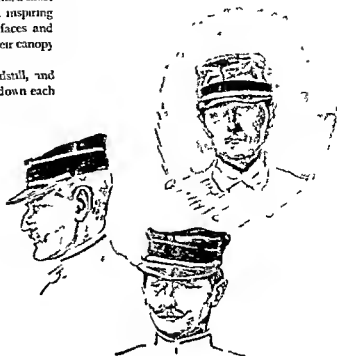
## Impressions of Brittany in War Time

which Guy de Maupassant called the third most beautiful bay in the world. It was an inspiring sight—brave and gay! Smiling young faces and tender eyes marching to war under their canopy of roses.

Halt! The men come to a standstill, and the corporal who has trained them goes down each side and shakes hands with each waiting soldier and the cheer

Au revoir mon corporal bids them down the lines, and then as they march again, and the fading red June roses is the last farewell we have from them.

The dignity and grace of the tall, slim girls in their simply



FRENCH MILITARY TYPES

draped shawls that give such classic elegance to the figure, crowned by the close fitting bonnet of fine, white tulle, is fascinating. The energetic little Sardinieres in their caps of embroidered felt and stout sabots seem of another race, yet they are every jot as interesting.

To watch the variegated panorama that passes along the rue Jean Bart is a never ending pleasure to the person who has eyes to see and nerves that cannot be shattered by the incessant clack of sabots striking the stone pavement, with the peculiar clean cut unresonating sound that we have learned to love. It is the music that haunts the fisherman in his lonely night vigils at sea—the music of 'Le pays Breton'.

F. A.



DRUMMER BOY OF THE GYMNASIUM SOCIETY "EN AVANT"

M. Dalmier, Under Secretary of State for the Fine Arts in France, has charged M. Paul Ginsty, Inspector General of Historic Monuments with the preparation of a "Livre d'Or" recording the names of all members of the profession of art in France whose lives have been sacrificed in defence of the fatherland during the present war. According to a list published in July the number of French artists, architects, and students of the chief Paris schools who had fallen on the field of battle had then reached nearly two hundred.

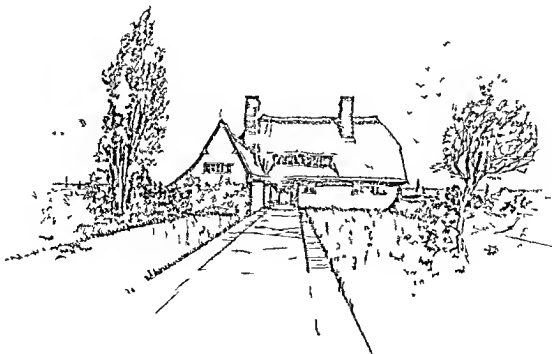
**I N M E M O R I A M C H A R L I S E D  
W A R D M A L L O V S B Y A L I R E D  
H O C K N Y**

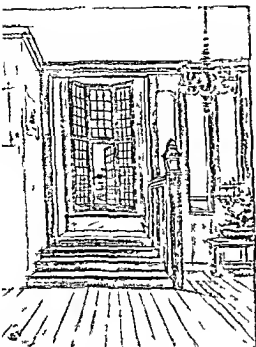
THE death on June 7 of Mr C L Mallovs F R I B A came as a shock to most of his acquaintances and to those who only knew him by his work. For some time the state of his health had caused anxiety to his relations and to an intimate circle of friends but his end was unexpected. His work was so excellent and attractive that every one regrets his death apart from the sense of personal loss. His opportunities to fulfil his ambitions would have increased and no doubt the results would have been important. He was only fifty years of age and had his destiny been otherwise he would have contributed still more to the art of the day.

An architect must be judged by the buildings he has executed unless like Mr Thomas Hardy he has deserted the practice of architecture and has developed his talents otherwise. Many men have succeeded well by using the foundations of their careers for other than the original purposes and though they may adorn a different walk in life their early training is of vital consequence. Men could be named also who are architects by pro-

fession but who are known equally well for attainments unconnected with building. They lead dual lives as it were without the stigma usually attached to that state. It is significant that the late Mr Mallovs avoided the temptation to abandon his profession entirely or to share it with some other occupation. The inducements were obvious. He had gifts which would have won him fame apart from his aptitude for building and it was natural that modestly conscious of such possibilities he should consider the different future open to him. But he always refused the beckoning sirens in the other fields of art. So it was with work supplementary to his calling. He wrote occasionally for instance but only to amplify the message conveyed by his admirable drawings or in appreciation of a brother architect. He illustrated books but not those with an alien subject. Everything he did was a means to one end and that was Architecture. He felt the nobility of his theme and made it his chief consideration in life.

Mallovs was a great artist producing fine work and inspiring others to do likewise. His enthusiasm was contagious and his influence was far reaching. He was thorough and took far more trouble over the details of his work than is often supposed to be possible by men of genius. His business drawings



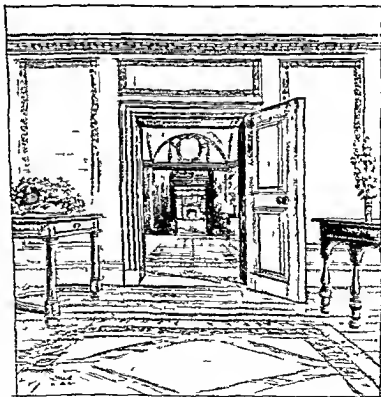


OTTAGE AT BIDEENHAM  
FAIRCASE WINDOW DE-  
IGNED BY C. E. MALLOW  
F.R.I.B.A.

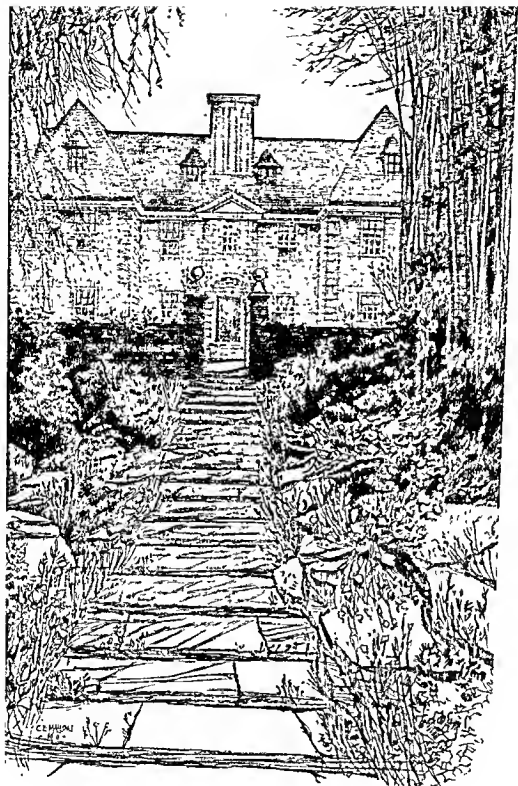
were made primarily with the object of explaining his ideas for the benefit of clients. That they happened to be beautiful in themselves was satisfactory to him as well as to those who saw them, but it was the fundamental design they embodied which came first in his estimation. Had this not been so he would have been draughtsman first and architect afterwards, a thing contrary to his scheme of life. It is easy to see what would have happened if he had not been sure of his mission. He would have followed the promptings of his pencil and the persuasions of some of his friends and would have put aside the practical purpose of architectural draughtsmanship in favour

of purely artistic work. Like Turner who might have become one of England's foremost architects had he continued his earliest studies, Mallows would have won a different sort of immortality by changing his ground. One can speculate, as he used to do, on the direction in which his fancy would have led him. Lithography would have appealed to him and so would pastel. He would have preferred water-colours to oils, probably, and landscape painting would have attracted him more than figure work. His love of Nature would have taken him to the country and the sea, where his sense of colour would have found expression in countless charming records. But it is useless to carry this train of thought any further. What Mr Mallows did not do is only an exercise in imagination a matter of some regret, perhaps, in view of his artistic abilities, what he actually accomplished was worthy of him and that is the first consideration.

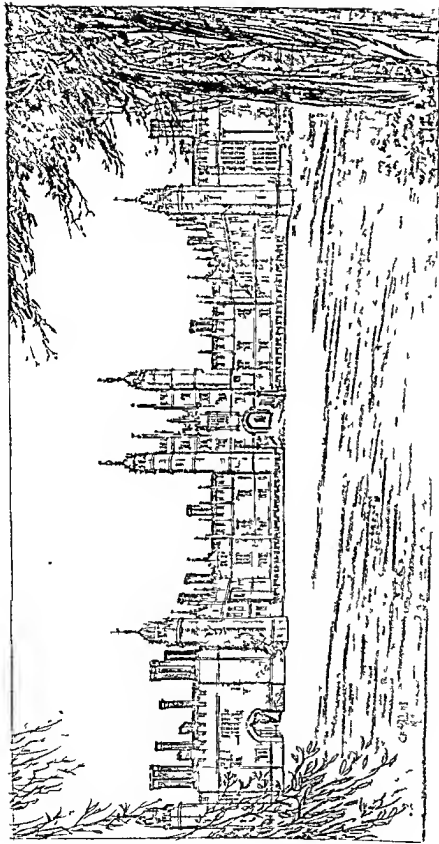
At the Royal Academy Schools, Mallows was a promising student of architecture, and though he did not attain foremost rank there he gained



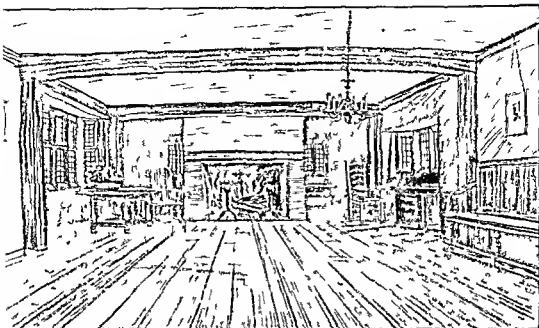
INTERIOR OF A HOUSE IN KENT FROM THE DRAWING ROOM ACROSS THE HALL TO THE DINING ROOM DESIGNED BY C. E. MALLOW, F.R.I.B.A.



A HOUSE IN KENT. DESIGNED  
BY C. E. MALLOYS, F.R.I.B.A.



HAMPTON COURT PALACE. WEST FRONT, TEMP. HENRY VII.  
CONJECTURAL RESTORATION BY C. F. MALLOWS. FRIBA.  
FROM DATA FURNISHED BY ERNEST LAW, F.S.A.



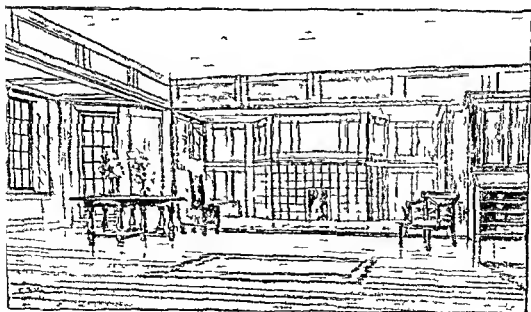
FRONT HOUSE AT HAPPISBURGH NORFOLK

DESIGNED BY C. E. MALLOWS F.R.I.B.A.

in this direction seemed too exceptional to ignore and in after years he would express regret that he had not seized the opportunity offered him to give up the study of architecture in favour of the other branch of art. They were only fleeting regrets however for he never relin-

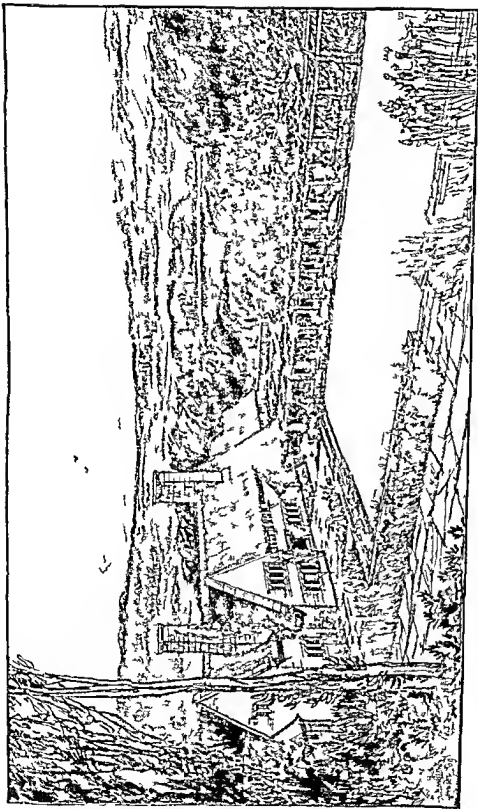
quished his intention to succeed as an architect. He hoped to accomplish great things, not only in his own practice but in the realm of architectural education.

Building work soon began to trespass in the most desirable way for a professional man on the

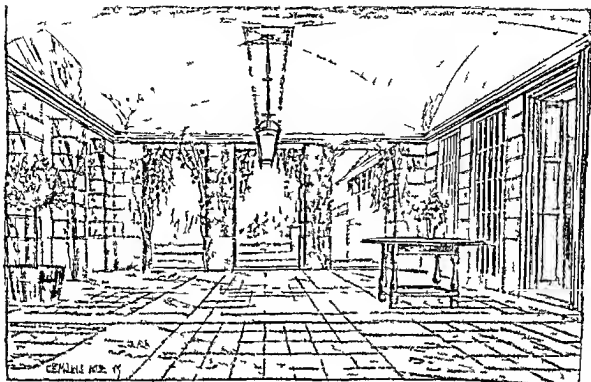


COTTAGE AT BLENHEIM THE LIVING ROOM

DESIGNED BY C. E. MALLOWS F.R.I.B.A.

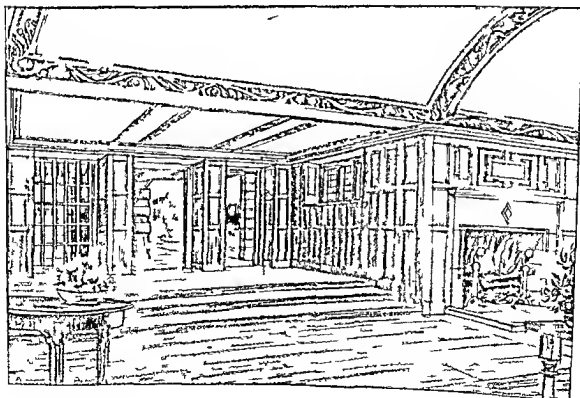


A HOUSE IN NORFOLK DESIGNED  
BY C E MALLOWS I RIBA



ATRIL

DESIGNED BY E. A. LO S. FRIDA

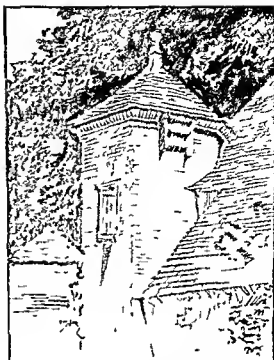


PART OF A HALL

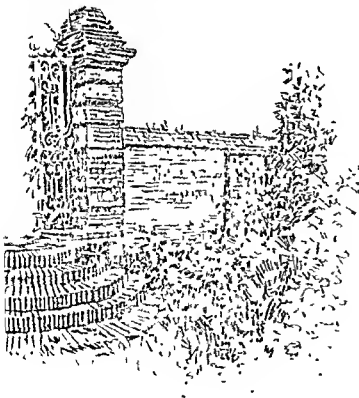
DESIGNED BY E. A. LO S. FRIDA



modern revival of architectural thought in planning did not yield him opportunities to set ideas to a practical test, as in the case of some of his contemporaries, but that, probably, it would have been only a matter of time. His most important scheme concerned London, being a proposed improvement of the south side of the Thames. It is always a pleasure to look at drawings by an architect whether they were merely rough in his sketch books or elaborately worked out, such as the conjectural restoration of Iron Court Palace (p. 231), from archaeological evidence supplied by Mr Ernest Law, F.S.A. Mallows took equal pains with drawings executed for other clients with whom, in his younger days, he was in favour. His skilful pencil work, firm and sure, was of rare beauty, and his pen drawings, though naturally less sympathetic, were of high quality. He drew ancient buildings with a love of architecture to sustain his interest in the subject before him, and when engaged upon his own designs he endeavoured to imply the interest he felt for his chosen profession. Architecture to him was not merely the convenient group-



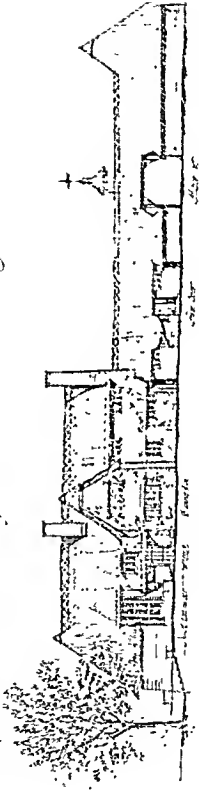
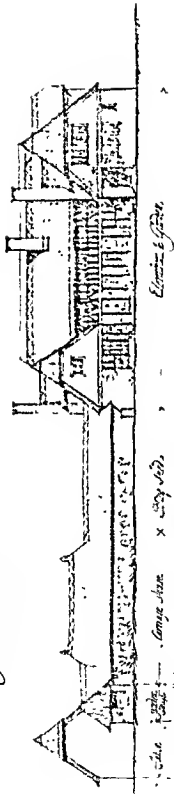
DETAIL OF HOUSE DESIGNED  
BY C. E. MALLOWS, F.R.I.B.A.



ing of rooms of different sizes for different purposes, but the expression of a great ideal, and he possessed the power to transmit this enthusiasm by means of most distinguished drawings.

Personally Mr Mallows was a hard worker, receptive of new ideas and adaptable to changing conditions. Enthusiasm was his watchword and modesty his unchanging quality. He was magnanimous and ever ready to help others through their difficulties. His loss will be felt for many a year to come. An artist friend writes: "One of his greatest characteristics was his passionate love of little children. Homes, gardens, and children were things he would dream of." With these words this appreciation may be closed for no better epitaph could be written.

*Sketch Design of Village of Farncombe Street.  
- for the Farncombe*



*Elevation to Garden*

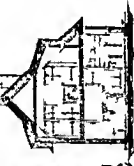
*Sketch of a row of cottages with a central entrance and a small garden area.*

*Sketch of a row of cottages with a central entrance and a small garden area.*

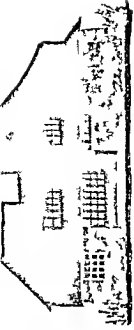
SKETCH DESIGNS FOR A COTTAGE IN  
SOMERSET. BY C. E. MALLOW, F.R.I.B.A.



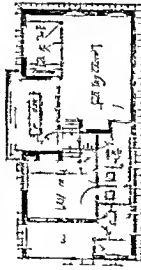
— 11 — Small House



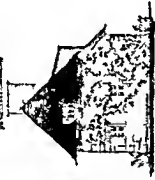
— 12 — Small House



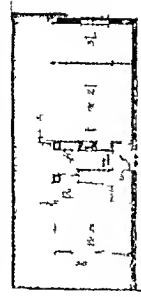
— 13 — Small House



— 14 — Small House



— 15 — Small House



— 16 — Small House

# THREE PAINTERS OF THE NEW YORK SCHOOL BY JOHN COUNROS

CHARACTER rather than "charm" and "prettiness" as the chief condition of art gave rise to the so-called 'New York School' of painting more than a decade ago. Not that this was a new thing in American art. Winslow Homer had already been painting for many years his rugged canvases of fishermen and the sea and these have been acknowledged to be more purely native in spirit than anything that had been done up to his time. The comparatively early appreciation of Millet and his introduction to America by such worthy pioneers as Inness, Hunt and La Farge had also no little effect in turning certain minds towards characterisation. Moreover, the principles formulated by Millet which are in spirit the principles of the New York group took on an American flavour a process encouraged no little by the democratic, anti-feudal doctrines of Walt Whitman.

The real importance of the group was that painters who delineated character and chose their subjects at home ceased to be isolated phenomena, they strove to impart a national significance to their productions. The movement, in one sense was a revolt against academic art, which had as strong a following in America as elsewhere. While its principles were sufficiently elastic to admit into its kingdom men of individual imagination like Arthur D. Davies with his genius for strange, abstract beauty and A. P. Ryder with his powers of 'lyrical' metre its objections have been directed in the main against that host of painters whose slavish imitations of classical and traditional art are an anachronism in a new country like America. So much for the causes that gave rise to the New York

School. Hunt will treat briefly of three of its representative members.

Mr. Robert Henri is the intellectual and the spokesman of the group and therefore in a sense its leader though by no means the most expressive of its principles. Having won recognition before the other he has used his position to champion his fellows and as a result from this he has established a school in which he has inspired some of the younger energies with the same spirit.

Mr. Henri regards emotion as the starting point of art. Then there is the intellect to organise this emotion. But the mind he says should always be the tool and servant of the heart never its master. To Mr. Henri art is *organisation*. It is the organisation of emotion, the organisation of ideas, the organisation of the palette. And organisation produces what Mr. Henri chooses to call the *integrity* of a work of art. His preference for the word integrity to the more universally used



THE BLIND SINGER

BY ROBERT HENRI

## Three Painters of the New York School

love. This man is an individual, yet a type. You and I have met him somewhere. It is his eyes that grip you. In them lies the sadness of all the stokers of the earth since men began to work at furnaces. Mr. Henri himself would call this portrait a statement of life. And like every effectual statement it is its own comment.

Mr. Henri has put a number of laughing boys on canvas, but the jolliest youngster of all *Jopie van Stoken* he has painted in Holland. Surely in this case the artist blew breath into his paint, and the result is a live, laughing boy, whose hulk body is slaking and fairly bubbling over with mirth. It is amazing that a child's momentary mood should have been caught so successfully with the brush. It is not mere virtuosity that makes this a brilliant canvas. Indeed, Mr. Henri abhors the art that consists of tricks with the brush, and he asks for sincerity rather than dish.

If the New York group has in Mr. Henri a fine versatile painter and a valiant champion of its principles, it owes much of its distinction to Mr. George Luks, a master of *genre* without equal in his country. Because of his intensely sympathetic outlook on humanity his art like Millet's has been called democratic, but as its conceptions are dignified and its technique broad and refined it cannot but please even those who consider art a thing essentially aristocratic. Indeed his strength lies in the fact that he achieves his result neither

by what R. I. Stevenson called 'a brutal assault on the feelings,' nor by story interest as in the case of Josef Israels, who in the words of Henley, makes no secret of his design on your tears, and asks you to sit down and have a good cry with him. Luks is less blunt, more subtle in his psychology. He makes his appeal through sheer character and through his vigorous presentation of character in the painter's sense. His method perhaps resembles Millet's. It is likely that if Millet painted streets and cafés instead of meadows and peasants' huts, he would have painted them very much as Luks paints them.

Luks's best pictures reveal not alone the artist's joy in life, but in his material. The smell of paint to him is as the smell of powder to the true soldier. He revels in it—to him 'painting is colour'—and, notwithstanding this avowal, he employs colour and drawing only as a means to an end as a medium for the interpretation of character. The artist who was the first to paint the 'East Side' of New York is happiest when he paints the humble men and women of the slums with hearts under their rags and the pathos of human frailty in their eyes—the eyes of the poor, but not in the Baudelairean sense. To be a poet of the poor and yet not be sordid is something of an achievement. Here is *The Spielers*, Luks's most admired picture. It is a joyous canvas, a picture to live with. For all their ragged attire, the two little maidens, locking their hands together, are as happy as princesses. Beneath their rags their young bodies are responding for that brief moment to a single emotion to the unswerving, unalterable law of rhythm which acknowledges neither poverty nor wealth. The action is unmistakable, the very hair of the flaven-haired one seems to be fairly dancing and streaming with the generous movement of the body. The sense of light warmth and joy consistently permeates the entire canvas, and there is a kind of suppressed opulence in its colour. Those who will see a suggestion of Whistler in the soft mellow quality of the painting can hardly fail to note one significant distinction. The dominating note of *The Spielers* is movement. Whistler, on the other hand, was a master of repose: his figures sublimely beautiful and dreamlike have too often the sense of arrested action as though they were dimly conscious that a great artist was painting them.

Never the Whistlerian mood and yet a document so intensely human and belonging definitely to its author is *The Little Grey Girl*. Though it forms a temperamental contrast to *The Spielers*, it is not less lovely in its own fashion. Here we have the



A STOKER

BY ROBERT HENRI

## Three Painters of the New York School

with variations upon the theme. Every this canvas is grey—shawl, dress and and are attractively gradated like musical high retain their crescendo in a single black that forms the hat. The astorish g is the way the artist has caught the of a mood, a mood all the more because the method of presenting it is bly indissoluble from the mood itself, like by Verliorne which read aloud conveys as its onomatopoeia as by its content. prolific brush of Luks has painted other little less notable than these. There is *Ce les Mar* impressive for its dignity of ten its lustre of colour and above all for eter. How shrewdly human the old man s re American street urchin would call him

e guy—that is, a a merchant good in, a bargain and a slight suggestion op in his make up and tender picture *Guitar* which shows a father and chubby absorbed in the r musical instrument alert piece of still i the way. To the category belongs the and *D II* in which we an incidental dis-

even a rag doll can soul. One could go definitely describing us canvases of this r, whose landscapes rdly less distinguished his *genre*, there is eding in them all hiarly akin to the r's genial, frank per ty, and there is some in his best work which us that love of the et is essential to his art.

George Bellows, a of Mr Henri and (the youngest of the York group, is only an artist of energy uresque American unology would de- ve his art as having

"breeziness," "snap" "plenty of go" "red blood" "gumption," etc. The artist himself gives us valuable critical assistance when he declares that he aims at "manliness, frankness, and love of the game," and again when he tells us that he is interested in "the steam and the sweat of the streets." And so he loves to paint the prize fight the polo game, the circus, children swimming—anything that has in it life, jowiness, action, the movement of humans at play. In more sober mood he paints labourers excavating the traffic of the streets, the men at the docks, and like scenes of manly exertion. He indeed seems to illustrate a single phase of Walt Whitman, that phase which sees glory in all bodily movement. Mr Bellows himself will tell you bluntly that the end he has in view is not beauty—as beauty is understood



THE SPIZERS"

BY GEORGE B. BELL



"THE GUITAR." BY  
GEORGE B LUKS



HOLSTON STREET EAST SIDE

BY GEORGE R. LUSK

the conventional sense—and that his one great character, at the same time he announces egotically that 'each canvas should be a prize. As a painter of the propitious strenuous dramatic moment he indeed lives up to his intention. He is genuinely refreshing and entering in the peculiarly sane and happy way of one who has boyish perceptions and who invariably uses by the way to observe the healthy comedy of everyday life.

I have in mind the *Forty two Kids* which if not great picture has at least the merit of being different from other pictures. There is a strong element of surprise in it and the pleasurable sensation it arouses in one is considerable. If you saw it in a gallery of Old Masters you would be compelled to pause and to notice it. It is as though in strolling through the gallery, you had suddenly come upon an unexpected window and our eyes strayed for a moment from the pictures on the out-of-doors, and rested upon a scene of a strangely familiar character, in this case, a pool of water on a summer day, an army of youngsters disporting themselves in it and performing characteristic, boyish antics, which reveal what is peculiarly

simian in the young male, and arouse thereby our risible, healthy emotions. Mr. Bellows achieves the same ingenuous realism in his prize-fight pictures. His landscapes again reveal the same effort to depict nature as a masculine manifestation.

It is no easy matter to discuss Mr. Bellows' technique. He has often achieved his intention at the expense of other things. The worst tendency in some of his earlier virile canvases is toward blackishness, the best tendency toward characterization suggestive of Daumier. He has done much to correct his fault and his colour has improved. Mr. Bellows, who is about thirty years old, was fortunate enough to receive recognition early and his works are not only to be found in the great American museums, but have already attracted no little attention at international exhibitions on the Continent.

These three artists are also distinguished for their black and white drawings in which even more than in the paintings, character is the salient feature. Indeed, the New York School has exercised a great deal of influence on American illustration and has caused it to tend more and more towards a vigorous idiomatic expression.





MEN OF THE DOCKS BY  
GEORGE W. BELL



OLD CROWD

BY GEORGE SEGAL HELLO 5



FORTY TWO KIDS

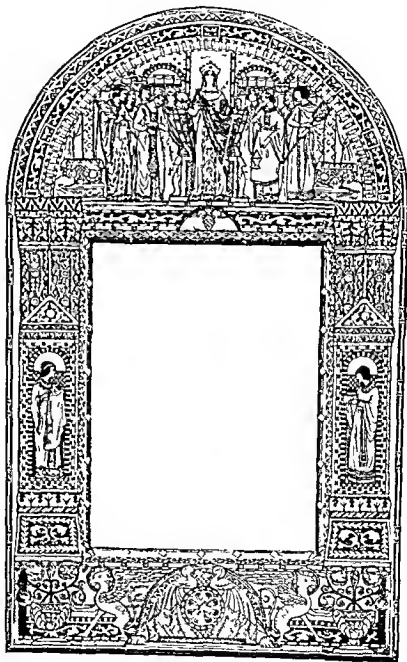
BY GEORGE SEGAL HELLO 5

## THE NATIONAL COMPETITION OF SCHOOLS OF ART, 1915

THERE is a proverb which says that threatened men live long, and it looks as if the National Art Competition would survive, at all events for a considerable period, the attacks that seemed at one time likely to endanger its existence. And it is encouraging to find that although the art schools under the Board of Education have paid their toll of male students to the great armies raised to defend the country, the exhibition of the National Art Competition showed no collective falling off in quality or in the number of works shown. Taken altogether the exhibition was at least as good as that of last year, and in the circumstances this is an achievement. It is to be hoped that the danger of extinction no longer threatens the National Art Competition and that funds may be found to extend its range, in spite of the inevitable economies of the State that must follow the war. In the coming severe competition for markets we shall need all the skill of our designers and craftsmen, and everything should be done to encourage the practical teaching of the applied arts in our schools.

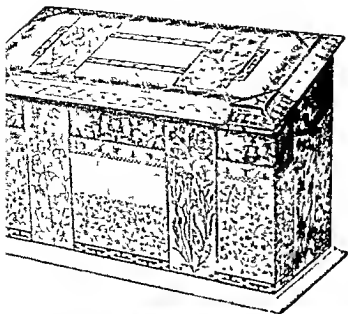
The exhibitions at the Victoria and Albert Museum might, however, be more fully representative of the work produced by students in all parts of the kingdom. It should be possible to include each year contributions from the London Central School of Arts and Crafts and from the Royal College of Art, and even to recover the former connection with the Scottish schools of art, in

some of which excellent work is done. The Scottish group, which in bygone years took a prominent part in the National Art Competition, is now represented by a single institution—the Lauder Technical School at Dunfermline. But of all the abstentions the most remarkable is that of the Royal College of Art, to which attention has been called more than once in the pages of *THE STUDIO*. At the Royal College the picked students



STAINED WOOD MIRROR FRAME BY JEANNE A. LABROUSSE (POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE SCHOOL OF ART, MARSEILLEONE)

## National Competition of Schools of Art, 1915

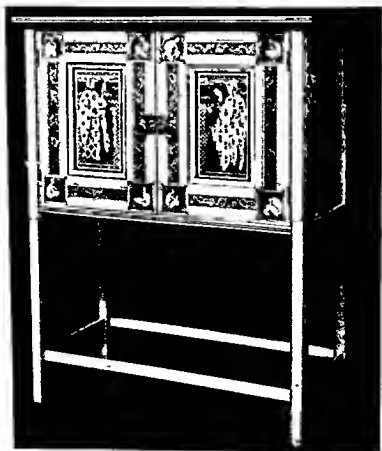


WOOD BOX BY LOUISE  
IN (POLYTECHNIC IN-  
STITUTE SCHOOL OF ART,  
MARYLEBONE)

in 1912 they carried off nine of the eleven awarded in that year. One of the gold medallists in 1912 was Alice Lilran Hitchcock, who must surely hold the record for versatility and numbers of awards in the National Art Competition. Mrs Hitchcock won a silver as well as a gold medal in 1912, a gold medal and three silver medals in 1913 and three silver medals in 1914. This year she excelled her record of 1913 by gaining a gold medal, three silver medals, and two bronze

the schools can by the Board of tion receive their training and their ought to be shown mparison with that the local centres. work from the Royal ge, or the National 'raining School as it formerly called, was s included in the ex on until compara recent times, and appears to be no n for its exclusion nly none has ever assigned.

spite of the absence nrlitary reasons of ers of male students, women were less suc al in the competition 915 than they have on several occasions n conditrons were al Taking the gold ils as the standard, the en have taken only out of seven, while



STAINED-WOOD MUSIC-CABINET BY LUCIA R. BEFRNER (POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE SCHOOL OF ART, MARYLEBONE) —See also p. 252

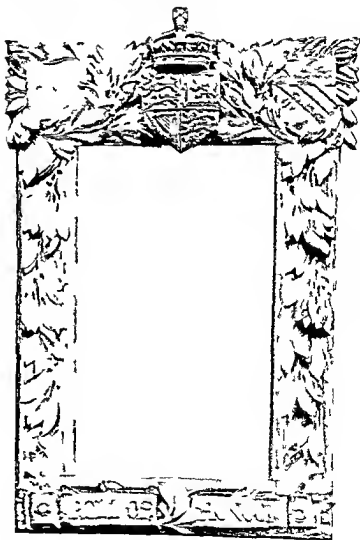


ENAMELLED JEWEL-CASKET BY NATHAN ROSENBERG (BIRMINGHAM WAR ART STREET SCHOOL OF ART)

medals and she has also been awarded the Princess of Wales's Scholarship of £25. Miss Hitchcock's honours have been gained for design and execution in wood carving, drawing from the nude, modelled designs for tiles, silver plate and wall decoration and designs for fabrics and porcelain.

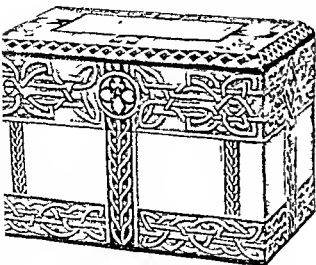
Decoration in stained wood was again the most striking feature of the National Art Competition exhibition and for her work in this section Miss Gwen White won for the third year in succession a gold medal for the Polytechnic Institute School of Art. Miss White's medal was given for a dressing case of light-coloured wood adorned with a frieze of Elizabethan figures carried all round with the Virgin Queen herself in the centre of the front. The top and the inside of the lid were decorated in sympathy with the rest, and so too were the brushes and various articles of the toilet with which the case was fitted though these unfortunately could not be displayed at the exhibition. Excellent work in stained wood was also shown by several other students of the Polytechnic Institute, where the development of this branch of the applied arts has been carried farther than at any other school. Miss Lucia B.

Bergner was represented by a music cabinet in light wood with figures of musicians and singers very bright and gay in colour, on the panel of each door. Better however than the large figures were the charming little designs of fauns placed at each corner of the panels. A circular tobacco box in stained wood by the same artist was in execution and colour one of the best things of its kind in the exhibition. Miss Bergner gained a silver medal for her work, and similar awards were given to Miss Louise Benjamin for the dainty and elaborate floral designs in her decoration of a box and to Miss



CARVED OAK BEAM FOR A ROLL OF HONOUR BY DAVID EVANS (MANCHESTER SCHOOL OF ART)

## National Competition of Schools of Art, 1915



BOX IN GILT AND COLOURED GESSO BY HILDA JOYCE POOCK (POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE SCHOOL OF ART MARLBORNE)

given their services to their country and that of Miss Hitchcock, a panel of delicately modelled figures in low relief. Of the decorated wooden boxes in the exhibition a good example was that shown by Miss Hilda J Poock, of the Polytechnic Institute School of Art, carried out in gold and cream-coloured gesso with touches of blue.

The pottery was more interesting in some respects than that of 1914. The complaint of the examiners last year of the almost entire absence of modelled figures in pottery or porcelain was probably the cause of the appearance of several of these figures in the recent exhibition. The best by far was that of a woman in long flowing robes of purple and green, of the fashion of

the fifteenth century, by Mr Joseph Bennison of Stoke-on-Trent (Hanley). Another good example was the duck modelled by Miss Mary Soame of Stoke-on-Trent (Burslem). Very bold and effec-

the work of Mr Evans was a carved frame for an illuminated Roll of Honour of the students of Manchester School of Art who have

the fifteenth century, by Mr Joseph Bennison of Stoke-on-Trent (Hanley). Another good example was the duck modelled by Miss Mary Soame of Stoke-on-Trent (Burslem). Very bold and effec-



STAINED WOOD PRESSING-CASE BY GLEN WHITE (POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE SCHOOL OF ART MARLBORNE)



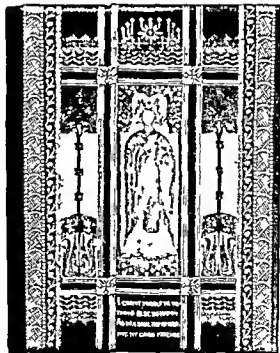
STAINED WOOD CARD BOX BY KENNETH TAYLOR (POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE SCHOOL OF ART, MARYLEBONE)

tive of its kind was the panel of tiles representing a Dreadnought steaming through a rough sea, by Mr Carlton Rivers of Stoke on Trent (Hanley). A pottery plaque by Mr Francis B Travers Stoke-on-Trent (Burslem) and vases by Mr Reco Capey and Miss Winifred Lees of the same school. A lustre plate with a simple design in purple by Miss Henrietta Wright of Bourne-mouth the designs for the decoration of porcelain plates by Miss Alice Lahan Hutchcock of Clapham School of Art and the lustre tiles by Mr H W Chiverton of Salford all deserved notice. Some red tiles by Mr Harry Hoyle of Accrington were capital in modelling and arrangement but the heraldic lion is a little over-

done just now as a decorative motive. Special mention should be made of the sgraffito pots from the Wimbledon School of Art and in particular two with designs of dancing figures by Miss Olive T M Hollyer and two by Mr Sidney A Wye the best of which was decorated with a representation of Sir Lancelot hunting in the woods with Queen Guinevere.

Among the enamels a small panel of a mermaid in tones of blue blue-green and gold designed for the top of a jewel box by Miss Caroline Hall of Sunderland and a tiny enamelled jewel casket by Mr Nathan Rosenberg of Birmingham (Margaret Street) were attractive but the enamels generally were weak. Enamel is not the medium in which the student should attempt to execute ambitious figure subjects. The jewellery section included good pendants and chains

by Miss Dorothy Ballantine and Mr Wilfrid I



STAINED WOOD BLOTTER AND PAPER KNIFE BY DORIS F SAFFERY (POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE SCHOOL OF ART, MARYLEBONE)



# National Competition of Schools of Art, 1915

n, both of Islington (Camden) School of Art, collectively it was unimportant. black and white work and book illustration hibition was perhaps rather below the level year. Mr F. C. Jones of Bradford gained a medal for illustrations to "Gulliver's Travels" which the best of those shown was a capital



VED WOOD TOBACCO-JAR. BY LUCIA FERGNER (POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE SCHOOL OF ART, MARSEBONE)  
(See also p. 245)

king of Gulliver stepping from et to street over the houses of sput. Another drawing of Gul r capturing the enemy's fleet had re good points but the figure of hero of the story was not suc ful. Mr Leonard Squirrell, of wich, whose work has frequently n illustrated in this magazine, unguished himself again in etch- s and in good studies, chiefly of dscape in pen-and-ink and pencil luding a view of a to vn seen from height a drawing of a windmill, d some interesting pastorals. The narning studies in this group in- ded capable illustrations to "The



ENAMELLED PANEL FOR THE TOP OF A JEWEL BOX BY CAROLINE HALL (SUNDESLAND)

Heroes" of Charles Kingsley, by Mr Edward G. Hallam, of the City School of Art, Liverpool, an etching of the Avon running between its high banks at Clifton, by Miss Kathleen M. Jellie of Bristol (Queen's Road) and some graceful designs for a calendar, with figures representing the four seasons, by



POTTERY PLAQUE. BY FRANCIS E. TRAVERS (BURSLEM SCHOOL OF ART, STONE-ON-TRENT)





POTTERY FIGURE BY JOSEPH BENNISON (HANLEY SCHOOL OF ART STOKES-ON-TRENT)

cover with tooled designs of different flowers by Miss Barbara G. Laker of West Ham Municipal Technical School of Art. Of the decorative work in leather the exhibits were few. The best perhaps, were a scabbard and a card box with ivory feet and handles by Mr Frederick R. Smith of Wolverhampton.



3 RAFFITO JAR BY OLIVE F. W. HOLMES (WIMBORNE SCHOOL OF ART)

Miss Caroline Hall, of Sunderland School of Art, who was very successful last year in her treatment of similar subjects.

The leather book cover does not offer a large field for the designer and it cannot be said that any one of those shown in the exhibition was of startling originality. Nevertheless some of them were pleasing enough, especially the grey cover of William Morris's

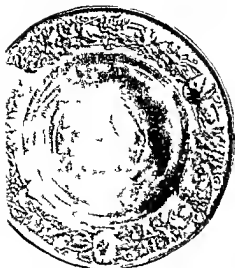
Defence of Guenevere by Miss Annie Hugill of Keighley and a green



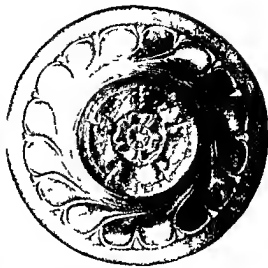
RAFFITO JAR

BY MISS A. W. W. (WIMBORNE SCHOOL OF ART)

# National Competition of Schools of Art, 1915



DISH BY ERIC J. ROSS (ACTON AND CHISWICK POLYTECHNIC SCHOOL OF ART)

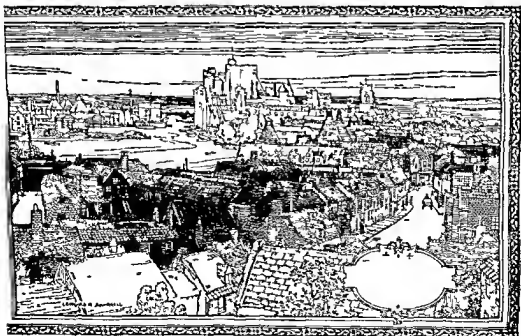


REPOUSSÉ BRASS SALVER BY ALLAN V. SOUTHWICK (BILSTON SCHOOL OF ART)

and a trinket box of red leather inlaid with by Miss Phyllis F. Owen of Birmingham sundial with a frame of cast lead and a dial made and gilded by the student, Mr. John L. of Walsall a brass dish with a design of s and vine leaves by Mr. Eric J. Ross, of ick (Acton and Chiswick Polytechnic), and

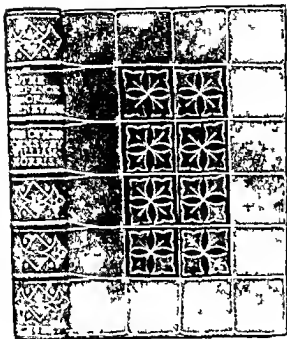
a repoussé brass salver by Mr. Allan V. Southwick, of Bilston were prominent among the larger pieces of work in metal.

The stained glass was shown as usual on a shaded screen lighted at the back, but the illumination good as it was was insufficient to penetrate the opacity of some of the more deeply coloured pieces.



WALSALL INK BOOK ILLUSTRATION

BY LEONARD R. SQUIERRELL (WALSALL SCHOOL OF ART)



LEATHER BOOK COVER BY  
ANNIE HUGHES (KNEIGHTS  
SCHOOL OF ART)

Students should not forget that a window even of stained glass is intended to admit light. This criticism however does not apply to the pleasantly arranged panel with heraldic devices shown by Mr Frank M Benfield of Hammersmith School of Arts and Crafts

Miss Hilda Butcher of Ipswich School of Art was awarded a silver medal for a striking design for a stencilled curtain with squirrels grapes and vine leaves on a grey ground. Another stencilled curtain less novel but richer in colour and bordered with a running pattern of hounds chasing deer, was contributed by a Chelmsford student Miss Maud M Fowler who also gained a silver medal. The stencilled hanging by Miss Rosa C Lister of Ipswich

must be accounted a most creditable effort if the student's age—fourteen—was correctly given on the label. Designs for 'South American dress materials' by Mr Daniel W Sharp of Nelson School of Art light in fabric and harmonious in colour indicated that Lancashire manufacturers are not neglecting the possibilities of one of the most profitable of the German markets. Among many other designs for fabrics those for machine made lace by Mr Darrah P Clarke and other Nottingham students should be mentioned, and for pillow made lace by Miss Florence R. Ingle, of Cork, and a quaint curtain in cut linen and drawn thread by Miss Vignion L. Evans, of Dublin. An embroidered overmantel for a nursery with figures of Dick Whittington Mother Goose, Little Red Riding Hood and others worked in bright colours by Miss Gladys Jones of Birmingham (Margaret Street) was well adapted for its intended purpose and another interesting piece of needle



ILLUSTRATION FOR GULLIVER'S TRAVELS BY FRED C. JONES (BRADFORD  
SCHOOL OF ART)

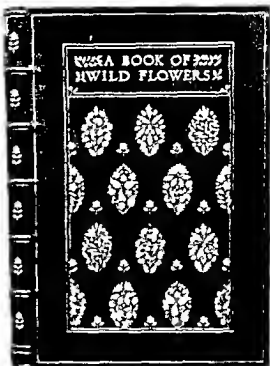
## National Competition of Schools of Art, 1915

executed in ten or a dozen varieties of  
s was the embroidered cushion cover by  
Gladys Elton of Preston (Harris Institute)  
e examiners in the section of Woven Textiles  
with gratification to the increase in the  
er of designs which were worked out in  
ial but at the same time they point out that  
of the designs submitted to them for judi



STAINED GLASS PANEL. BY FRANK H. BENFIELD  
(LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL SCHOOL OF ARTS AND  
CRAFTS, HAMMERSMITH)

ion displayed no knowledge of the practical  
ditions of production, such, for instance as a  
called design for furnishing tapestry, which was  
dently made without any special consideration  
textile design whatever. This is by no means the  
t time that this criticism has been made with  
ard to the textile designs emanating from our  
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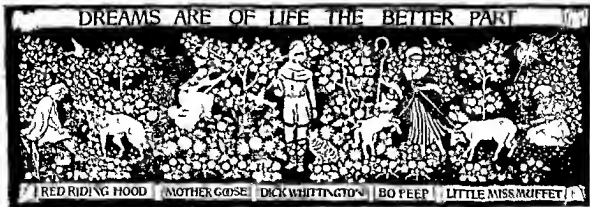


TOOLED LEATHER COVER FOR AN ILLUMINATED BOOK.  
BY BARBARA G. LEAKE (WEST HAM MUNICIPAL TECHNICAL  
SCHOOL OF ART)



MODELLED DESIGN FOR CAST LEAD SUNDIAL. [BY JOHN  
E. SKIRGH (WALSALL SCHOOL OF ART)]

DREAMS ARE OF LIFE THE BETTER PART



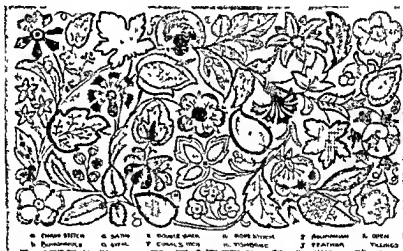
EMBROIDERED OVERMANTEL FOR A NURSERY

BY GWYNETH JONES (BIRMINGHAM MARIKFT STREET)

art schools and it is applicable to other classes of design as well, but in view of the important position which the textile industries occupy in this country, a strenuous effort should be made to rectify the shortcoming pointed out by the examiners (Mr J H Dearle, Mr Frank Warner and Mr Arthur Wilcock), whose association with these industries entitles them to speak with authority on the subject. They also touch upon another weak spot in textile designing when speaking of the designs for damask sent up, namely, the overcrowding of the design with detail and the need for simpler types of design.

In the sections of painting and drawing an unusually large number of still life studies in oil and water colour was shown. The average quality was high for school work, but there was nothing so individual as one or two of the examples in last year's exhibition. The paintings from the life included nothing remarkable, but there were some good drawings. Miss Dorothy C. Bunn, of Birmingham (Margaret Street), showed

a capital profile of a man's head, and Miss Alice L. Hitchcock, of Clapham, a study from the nude in which the character and girlishness of the model



DESIGN FOR EMBROIDERED CUSHION COVER AND THE SAME AS EXECUTED BY GLADYS ELTON (HARRIS INSTITUTE SCHOOL OF ART, PRESTON)



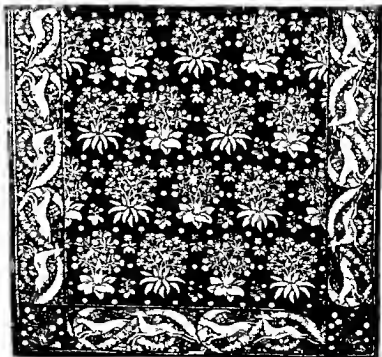
FOR STE CILLFD CLR  
BY H LDA RUCIER  
CH EC OOL OF ART)

sympathetically ex-  
d Excellent studies  
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(Margaret Street)  
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or branel schools, art  
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ted in the competi-  
on remainder being from

schools in Wales, Scotland  
Ireland the Isle of Man  
and New Zealand. Nearly  
two thousand awards were  
made the great majority  
being commendations

W T WHITLEY

In their report on the  
Board of Education Ex-  
aminations in Art for 1915  
the examiners state that  
although in spite of the  
abnormal circumstances  
of the year the number  
of candidates showed an  
increase many of the  
better students had ap-  
parently been prevented  
from entering. They noted  
especially a "sad falling  
off" in the work submitted  
in the examination in  
original design.



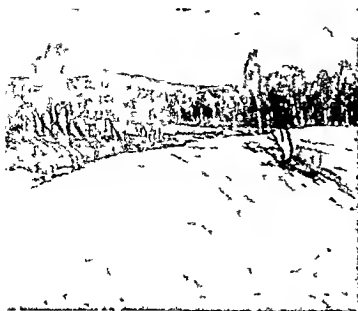
DES GN FOR STENCILLED DOOR CLRTAIN BY MAUD M FOWLEP (CHELMSFORD  
SCHOOL OF ART)

## CANADIAN ARTISTS AND THE WAR BY H. MORTIMER LAMB

WHILE perhaps even yet Canadians have failed to realise adequately the stupendous significance of the great struggle in Europe, or fully to appreciate the extreme gravity of the crisis which confronts the Empire, and in fact civilisation nevertheless, broadly speaking the Dominion has from the first responded spontaneously and loyally to the calls of duty and patriotism. Already the pick of her young men, recruited from every class are in khaki. The Canadian soldiers fighting in Belgium now exceed in numbers the total force that represented Britain in the Crimean War and at home the majority of the people are doing all that lies in their power to be of service.

For over a year before the outbreak of hostilities Canada experienced an industrial and financial depression following and consequent on a period of exuberant and unwarranted inflation and specu-

lation. This condition from which last summer some recovery was just beginning to be made, was considerably aggravated by the war, and all trades and industries with the exception only of those contributing to the manufacture of munitions have been and still are very nearly at a standstill. In consequence retrenchment and economy have become obligatory throughout the country. Luxuries of every nature have been eschewed and Canadian art, never too generously encouraged by local patronage, has received even scantier support than formerly. No class has been more severely hit by the war than the artists: none has shown a more earnest disposition to be patriotically helpful to the national and common cause. This has been evinced in more than one direction. Some of the painters have enlisted for active service, including two of the most promising among the younger men, namely, Randolph Hewton, who is serving with the Second Canadian Contingent now in Europe, and A. V. Jackson, who has joined the Third Contingent raised by the Dominion.



ALGONQUIN PARK

BY T. M. THOMSON

her examples of individual devotion and self-sacrifice might be cited but in the present article proposed to refer more especially to a collective and eminently successful action that was undertaken by the artists of Canada, as represented by their three principal associations—the Royal Canadian Academy, the Ontario Art Club, and the Ontario Society of Artists—whereby they as a body were enabled to contribute a very substantial sum to our National Patriotic Fund out of which the wives and families of Canadian soldiers serving with the British Empire are supported in comfort. The establishment of this fund was a necessary preliminary to a successful recruiting campaign, and its being generally recognized the appeal for contributions met with a ready and generous response throughout the country. The artists were not left outward. In addition to their gifts of money some of them contributed pictures to the

various patriotic organizations, with the suggestion that these be sold for the benefit of the fund. While the spirit and intention thus evidenced received deserved appreciation, it was generally considered expedient to decline the proposals, since the organizations in question did not feel that they were in a position to dispose of pictures so offered to advantage. It was then that a decision was reached by the art societies to act in union and devise a means by which the patriotic aspirations of their members might be accomplished. After consultations

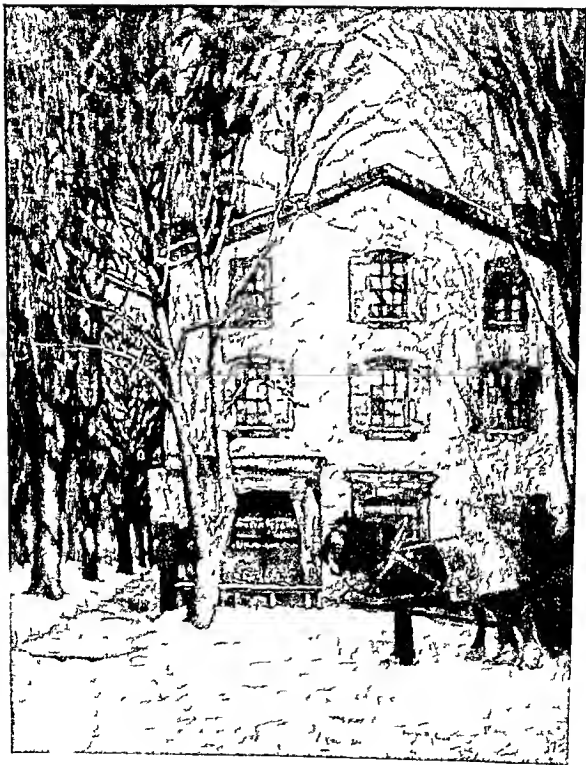
therefore, it was arranged that the Royal Canadian Academy should collect the paintings and sculpture already offered, invite gifts of works from other artists, and with a collection thus formed, which would be as complete and representative as possible of Canadian art, hold



THE MELTING SNOW

BY F. W. HUTCHISON





THE CORNER STORE  
BY LAWREN S HARRIS

## Canadian Artists and the War

eries of exhibitions in all the larger cities of Dominion with the intention of devoting the proceeds to the Patriotic Fund

This programme was effectively carried out when the collection was finally assembled it contained eighty pictures and two pieces of sculpture—practically every Canadian artist of standing contributed, and in most instances the examples of art were of high quality, and represented the best work of the donors at their best. A sensible restriction was made by which no picture could be accepted that exceeded certain, and for the special purpose intended, appropriate dimensions. This had a twofold result—it provided that no work could receive undue prominence merely because of its size—and it was an important factor towards ensuring the saleability of each picture. A harmonious uniformity in another respect was also secured by the framing of the pictures alike. The frames were made of a simple, narrow moulding of tasteful design, finished in gilt. The general effect was admirable, and it may perhaps be permitted to suggest that it would be no disadvantage if this practice were to become largely universal in connection with public exhibitions of pictures. The sense of the framing, by the way, as well as that of transport packing and exhibiting the pictures was borne out by the Royal Canadian Academy.

The method adopted for the sale of the works donated was both unique and ingenious, and even this, too, might be considered worthy of imitation on ordinary occasions. Instead of the artist placing a value on his work the public was given the opportunity to do so. At each city where the pictures were exhibited bids were received. Each bid was bulletined, and so one could always ascertain the amount of the best offer on any particular

work, and if desirous of possessing it raise the bid accordingly. At the conclusion of the series of exhibitions the offer of the highest bidder, "if deemed at all reasonable by the Committee," was accepted. As a matter of fact by this plan every picture was sold, and it is probable that the aggregate amount realised represented a larger amount than would have been obtained had each work been disposed of at the valuation put on it by its author.

Among the principal works shown mention should be made in particular of *Late Afternoon*, a sincerely painted landscape in quiet tones by the President of the Academy, Mr Wm Brymner, *Herring Fishing, Bay of Fundy*, by John Hammond, *The Woodman's Home*, by Homer Watson, President of the Canadian Art Club, *Early Morning Sun*, by Clarence A Gagnon, *Glories of the Great Divide* by F M Bell Smith, *In the North Country*, an exceptionally fine example of the work of A J



"SPRING SUN."

BY FLORENCE CARLYLE, A.R.C.A.

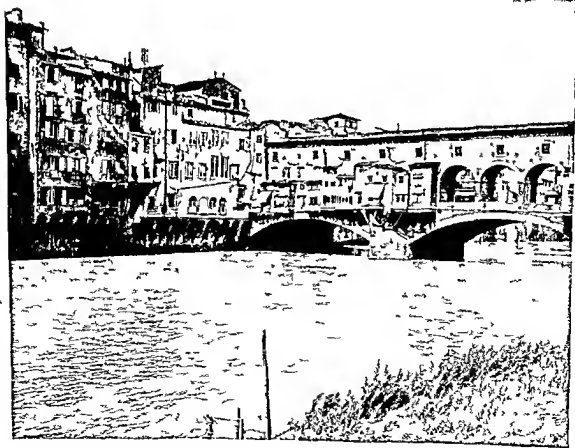


THE FARMYARD BY  
HELEN McNICOLL

# VIEWS IN ITALY

FLORENCE, ROME, MILAN, VENICE

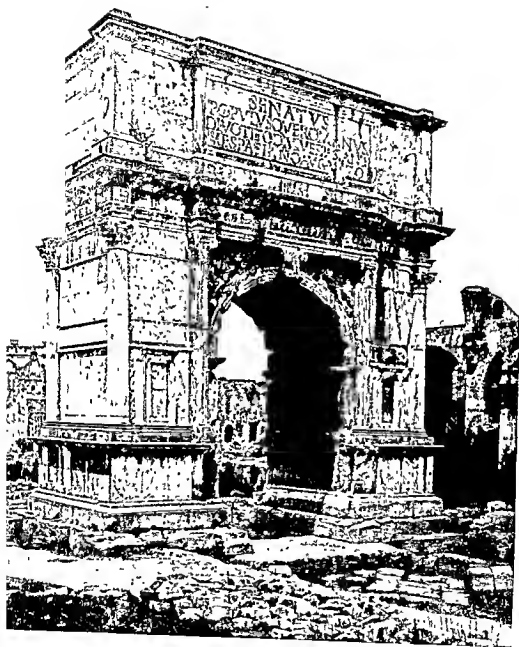
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY DONALD MCLEISH



FLORENCE THE RIVER ARNO WITH ITS FAMOUS BRIDGE CONSTRUCTED IN 1352



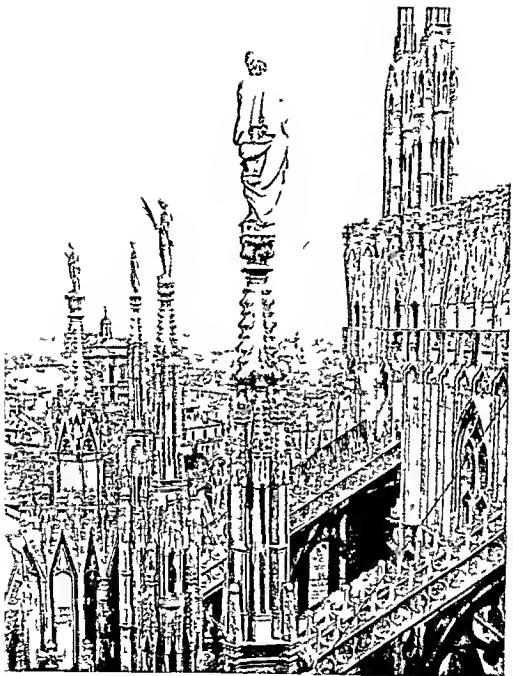
"THE REFUGE OF THE HUMBLE AND  
FAMILIAR SCENE IN ITALIAN CHURCHES



THE ARCH OF TITUS, ROME

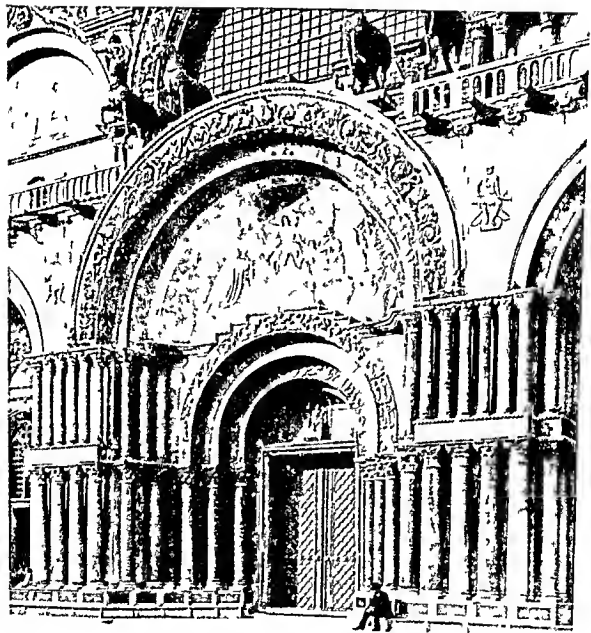


THE HISTORIC APPIAN WAY



501L OF THE STATUE CROWNED  
SPIRES OF MILAN CATHEDRAL





ST MARKS VENICE THE  
GREAT CENTRAL DOOR



THE FISHING VILLAGE OF  
BURANO NEAR VENICE

# STUDIO-TALK

(From Our Own Correspondents)

LONDON—Those who have followed the work of Mr William I Robins since he exhibited his first plates at the New English Art Club four years ago cannot have failed to note the large forward strides made by this talented young etcher. If less romantic in mood than his earlier plates the impressive examples of his more recent work reproduced here show a greater knowledge of nature and a corresponding increase in technical assurance, this assurance revealing itself most eloquently in a clean and crisp line and in the judicious economy of its use. Mr Robins's etchings are refreshingly free from all subterfuge and surface brilliance: there is no striving for mere effects"—except for such as nature herself deliberately offers in her steady moods. The artist seems rather to direct his efforts towards obtaining simplicity and breadth of design: not less clear is his intention to give structure and

weight to his houses, trees and soil—and to create light and air above and around them. He seldom draws the human figure, but he compensates for its absence by the interest he takes in the personality of trees.

Mr Robins's craft perhaps owes no little to Kembrundt and John Cotman, but its fresh vigour is a test of his own individuality which aspires to catch at the point of the etcher's needle the English countryside's peculiar character with love and skill. He finds most of his subjects in Hertfordshire where he lives, but a number of his plates represent scenes in Suffolk (Constable's country) and in Holland. Special attention is drawn to his dry points of which *The Old Willow* and *The Brook* are among the most successful. The dry point is a difficult medium and Mr Robins's success is all the more notable.

Mr Robins was born in London in 1880. He studied at the St. Martin's School of Art—he is now on its faculty—and at South Kensington



AN OLD BARN

PROOF AND PLATINUM BY WILLIAM I. ROBINS A.R.C.  
(Gifted to Mrs. Col. A. A. A. (O. A. A.))

THE BROOK DRY POINT BY  
WILLIAM P. ROBINS ARL





THE OLD WILLOW DRY POINT  
BY WILLIAM P ROBINS ARE

(*Robins is a of Meiss  
Col 23 Ma a d Olach*)

It seems hardly possible to get away from the war, and even in the recent exhibition of sketches by Mr Hugh de F Glazebrook at the Fine Art Society—gleanings from pleasant holiday rambles in North Italy and the 'Trentino'—we were conscious first of all of their interest as recording scenes in the Italian war zone. Of particular interest were the clever impression of *Autumn Ha'e, Arco Valley, Trentino* and *A Port North Italy, Summer* while other works which attracted attention especially were *Fishing Village Sestri Levante* and *Mountainous Country round Riva (Lake of Garda)*.

The exhibition of Arts and Crafts at the Institute, Central Square the Hampstead Garden Suburban, we hope be the first of a series of shows supported by local artists and crafts men. A number of pictures etchings, miniatures, lithographs &c, were exhibited and one would refer particularly to the clever studies of birds and animals by Mr Edwin Noble, various paintings by Mr E A Verpilleux especially his clever *Sheep Fair* a quaint fan entitled *The Italian Marriage Procession* by Miss Sylvia Smee, some of Mr W Barnibals gay and vivacious water colours Mr Fred Taylors poster design *Off for the Holidays* now familiar as advertising the Brighton Railway also some excellent miniatures by Mr Dudley Heath (Hon Secretary of the exhibition). Local craftwork was represented in some charmingly simple and original pottery by Miss Richards, bookbindings by Miss Hedera Sydenham leather work by W G Grant and metal work and jewelry by Miss Enid Kelsey. Some of the admirable productions of the Artificers Guild were on view.

**L**EEEDS—There is a popular but mistaken belief that all British talent drifts Londonwards to take up its quarters in that shelter of the arts. A contrary instance may be cited in the case of Edward Caldwell Spruce a sculptor who has successfully resisted the metropolitan magnet and still keeps to the

provinces. Leeds being the place of his home and work. Though a frequent exhibitor at the Royal Academy and the Paris Salon Mr Spruce is less known in the South than his work warrants.

Born at Knutsford in Cheshire (the 'Cranford of Mrs Gaskell) in the sixties, he began modelling early. Employment at a local tile factory was his first start in the serious business of life but a habit of making portrait busts in his dinner hour provoked the ire of a foreman and Spruce, refusing to give up art left in disdain. Eventually he found his way to Leeds where a wider field of art was open to him. The Burninfelts Art Lottery was in its early years and Mr Spruce shortly became head designer and modeller a position he held for



PORTRAIT BUST OF COL. E. A. BROTHERTON (BRONZE)  
BY E. CALDWELL SPRUCE



MRS. F. F. RICHTER  
FROM A MINIATURE BY ELLS NORRIS TAIT

Decorative Arts Society and an outline of its objects and method is given in a circular signed by the well known designer, Mr. Frederick Rogers with whom we understand other artists of note in the field of decorative art are co-operating. The primary object of the proposed society is stated to be to encourage the production of objects of interior and exterior decoration of British design and manufacture and as a means of securing public interest in these productions it is proposed that there should be formed a permanent cleaning house or exchange where all decorative objects will be exhibited and further that an index illustrated by sketches or reproductions of every kind of decorative work be always available to prospective buyers. The suggested permanent exhibition is to include works of fine art and especially examples of portraiture, and in order to induce the public to make a habit of visiting the galleries lounges and light refreshments are to be provided. There has long been a need for a continuous exhibition such as that contemplated and the idea is a good one if only it can be carried out on practical lines. We understand however that it is not proposed to take any immediate steps to realise this programme and perhaps it would be as well for those concerned to consider the expediency of joining up with the organisation which has already made a start for in a case of this kind the existence of more or less

rival schemes may prove prejudicial to the attainment of the objects which both have in view

'The Glory that was Reims' was the title of an exhibition at the Leicester Galleries last month of photographs taken by the sculptor restorer of Reims Cathedral prior to, and since the bombardments by the Germans. That these deliberate acts of vandalism were not dictated by any military necessity is shown by the declaration of the Vicar General to the Archbishop of Reims which is quoted in the catalogue of this exhibition. "In the name of his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Reims and as a witness myself hour by hour of all that passes in my church, I offer the most formal denial to the improbable German report. No post of observation on the towers, nor batteries on the court in front of the building nor cantonment nor any post of troops whatever, at any moment, was near the Cathedral. The whole population will bear me witness. As a magazine devoted to the arts we should be failing in our function did we not record in our pages this declaration for to quote further and this time from the protest issued by M. Delcasse Minister of Foreign Affairs to the Neutral States: cet acte revolvant de vandalisme derobe à



THE TULLY  
FROM A MINIATURE BY ELLS NORRIS TAIT

number of years thereby gaining useful practical knowledge of architectural and ceramic decorative work. At this time he was also teaching modelling the Leeds School of Art. With a strong desire to do work of higher order Mr Spruce went to Paris for serious study.

It was in 1905 that Mr Spruce first exhibited at the Paris Salon, the work being a bronze portrait bust. Returning to Leeds he thoroughly entered into his career. His designs in competition were accepted for part of the external decoration of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts at Rio de Janeiro. Of the four huge panels he executed for the building two were each forty feet long. When exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1907 *The Alarm* a life-size bronze figure drew much praise from both artists and critics. It is now the property



"THE ROISTERER" BY E. CALFWELL SPRUCE



"THE ALARM" (BRONZE) BY E. CALFWELL SPRUCE

of Colonel L. A. Brotherton whose portrait bust in bronze by Mr Spruce was well placed in this year's Academy. Mr Spruce's fine marble bust of Lord Airedale is among the treasures of the Leeds City Art Gallery, and he was commissioned to execute the memorial tablet of Phil May (his personal friend) placed upon the birthplace. This was reproduced in THE STUDIO.

Mr Spruce is particularly happy not only in catching an excellent likeness of his sitter but in getting far more. The inner character is indicated and the subtle expression and poise of head or body closely observed and reproduced. He has no faith in eccentricities though he is quite alive to the merits of the best up-to-date sculpture. He prefers to regard his work as something to be done in a straightforward, truthful manner with freedom and breadth.

F. K.



**D**UBLIN The death of Sir Hugh Lane has deprived Ireland of the greatest of her benefactors in the world of art. For many years past he had worked assiduously through good and ill report to further the appreciation of art in Ireland and the development of the Irish school of painting. The Dublin Municipal Gallery of Modern Art owes its existence to his generosity and his enthusiasm and many Irish painters have found through him recognition and fame.

In this Municipal Gallery over one hundred pictures, drawings and pieces of sculpture testify to Sir Hugh Lane's insatiable generosity. The removal of his collection in some two years ago owing to the failure of the scheme for a new Gallery building, will be fresh in the public mind.

This collection of gifts consisted of some eighty works of art including several important examples of Manet, Renoir and other Impressionist painters. It is the earnest hope of all lovers of art in Ireland that Sir Hugh Lane's dream of a new Gallery for the collection he initiated in Dublin may yet be realised and that the pictures which he intended to be its chiefest ornament may yet find their home there.

Since the publication of the 1908 catalogue now out of print some forty or fifty additions have been made to the Municipal Gallery collection. To mention but a few, there are (amongst the pictures of foreign schools) Duhigny's beautiful landscape *Un coup de Vent*, M. Maurice Wagne's seascape *Sur la Plage* and Boldini's brilliant *Portrait of a Lady*. Amongst the English ad-

ditions are a fine landscape and a portrait *The Blue Girl* by Mr. Wilson Street, Mr. Orpen's splendid portrait of Mr. Birrell, Mr. Brangwyn's masterly piece of decoration *Mrs. and Venus*, Prof. Brown's landscape *The Severn Valleys*, Mr. Gerald Festus Kelly's portrait of a girl in a red dress, *At the Store Door*, Mr. W. Russell's clever interior *The Barber's Shop*, Mr. Lavery's attractive open-air portrait of his wife painting, and Miss S. C. Harrison's dignified portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Haslam. The additions to the sculpture in this Gallery include Rodin's portrait bust of Mr. George Bernard Shaw, a bust of Lady Gregory by Jacob Epstein, of F. K. by N. Aronsen, and of the late Captain Shawe Taylor by Mr. Derwent Wood.

A little over a year ago, on the retirement of Sir Walter Armstrong, Sir Hugh Lane was appointed Director of the National Gallery of Ireland and in the short twelve months of his directorate he presented thirteen important pictures to the collection which he had previously enriched by several important gifts. The later additions which this Gallery



PORTRAIT BUST

BY F. CARRUTHERS  
(See Leeds Studio-Talk p. 279)

as to his generosity include among the Italians, a characteristic example of the art of Paul Veronese, dignified portrait of a lady, gorgeous in brocade and pearls—a large decorative group by Piazzetta, one of the last of the Venetian painters of note, a fine *Portrait of a Man* by Passano, and an interesting landscape with figures by the Genoese master Alessandro Magnasco.

The English school in the Irish National Gallery, hitherto but poorly represented, has been strengthened by Sir Hugh Lane's gifts of two fine Gainsboroughs—a landscape and a portrait—and a portrait by Romney. The Gainsborough landscape, usually catalogued as *The Gamekeeper* is an important and well-known work of his best period. It was described in the Allnutt sale of 1863 as 'A woody landscape, with a sportsman in the centre conversing with a peasant, greyhounds and her dogs in the foreground, painted in emulation of Teniers.' This spacious landscape, so full of distinction and charm, is an admirable example of Gainsborough's 'simple and sensuous' art. The portrait is not less interesting. It is an early work, a portrait of the painter's elder brother, the inventor known as 'Schemer Jack' and is remark-

able for its firm handling and clean, pure colour. Romney's portrait of his wife, Mary Abbot, one of his early works, is of special interest as being the more important of the two portraits which he painted of her, the other and smaller portrait is in Major Thurlow's collection.

The collection of Spanish pictures has been enriched by Sir Hugh Lane's gift of a very notable and fascinating work by Domenico Theotocopuli, better known as El Greco, *St. Francis in Ecstasy*, in which the passionate mysticism of the painter finds full expression, also by his gift of a large votive picture by Sebastian de Llano y Valdes, a pupil of Herrera, whose work is little known outside his native country. The French pictures presented by Sir Hugh Lane include two fine still life pieces by Alexandre Francois Desportes, the accomplished Court painter to Louis XIV, in which the vigour of Snyder has been tempered with a French elegance, and a portrait of Letitia Bonaparte (Madame Mere) by Madame Anne Vallain, a pupil of David, which is interesting both as an historical document and an excellent example of French painting of the neo-classical period. A



IRON BRIDGE, SALOP

(D. B. s. Museum of Modern Art)

BY F. WILSON STEER



LETITIA BONAPARTE (MADAME MÉRY)

BY NADINE VALÉRY

(National Gallery of Ireland)



"L'ÉCARTÉ (WOLF)"

Pre called by Sir Hugh Lane)

BY GIOVANNI BATTISTA PIAZZETTA



THE BAPTISM OF AEDH, KING OF TEITRIM, BY SAINT PATRICK, A.D. 434. FRESKO DECORATION FOR ENTRANCE OF DUBLIN CITY HALL BY JAMES WARD. A.R.C.A.

ter Scene by Jan Abrahamse Deerstruën comes as this noble gift.

In addition to these pictures several others lent Sir Hugh Lane to the Gallery shortly before death are now hung there and will it is hoped, ultimately become part of the permanent collection.

They include three works by Louissimato and Proserpine supposed to be a study for

a ceiling in the Barberini Palace at Rome. *The Marriage of Thetis and Pelus*, and a *La chante and Saur*, a large canvas by Pintoretto *Lenus and Adonis*—an important example of the work of Claude Lorrain hitherto unrepresented in Dublin. *Juno confiding I to the care of Argus* and Chardin's *setene and ex pursue work I a jeune Institutri e*.

In speaking of Sir Hugh Lane's work for the



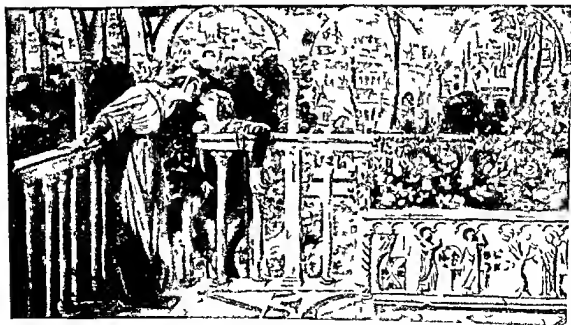
AN IRISH CHIEFTAIN OPPOSING THE LANDING OF THE DANES ON THE SHORES OF THE LIFFEY, A.D. 800. FRESKO DECORATION FOR ENTRANCE OF DUBLIN CITY HALL BY JAMES WARD. A.R.C.A.

National Gallery of Ireland mention should be made of his two important finds in the cellars of the Gallery—an interesting portrait by Van Dyck *A Head of a Young Man* which is evidently a work of the painter's early Flemish period and *A Holy Family* by Jordens which is simply treated and full of charm. The entire collection in the Gallery was rearranged by the late Director the Milltown pictures which were formerly hung together having been dispersed according to their schools and periods. Thus an immense improvement has been effected both from the æsthetic and the educational points of view.

An interesting experiment in fresco decoration is now being carried out in the circular entrance hall of the Dublin City Hall by Mr James Ward A.R.C.A., Headmaster of the Metropolitan School of Art Dublin and his pupils. The scheme of decoration comprises a series of twelve panels eight illustrating the history of Dublin and four occupied by decorative treatments of the Arms of the Four Provinces of Ireland. The interior of the hall is of stone in the Renaissance style of Architecture and the panels are divided from the cupola above by the stone entablature and are separated by classic columns. The painting is executed directly on the stone ground in the spirit fresco medium and the work which is carried out

in a light scheme of colour is effective and broad in treatment. We illustrate the two finished panels *The Baptism of Míshin King of Leinster* by St Patrick A.D. 434 and *An Irish Chieftain opposing the Landing of the Danes on the Shores of the Liffey* A.D. 820.

**F**IORINCI — The war, which has affected most forms of art production very prejudicially, has been especially severe on those branches of art which were just seeking to establish themselves and from this point of view the most attractive art industry which Count Nicola Marcellio has recently revived at Florence has a special claim on our interest and sympathy. I say revived because this art of tapestry is a very old one at Florence—it came there from the rich Renaissance cities of north Italy, from Mantua—where it was practised under the patronage of the Gonzaghi—from Ferrara and also more directly later from Flanders for Cosimo I, when he had established himself in his Grand Duchy brought to Florence in 1545 a company of Flemish weavers who worked from the designs of Salviati and Fontorvo and the Grand Duke also bought in 1553 from Vanderwilt those magnificent tapestries of *The Creation of Man and Woman* which are still to be seen in the Galleries of Florence.



THE PARTING OF ROMEO AND JULIET. TAPESTRY DESIGNED BY ELIO MAZZI AND WOVEN IN COUNT MARCELIO SCHOOL OF WEAVING IN FLORENCE.



THE DEATH OF LAURA TAPESTRY DESIGNED BY ELIO MAZZI AND WOVEN IN COUNT MARCELLO'S SCHOOL OF WEAVING IN FLORENCE

This art, which had flourished under the Medici as a splendid decorative accessory to their courtly life, survived for two centuries but by the middle of the eighteenth century was practically defunct. Yet a dead art for Europe it has never been, for in France the School of Gobelins survived, and



THE MEETING OF DANTE AND BEATRICE.™ TAPESTRY DESIGNED BY ELIO MAZZI AND WOVEN IN COUNT MARCELLO'S SCHOOL OF WEAVING IN FLORENCE



' ABELARD AND HELOISE TAPESTRY DESIGNED BY ELIO MAZZI AND WOVEN IN COUNT MARCELLO'S SCHOOL OF WEAVING IN FLORENCE

last century in England that fine decorative genius William Morris, attempted its revival, with no small measure of success while in Florence within late years Count Nicola Marcello has revived an art which ought to reclaim its tradition in these historic surroundings. The Count has devoted the upper floor of his villino in the Via Solferino at Florence to the work of his looms and in the painter Elio Mazzi, if he does not possess all that imaginative beauty of type and wonderful feeling for line which made our Burne Jones an unequalled designer for tapestry, Count Marcello has found a valuable assistant a draughtsman of great richness of invention and exquisite finish of design.

What is the real scope of this art of tapestry? It is a question which presents its own difficulties but which is indispensable to a sound judgment of any modern revival of this delightful art of the Middle Ages. Fundamentally tapestry is decorative, and any attempt to rival the tones and colours of actual nature is outside the limits of the art and invites failure. Raphael and François Boucher are great names in art but in this particular they may have been misled by their own brilliant abilities. For tapestry—as has been pointed out—cannot justly be considered as woven painting. While the painter can often obtain his impression with a few skilful touches, the tapestry weaver must advance slowly, watching always with close attention for the harmony of effect while

the painter can vary at will the colours on his palette, the weaver cannot go outside of those which are set ready to his hand and in whose subtle blending lies the mastery and the secret of his craft.

"Tapestry," says Count Marcello himself, "by its very nature a rebel to the innovations and resources of mechanical skill, was always and in every epoch made by hand. The countless difficulties of the technique are learnt and overcome only with long practice. For this reason the apprentices commence with executing designs for leaves, flowers, and fruit and weave at first small industrial commissions for coverings of chairs and sofas; then when their apprenticeship is completed the pupils, who are generally taken at the age of fourteen to fifteen, pass on to the true and real tapestry in its more or less difficult parts and specialise according to their capacity and natural inclination in the work which is slower and more exact and costly. Tapestry, besides, can never be separated from furniture making and hence a real school of tapestry must be also a school of decoration. My own dream, therefore, has been in reviving this forgotten art, to secure the existence of my modest school so that, if fortune smiles upon my efforts, it may gradually renew all that rich decoration and equipment in this respect which gave such splendour to our lordly houses in the olden time."

to do this—to revive a form of art which, as says only existed within Italy at Rome, and side Italy in the tapestries of Larsson and berg in Sweden, of Merton Abbey in England, the ancient tapestry factory in France of the belins supported by the Government, Count ucello needed to study his subject thoroughly, go to the old tapestries themselves to learn it secret, and, finally, to locate his factory, select his first apprentices from intelligent girls t leaving the primary schools, and also to give m that elementary training in art which is dispensable for the tapestry weaver. Just as he d succeeded in this and had found in Sig. Flo razi a designer of imagination and a fine sense of our forming around him in Florence a little up of intelligent and enthusiastic assistants, the ible conflict of the nations of Europe broke t, and though the intervention of his own country the side of the Entente has I know, his entire proval it has materially hindered the progress of e undertaking and the realisation of the aims to uch he has devoted himself for so many years that he is now able to continue his school of pstry at Florence only under great economic fficulties. It is for this reason that such an tistic effort belonging to the best traditions of orentine art creation has a special claim upon nglish sympathy and support. S B

PARIS—The journalistic side of art has lost one of its most prominent representatives by the death of Auguste Dalligny, who in 1879 founded the 'Journal des Arts' and continued to take an active part as its rector until the beginning of the war when his son tienne Dalligny and most of the members of his aff having been called to the colours the publica on of the paper was interrupted. Mons. Auguste alligny, who had reached his eighty fifth year, as trained for the legal profession, and when in iter years after holding responsible administrative ppointments he devoted himself entirely to art matters he was instrumental in disseminating mong artists a knowledge of the laws affecting heir interests. Some years before he founded the Journal des Arts he had had practical experience f the sale of works of art at the Hôtel Drouot hrough being associated with a well-known ommissaire priseur Me Charles Pillet and it was rimarily with the object of furnishing the public with a compte rendu of these sales that he started us journal. The high esteem in which he was held

by the art world of Paris is well expressed in the tributes paid to his memory by the French daily journals. "Auguste Dilligny," says the "Figaro" in its obituary notice, "était un critique averti, qui avais suivi avec attention le mouvement de l'art depuis un demi-siècle, et qui avait consacré aux artistes des articles pleins de finesse et de bonhomme."

Il laissera d'unanimes regrets à tous ceux qui l'ont connu ou consulté.

## ART SCHOOL NOTES

LONDON—The winter session of the Central School of Arts and Crafts, Southampton Row, will begin on September 20, and the inaugural lecture will be delivered on October 8 by Professor Selwyn Image, Slade Professor of Fine Art in the University of Oxford whose subject will be "The Work and Influence of John Ruskin." Prof. Image has also arranged to deliver a consecutive course of lectures on Friday afternoons during the session, dealing with "Some Historical Aspects of Art." Though the programme of classes for the session shows little deviation from that of previous sessions the war is responsible for numerous changes in the staff of instructors, as many as twenty five of those who were on the list a year ago having relinquished their appointments to join his Majesty's forces. Mr. Niels M. Lund will take charge of the etching class in place of Mr. Luke Taylor, who holds a commission in the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment. Mr. A. S. Hartnack, besides assisting in the school of painting has been appointed to take charge of a special class in tempera painting. Mr. Douglas Cockerell has arranged to resume the direction of the school of bookbinding which he originated in 1897, when the work of the institution was carried on in the temporary premises in Regent Street. The list of students of the Central School who have joined the colours comprises over two hundred names.

At the Chelsea School of Art carried on in connection with the South Western Polytechnic, Manresa Road, two scholarships, each of the annual value of £24 are awarded to enable students to study illustration work the course of study being so arranged as to lead directly to the execution of saleable commercial work. The scholarships are known as the "Christopher Head" scholarships, they are open to all and have few restrictions attached to them.



## THE LAY FIGURE ON SOME ASPECTS OF ART TEACHING

"THERE seems to be a general tendency at present time to revise our social and political institutions and to search out ways of amending our traditional methods," said the Art Critic. "I hope while we are in this frame of mind the need for improvement in our system of art education will be forgotten."

"Does it call so urgently for improvement?" asked the Art Master. "Does it not answer its purpose quite reasonably well as it is?"

"No indeed," replied the Critic. "It has taken its full share of imperfections, and now is ripe for change while we are in the mood for self-criticism, to recognise them and to do our best to remove them."

"But our methods of art education have been thoroughly reformed during the last few years, so that there is no need to upset them again now," objected the Art Master. "They are efficient enough and to pull them to pieces merely for the sake of change would be absurd."

"Are they so efficient?" questioned the Critic. "Have they attained perfection? Has the thoroughgoing reform you talk about eliminated all deficiencies?"

"I think not," replied the Art Master. "I look at the question, naturally enough, from my own point of view, and I can only say that in art education as it is at present conducted I find many deficiencies which might be rectified."

"Why, it is particularly in the interests of men like you that the changes I am talking about have been made in our system of art education," cried the Art Master. "We have altered the whole scheme of teaching expressly to fit the students for their work as designers and workers in various branches of industrial art."

"Yet you have not succeeded in making this scheme agree with the ideas of the men who are expected to employ these students," commented the Critic. "That is just my argument. Evidently you have not yet got the scheme right if the manufacturers, including even those who are known to take a keen interest in your art schools, are still unable to say that it does not produce the results which they expect."

"But what more can we do?" asked the Art Master. "We train our students thoroughly in the principles and practice of design, we give them a comprehensive knowledge of all schools of

decorative art, we teach them to draw and to paint, and we impress upon them the value of sound tradition. Where are the imperfections in such a system?"

"That is for you to discover," retorted the Manufacturer. "I can only judge by results. These students of yours, with all their training, are very rarely of much use to me when they come to my works fresh from school. They are excellently trained, no doubt, but their knowledge is so largely theoretical that they have to be taught from the very beginning the practical side of what they have to do. Cannot you save me a good deal of that trouble?"

"Ah, yes, that is the point!" exclaimed the Critic. "There is too much theory and too little practice. What I should call the right training for the designer includes the actual knowledge of how to do things. He should not only be able to design but also to make the things he designs. He must be an artist of course, but a craftsman as well."

"Do you mean to suggest, then, that the art school should be turned into a workshop?" asked the Art Master.

"Well, why not, if the student is to take his place in a workshop when he leaves school?" returned the Manufacturer. "Why not accustom him from the very beginning to the part that he intends to play?"

"Yes, and why not make him a thorough workman while you are about it?" agreed the Critic. "Let him learn his trade while he is at school, so that he can go straight to the work that awaits him outside. He will be all the better artist, I believe, if he knows how to put his ideas into actual shape."

"He will be very much more the sort of artist I want," declared the Manufacturer, "because he will not put before me suggestions so impossibly complicated and so impractical that it is simply a waste of time to consider them at all."

"That is true," said the Critic. "As a craftsman he will know the value of straightforwardness and simplicity, and he will have learned the artistic importance of fitness in his design. He will curb any tendency he may have in the direction of redundancy or extravagance because he will perceive that this tendency inevitably leads him to impractical results and to wasted labour. He will know what he can do because he will know how it should be done."

"Oh dear, more reforms!" sighed the Art Master.

THE LAY FIGURE



HIM THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS II  
COLONEL IN-CHIEF OF THE ROYAL  
SCOTS GREYS FROM THE PAINTING BY  
VALENTINE ALEXANDROVITCH SEROFF

*The portrait of the Commanding Officer  
of the Royal Scots Greys - p. 20*

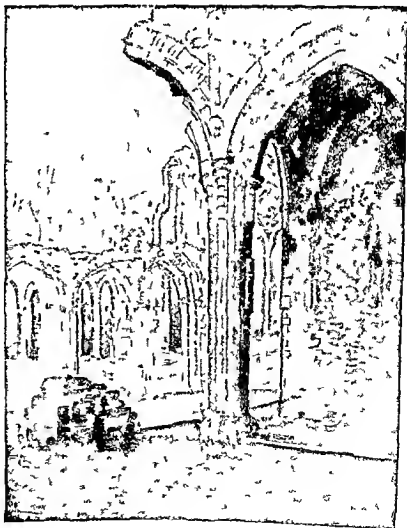
# THE STUDIO

## THE WATER-COLOURS OF ALFRED W. RICH

ON first studying the work of Mr A W Rich we are inevitably tempted to draw a comparison between his water-colours and those of the truly English masters of the medium. Yet the further we carry our investigations the more are we impressed with the fact that he owes in reality, but little to the example of these men notwithstanding that on earlier acquaintance there seems to be a more than superficial affinity between their art and his. Indeed Mr Rich has said that since he was quite a boy he has taken delight in the charmingly direct mode of expression of Peter de Wint, Girtin, Cotman, Varley, Muller, Lum Collier and men of the same school and has accepted them as his mentors. But it is to nature herself that he invariably goes direct for inspiration and he is not content, despite the admiration he acknowledges for the artists just mentioned to view her through their vision. In short, while showing a full appreciation of the undoubted merits of the work of his predecessors, and a generous meed of admiration for the fine tradition their drawings embodied he has adopted only those elements which enable him to interpret most adequately his ideas, and which harmonise with his own artistic impulse. His methods are the natural outcome of a temperament which is always seeking to give expression

to emotions aroused by direct contact with nature and it is this which gives to his art its freshness and individuality and stimulates our interest.

Having thus briefly stated what we conceive to be the relationship between the work of Mr Rich and that of the earlier water colourists let us now consider his art in its direct bearing upon modern practice and present day ideals. First a word as to his technique and here, perhaps we touch upon the most absorbing side of our subject for artists. As a devout student of nature, practically all Mr Rich's work has been done in



'DETIFY ABBEY HAMP HIRE

BY ALFRED W. RICH

## The Water-Colours of Alfred W. Rich

open We have only to look at his pictures as seen at the various exhibitions (notably at New English Art Club of which he is one of the most loyal supporters) to be convinced of the fact His palette is distinguished by its widest range of colours which close study and experience have proved to be sufficient for every purpose with the result that in dealing with the most subtle exercise in light and shade his colour scheme is invariably restrained and harmonious In this respect he is not by any means alone amongst moderns but it may truthfully be said that no other water-colourist of the present has a keener appreciation of the possibilities of a carefully selected and limited palette or uses it to more beautiful or more satisfying effect The most of his drawings are executed solely in water-colour Mr Rich does not hesitate to employ mixed methods in order to achieve the effect he desires and in some of his most notable works we find a combination of pen work and water-colour used in a manner reminiscent of the older masters The successful use of the pen with water-colour requires no mean skill and confidence

while sound draughtsmanship is essential for any lack of decision or, on the other hand any undue emphasis may prove fatal Mr Rich's unobtrusive manipulation of the pen is well displayed in the drawings *South Croxdon* and *Netley Abbey* reproduced here while in *St Peter's Huntingdon*, the lead pencil has been used with pleasing result He never relies upon the adventitious use of body colour maintaining that it has nothing to do with his medium and if a high light is required he does not hesitate to employ the pen knife

With Mr Rich the actual features of the scene are not the most important factors It is the subtle effects of light and shade atmosphere and tone gradation which appeal to his keen and comprehensive vision and arouse his interest That he has a marked predilection for certain subjects in landscape is obvious Mountainous country has never appealed to him for he possesses an innate desire to look right away into the distance to where the sky and earth meet and mingle in delicate tones of atmospheric colour Thus we see him in such drawings as *Year Stevenage Hertfordshire* (p. 10) a typical example of his art, in which the



STEVENAGE, HERTFORDSHIRE

BY ALFRED W. RICH



THE OLD BRIDGE LUDLOW

BY ALFRED W. RICH

eye is carried from plane to plane towards the far distance, while a great expanse of rolling clouds dominates the composition. This preference for the flat country may account for his admiration for the old Dutch landscapists and it is somewhat surprising to find that he has not as far as we know painted amidst the low lying scenery of Holland which inspired the masterpieces of Hobbema, and in more recent times of Maas and Mauve. The reason, one would venture to think, is to be found in the essentially English character of his work and looking at his drawings, it is not difficult to understand that so sincere and sympathetic a student of his native countryside should find all the inspiration he required in scenes which lie near to hand.

His broad outlook enables Mr. Rich to note at once the essential characteristics of a landscape and in water colour he finds the most sympathetic and adaptable medium for rendering them. 'Water-colour,' he says, 'has from my earliest memory appealed to me by reason of its delicate quality, as being particularly suited to landscape work and I think it is good for nothing else. The actual labour should be in the acquiring of how to use it. I feel there is no limit to the detail that

can be introduced into a picture but it must all be done without the evidence of toil otherwise the beauty of ease is lost. Mr. Rich does not ignore details but he judges them only in relation to the more absorbing elements of colour and tone. Here we have impressionism logically developed. He is more concerned with the spirit and romance of a scene than with considerations of topographical accuracy, believing that landscape painting is something greater than mere copying of nature. His unusual gift of selection, his power of realising and understanding the varied aspects of nature unaffected by any consideration for the thoughts of others give to his art an independence and distinction which are stimulating and refreshing. The particular methods he employs are spontaneously governed by the qualities and nature of the theme he has chosen and it is this gift of adaptation together with a power to retain and visualise the first freshness of an impression, which gives to his work its artistic significance.

It is worthy of note that Mr. Rich but rarely introduces the human element into his composition a fact of some interest when we consider his art in its relation to that of the earlier men. In the drawings of Constable and Cox for instance the

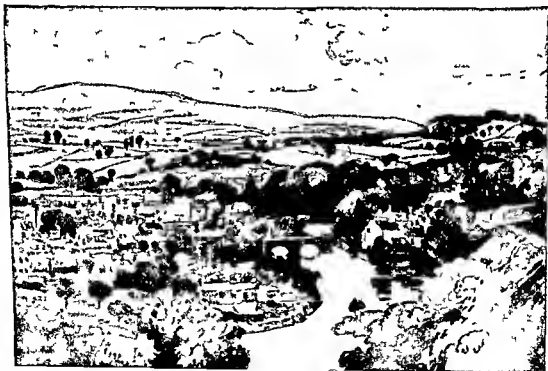
## The Water-Colours of Alfred W. Rich

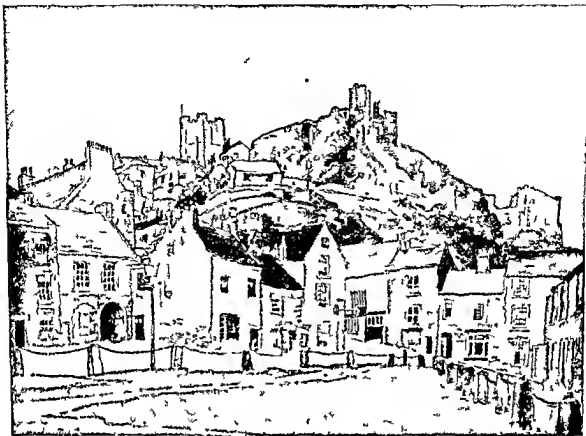
human figure often plays an important rôle, and its omission may detract considerably from the value of the colour scheme or the balance of the composition. Yet in most of Mr. Rich's Landscapes its presence would almost seem an intrusion. We would ask our readers carefully to examine any of the drawings reproduced here (with the exception of that on page 9, to which reference will be made later) and we venture to think they will agree with this opinion. May it not be that in this particular aspect of Mr. Rich's art we have yet another proof of his individuality, and also of his deep reverence for and sympathy with nature?

The reproductions which accompany these notes represent some of Mr. Rich's most recent work and have been selected not only on account of their intrinsic merit as examples of water-colour painting, but also because they show fairly adequately the different sides of his art. In *Ludlow Castle*, which forms one of our supplements in colours, the fine atmospheric qualities, clever management of light and shade, pleasing and harmonious colour scheme, and vigorous cloud painting show the artist at his best. This beautiful English scene is rendered with a happy freedom, yet all its essential features

have been carefully preserved. Even more interesting in composition *The Old Bridge at Ludlow* (p. 7) is yet not quite so expressive. The treatment of the water, especially near the bridge, falling well within the range of the artist's usual accomplishment. But the drawing possesses many admirable qualities, notably in the effect of the heavy clouds upon the landscape, a problem which only the ablest of landscape painters have mastered satisfactorily. The third Ludlow subject (p. 8) has been drawn from a more elevated position. It is a spacious composition, pleasing in general tone, to which the coarse texture of the paper has given an agreeable effect. Both these drawings have been executed in the artist's broadest and most vigorous style.

The beautiful country around Richmond in Yorkshire has inspired Mr. Rich in many of his most successful works, but seldom with such happy results as in the *Richmond Castle* shown on page 4. This drawing is almost dramatic in the effect of the contrast between the remarkable light in the centre and the dark trees in the foreground. The general treatment is masterly in its simplicity, and as an example of the wonderful possibilities of the medium





RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE

BY ALFRED W. RICH

the work is intensely interesting. Especially fine too is the way in which the artist with the simplest touches has suggested the landscape to the right of the composition receding into the distance to the far horizon. A second Richmond drawing (p. 9) is very different in character and strangely unlike any other of our illustrations as regards composition and general treatment, both of which are engaging. The varied colours of the roofs are exceedingly agreeable, but the introduction of one or two figures might perhaps have added interest to the composition. A feeling of the deserted village is not altogether absent.

It is hence already been made to the drawing *Near Steeple, Hertfordshire* (p. 10) a typical and very beautiful example of Mr. Rich's art. The fine open sky and spacious landscape are put in with a liquid touch giving an effect of spontaneity and freedom. It is a direct transcript from nature in which the artist has succeeded in conveying a remarkable sense of the open countryside. In the same category should be placed *Hunthredon* (p. 11) with its fine rolling sky in which the original treatment of the clouds is worthy of careful study. It is

a fresh breezy landscape broadly and vigorously handled.

Conceded in the spirit of true romanticism is the drawing entitled *In an English Park* (p. 12) noble in its repose and grandeur. The colour harmony is exquisite while the painting of the rich shadows thrown upon the water by the trees could hardly be surpassed. The artist has rendered the scene with the fervour of the poet informing it with a lyrical and appealing beauty.

As an example of the dexterous use of mixed mediums (pen and water colour) *South Craydon* (p. 13) is interesting. It is a dark and sombre composition in which the heavy sky and murky atmosphere are cleverly rendered. It represents a phase of Mr. Rich's art with which we are not very familiar and one offering considerable possibilities. The merits of this drawing are indisputable and the suggestion of busy industrialism is subtly conveyed.

As a second plate in colours we illustrate a study of trees in which the treatment of the foliage is distinctly personal. To artists this reproduction will appeal as giving an insight into Mr. Rich's methods. And finally we show two drawings of

## The Water-Colours of Alfred W. Rich

tectural subjects, *Nelly Ibbes Hampshire* (p. 13) and *St Peter's Huntingdon* (p. 15). Both for originality in treatment the latter being particularly successful. Here as we have already seen the lead pencil has been employed with good effect. The texture of time-worn stone is admirably suggested while the greenish tone of the building harmonises agreeably with the sky. Admiration is the rendering of the tower which reveals vivid and expressive draughtsmanship.

Mr Rich was born at Seavnes Hill Sussex, in 1866 and very early in life developed a craving to express visibly his ideas of what appealed to him beautiful in nature. "I remember now," he recently told the writer, "looking from the garden where I lived as a child and noticing the whiter of an old Gothic church brilliantly contrasted with a shapely mass of dark trees in the foreground. I was seven years old yet I know the effect would strike me now as it did then." This early desire to interpret the varied manifestations of nature steadily grew, the innate artistic spirit developed until the medium of water-colour became as a natural means of expression.

But it was many years before he was able to devote himself to landscape painting. From 1871 he was occupied entirely in designing and heraldic painting work which in the light of his later development, must have been exceedingly irksome to him. It was not till 1890 when he was thirty-four years of age that he entered as a student at the Slade School under Professor Alphonse Legros, and later Professor Fred Brown. He remained at the Slade until 1896 exhibiting at the New English Art Club the following year for the first time. He was elected a member shortly afterwards and it will be generally admitted that the numerous drawings he has shown at the Club have added distinction to its exhibitions. In 1914 he became a member of the International Society of Painters, Sculptors, and Gravers. His drawings have been hung in exhibitions of the Royal Scottish Academy, the Royal Hibernian Academy at Liverpool Manchester Bradford Leeds, Huddersfield Hull Oldham Derby Bath and Brighton, besides many foreign and colonial galleries including St. Louis, Berlin, Rome, Venice and New Zealand. Amongst permanent collections which contain examples of



NEAR STEYNAGE HERTS

BY ALFRED W. RICH





*(The property of Miss  
Helen K. Lock)*

"ST. PETER'S, HUNTINGDON"  
BY ALFRED W. RICH

## *The Water-Colours of Alfred W. Rich*

his art are the British Museum the South Kensington Museum, the Fitzwilliam Museum Cambridge the Johannesburg Gallery the Petermaritzburg Gallery, the Luxembourg the Walker Art Gallery Liverpool, and the Oldham and Dudley Corporation Galleries. It is a matter for surprise that he is not represented at the Tate Gallery and it is to be hoped that this omission may soon be remedied. For, in addition to the unquestionable merits of his work, Mr Rich's art is as we have already said so essentially English in character, that no British artist living at the present time has a stronger claim to representation in a gallery devoted to the contemporary art of his own country.

Of the various districts of England in which Mr Rich has worked during recent years, that of Richmond in Yorkshire has already been mentioned. In the exhibition of his works held in London last year figured drawings of Amersham Chesham Park Rickmansworth Hertford Wellesbourne Colchester, Hindhead Guildford Godalming Chichester Selsey Shoreham Lewes Castle Corfe Castle, Rochester, Chatham Knowle Park Ludlow, Bolton Abbey and Knaresborough Castle.

Mr Rich devotes some of his time to teaching

an occupation which affords him considerable pleasure, and each year he holds a sketching school in some part of England. That his tuition is attended with excellent results may be gathered from the work of his pupils which figures from time to time in exhibitions. It is evident, that he has had considerable influence on certain water colourists for there are quite a number of the younger artists painting in the "Rich" style. Nevertheless we are inclined to think that attempts to copy his methods would not by any means meet with Mr Rich's approval. Imitation of others is as we have endeavoured to show in the earlier part of this article, entirely opposed to the spirit in which he works. We feel sure he would agree that the true artist is he who while accepting what he believes to be a right tradition, endeavours to the best of his ability, not only to maintain tradition but to amplify, adapt, and develop in accordance with his own artistic impulse, an impress upon his work the stamp of his personality. This we maintain, is what Mr Rich has achieved, and it is the principal reason why his work is so highly considered at the present time.

ERNEST G. HALTO





STUDY OF TREES FROM A WATER  
COLOUR DRAWING BY ALFRED W. RICH



HUXTION

BY ALFRED W. RICH

## THE LAMENT OF THE NUDE

I HAVE always been part of arts stock in trade and I know my job from long experience. I learned all about it ever so long ago and by this time it would come quite easy if only I were let alone to do things quietly in my own way. That is just what I complain of. I never am let alone or allowed to go about my work in the way I am used to. It's a great shame. It really is and it gets worse every year. There's no rest for me nowadays. I am for ever being expected to learn something new or to use some queer thing I never saw before and I'm sick and tired of it all. Artists have no consolation nowadays. It's centuries since I had any peace.

Long ago in the good old days when I was at home in Greece it used to be a very different story. One knew what to be at then. The rules were as simple as simple could be and when once you'd learned them there was an end. I had a girdle and sandals and a mirror and I don't see what more any one need want, for my part. One

learned to do exactly the right things with them. I soon knew it perfectly and then I only had to go on doing it over and over again with slight variations. It was so restful and satisfactory and no one seemed even to think of asking me to do any thing else. Now that is what I call a good plan.

The only pity was that by degrees as the centuries passed my appearance began to go off. It happened by very slow degrees the change coming by little and by little so that I did not notice it for a long time but the truth was that I was growing quite heavy and stupid looking. I was living in Rome then and I think the climate disagreed with me. So in the end I was rather glad to find I was less called for and finally that they had arranged a complete rest-cure for me. It was evidently what I needed.

It was a very long rest-cure that almost too long I was tired of it before it came to an end. On the very few occasions when I did make an appearance I was all wrapped up in long hair down to my feet and was so dreadfully thin that I hardly knew myself. I believe I was a Saint really. The rest

## The Lament of the Nude



SOUTH CROYDON

*(The property of Miss Helen K. Lock)*

BY ALFRED W. RICH

did me no end of good anyhow and I am sure it was very wise and considerate of those who decided I ought to have it, but in the end as I say I was very glad to emerge again. And ever since I am sure I have been busy enough.

I was sent for to Italy at once, and one of my first appearances then was also one of the best I have ever made. It was quite in the spirit of the old days, and yet was a pleasant variety too. I had to stand quite still and quiet on a shell which floated on the sea, and the loveliest soft pink roses came drifting and dropping round me blown on nice little soft winds. It was just the sort of arrangement that suits me. But taking it all round my work was much harder from that time on. Sometimes I had to be violent and athletic struggling and sprawling all over the place and that I simply detest. Sometimes they called me Chanty and gave me a perfect tribe of fat heavy children to take care of perfect little nuisances they were, never still for a moment and always running their elbows into one's tenderest points. It must have been about the same time I think that I stayed awhile in France and found a most uncomfortable fashion reigning there for I had to sit in a crescent moon several times. Now nothing could possibly

make a worse seat than a crescent moon. I do assure you. I just wish the artists who made me do it had to try it themselves that's all. Of course if you take an interest in your work and try to do it conscientiously you make the best of these things but it gives me a pain still in quite a number of places only to think of what I suffered then.

After that I had a most trying time. I found myself getting so dreadfully stout. I can't imagine why unless the Dutch climate had something to say to it. I sat in Holland for a good while and a great deal of beer is drunk there which is fattening they say and may have caused it. Whatever the reason was, I was greatly put about. I seemed to get fatter and fatter and coarser and coarser whatever I did. My ankles grew so thick too. I took a great deal of exercise but it never seemed to reduce me a bit, only to form horrid muscles, fit for a Hercules that positively stuck out all over me.

I happened to meet a very old acquaintance about that time called Ianis and really I didn't know which way to look. He must have seen such a dreadful change in me. However, he had grown rather stout and middle-aged himself which was one comfort and he seemed to admire me as much as

## *The Lament of the Nude*

ever, which was another, so I plucked up heart and managed to look as if I were positively proud of weighing sixteen stone or so. But life was a great effort. I couldn't get used to it.

After a while I moved to Paris. I think the name must have attracted me, it sounded so friendly and like old times, and I liked the place, for gradually I began to get my weight down and to feel more like myself. My headquarters have been there ever since, though of course I go touring into various countries from time to time as my work calls me.

Dear me, how many fashions I have seen come and go, since I lived there. I remember when mixed bathing came in—"fetes galantes" they used to call it at first. I never cared about that. Give me a nice quiet bathe to myself. But I remember it, especially, because it was the beginning of a very serious trouble of mine. Somehow people took to the notion of a cold water cure for me, and ever since then, the amount of bathing and washing I have been expected to do has been a very serious thing, a constant trial and an anxiety to me, I can assure you.

It is not that I ever objected to taking baths. I believe I originated the idea. But people will go to such extremes. I did the thing in a reasonable moderate way at intervals, and then I was represented emerging from the bath as often as you like afterwards. That's what I call sense. But the actual taking of one's bath is a thing that can't go on all day long. I believe it destroys the natural oil of the skin, if you overdo it, or so they say. We used oil long ago, I remember, even when we only took a reasonable number of baths. Now I am at it all day long and nobody thinks of offering me a rub afterwards. Indeed I don't know when there is an afterwards I'm always at it. And no one kind of bath is considered enough. Sometimes to be sure they give me a marble tank, with lions heads to spout the water, and sponges and things all properly provided. Then it's not half bad. But quite as often I am turned out into the forest and any sort of pool or stream that may turn up is supposed to do.

Now I dare say a great many people have never thought out the question of what one may call picnic baths. Unfortunately for me I have had to consider it very carefully, and from all points of view, and I should like to bring the result of my experiences and observations before the public.

The hour—to begin with. For a proper house bath, morning and evening, seem the natural times. But don't imagine that so when you're in a

romantic forest. In the morning it's always rather raw and chilly, and the water has a nip in it. In the evening on the other hand all the slugs and frogs and beetles are abroad, and on the prowl, and if once you put your bare foot on a slug—ugh! you will be sorry for poor me. I've had to do it, scores of times. And when it's dark, you can't find your things when you come out of the water again, and even if you haven't much to find, only a string of beads, say, it's awkward not to be able to lay hands on it.

Then the place. It used to be the sea in my early days but I rarely seem to get a chance of that now—it's always pools or streams. One with a nice sandy margin is the ideal, of course but I hardly ever meet that. I have really given up hoping for it. Fresh water pools are apt to be slimy round the edge, and streams are generally rough and stony, and nettles and thistles are dreadful things to meet when you're having a picnic bath, and tadpoles and water beetles are distracting. As to getting clean of course it's a mere farce, even if they do happen to provide soap and a sponge. And then quite as often as not they forget to give me my towel and you may just imagine what it feels like to take a romantic woodland bath in a pool by moonlight, and then find no sign of a towel when you come out. No believe me that sort of miscellaneous bathing is a delusion. If you have a proper set bath with taps and a bowl of soap and a hot rail for your towels be thankful for your mercies that's my advice to you.

But then the fashion changed and really I think it was for the worse, if possible. I still must wash incessantly. Never an hour off from that plague but instead of the picnic washes I had begun to get accustomed to they begin to treat me to what I can only call brick kitchen washes. They set out horrid little tin baths for me, in nasty, squalid untidy rooms. Sometimes I was expected to use a mere wash hand basin, and even to share it with several other people, and I do draw the line at that. How would they like it themselves that's all I want to ask the artists who make such arrangements for me? And instead of my cestus and my sandals that I learned to use so gracefully long ago, they give me the queerest things. Nasty, soft down-at-heel sort of slippers, without anything to hold them on to one's foot, for instance and one year I remember, I never was seen without a pair of stockings. I hated that. Stupid tight, ugly things, good for nothing but to stop one's circulation. And about the same time they made me come down to breakfast, a thing I never had to

## Albert Toft, Sculptor

before and indeed to all sorts of meals, and down to modern tables all laid out with mustard pots and fish knives and all manner of things I don't pretend to know the use of. I believe they did it on purpose to make me look foolish and show my ignorance. It was a perfect shame.

Latterly, even stranger things have been happening to me. I hated being thin and long and it was very bad to grow fat and lumpy, and that incessant washing was undermining my constitution but lately—Stav. I do believe it must be all caused by that horrid over washing. I never thought of that before but no doubt it is the true explanation. Rheumatism some awful inflammatory kind of rheumatism caused by too much washing. That is what is wrong. I always said harm would come of it and nobody would pay me the least attention now I understand why, of late, I have gone into the oddest condition. Nothing in all my age long experience has ever been the least like it. I am the strangest shapes all sharp hardly a curve left in my whole composition. There are slices, as it were taken off me in every direction and I run to points wherever I use to be round. Even that isn't the worst. Sometimes I am all separated into

bits a leg here, and an arm here so that I must be pieced together like a puzzle. Then I am coloured all in stripes or in patches and have perhaps purple shoulders and green shins. It all shows I suppose how frightfully my constitution has suffered. Oh what intolerable washing! It really is too bad. I am becoming unrecognisable. People don't know me when they see me now. I have heard them mistaking me for the most unlikely objects a kitchen chair, or a slup at sea. Just lately there has been less washing but I fear the mischief is done. The gods send it may not be irreparable!

My only hope is that I may perhaps have a rest. People have been busy fussing about battles and things lately, and it seems just possible that I may be entering on another period of unemployment. It

is the one chance for me. After that I might start fair again and with a reinvigorated constitution, and be quite myself.

But I hope it will be a lesson to those reckless artists to be more considerate of me when they want me again, so I wish to make my complaint public, for their sake as well as my own, and I hope and trust they will pay me some attention.

H. G.

## ALBERT TOFT SCULPTOR

INSULARITY, for geographical reasons naturally an English tendency, has to some extent degenerated, so we are often told, into an English vice. How far the present great upheaval of affairs, with its inevitable readjustment of perspectives, is going to alter, has, indeed already altered that aspect of our national character, only a survey in retrospect of these years of war will enable one to judge. But there is one direction in which our characteristic insularity has been somewhat conspicuous by its absence, and that is with regard to the outlook of the public upon certain forms of art. It had for long been a



PEACE. DETAIL OF THE KING EDWARD MEMORIAL AT BIRMINGHAM (BRONZE) BY ALBERT TOFT



WELSH NATIONAL WAR MEMORIAL  
AT CARDIFF. BY ALBERT TOFT



## *Albert Toft, Sculptor*

anding reproach to us as a nation that the usician with a foreign sounding name stood a tier chance of a hearing than one with a plun rish patronymic and this notwithstanding that a possessed in this country a highly interesting hool of modern composers and many talented rformers Things have been however gradually anging and we are now no longer content to bmit to being told that we are not a musical ation that we are not an artistic nation by ose would be superior folks, whose attitude ward things in general W S Gilbert humor usly summed up in the Lord High Executioners y, in *The Mikado*

The id of who praves with enthusiastic tone  
All centuries but this and evry country but his own

In the region of the plastic arts this tendency as not been entirely unnoticed and in particular ith regard to the work of our native sculptors ere has been some lack of appreciation and ncouragement. When our artists have shown eir works in foreign exhibitions the British ection has always been accorded a full meed of ause Yet at home—but what need to em roader further upon the well orn theme of the Prophet ithout honour "2

Alfred Stevens Onslow ord, Swan and Alfred lbert are names to be roud of and besides these nd a number of others hose achievements have ontributed greatly to the dvancement of plastic art in his country during the past alf-century we are fortunate n possessing a considerable hool of contemporary sculp- ors who work is unques- nonably worthy of serious egard The Royal Academy hich relegates the scu ptures to two rather small and nvariably much overcrowded galleries is to some extent responsible for the apathy on the part of th public Even to a greater degree than pic- tures do glyptic rks suffer from close proximity to one another but in this country the proper exhibiting of

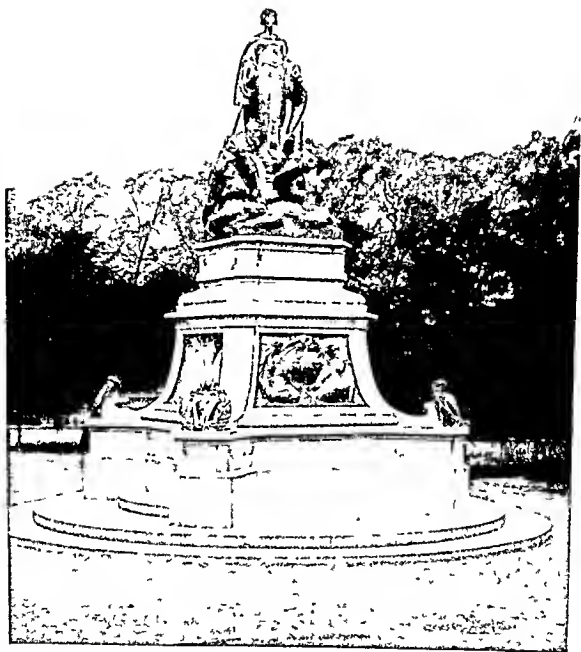
sculpture is not sufficiently studied and its import ance is not appreciated to the extent it deserves

The task of the sculptor is no light one What can be more dead than a lump of clay? What more inert and lifeless than a mass of stone? The art of the sculptor lies in not merely fashioing the raw material into a semblance of natural form not merely in achieving the outward representation of the subject, but his work if it is to possess any vital significance must convey an idea, must enshrine a thought the artist must in truth, breathe a soul into his clay and make the marble pulsate with life He can put nothing into his art that does not spring from within himself, and is only able to express adequately his inward emotion if his knowledge and command of his craft are pro found and sincere

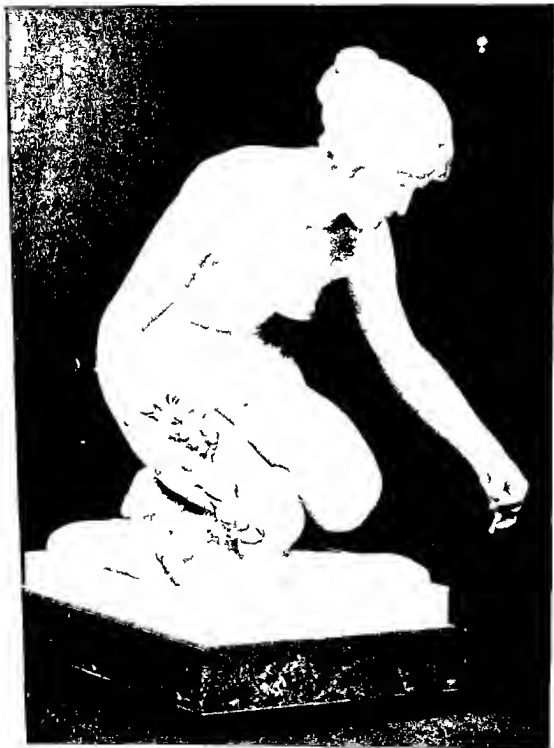
The keynote of Mr Toft's work is a deep searching after truth, and first of all after truth to nature for it is only thus that he can achieve ultimately truth to his ideal To be constantly studying to be ever adding to his appreciation and understanding of natural forms upon which, as he says all the finest design is based this is his watchword So the essence of his work is a close



"EDUCATION" DETAIL OF THE KING EDWARD MEMORIAL AT BIRKENHEAD  
BY ALBERT TOFT



SOUTH AFRICAN WAR MEMORIAL  
IN CANNON HILL PARK, BIRMING-  
HAM BY ALBERT TOIT



"SPRING" (MARBLE)  
BY ALBERT TOFT

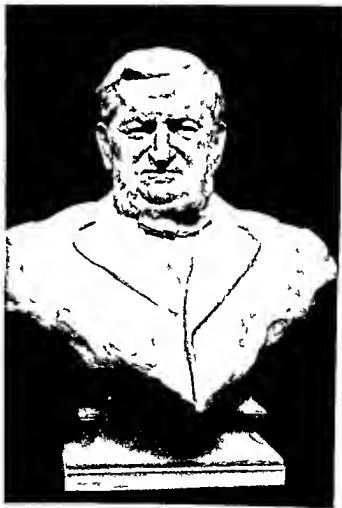
(Corporate Art Gallery  
Burnham)

and penetrating Realism (he has been criticised for being too much a realist) as the basis for the gradual development of his Ideals. Sir Joshua Reynolds in his 'Discourses on Art' said "In vent in strictly speaking is little more than a new combination of those images which have been previously gathered and deposited in the memory nothing can come of nothing, he who has laid up no materials can produce no combinations." Here is a truism which has been lately in certain quarters noisily derided, the notion of a small short sighted section of ultra modern artists (with more *art* than *art* in their composition) being that the works of God should have no influence upon and can easily be surpassed by the works of man. In fact, logically their creed would seem to suggest that the greatest artist might be he who, born blind was consequently troubled by no visual impressions of the material world. Realism is the scaffolding whereby Mr Toft erects the building of his Ideal. Too often the young artist of to-day discards the scaffolding before the building is complete.

*Vasatur non fit* is to some extent true of the sculptor as of the poet and Mr Toft may be cited as a case in point of the value and significance of inherited tendencies. Born in 1862 in a suburb of Birmingham he comes of an old family of artists for long connected with the Staffordshire potteries. His father, the late Charles Toft a man of talent not only as art worker, but also as an inventor was for many years chief modeller and designer at Birmingham for the firm of Elkington & Co. afterwards leaving them to work for Messrs Josiah Wedgwood and Sons of Lichfield. It was here that Albert Toft was apprenticed as a modeller for pottery. His evenings were spent in the art schools at Hanley and Newcastle under Lyme and when eighteen years old a National Scholarship gained at the latter school took him to London for two years at the Royal College of Art. Scholarships were not then of such lengthy tenure as they are to day and at the expiration of his time at South Kensington spent for the most part studying from the life under Professor Lanteri young Toft

fired with the ambition to devote his energies to sculpture set out upon what proved a very hard road and an uphill struggle. Notwithstanding that he had many tempting inducements to return to his modelling for pottery he never wavered from his decision.

Like many another artist who has risen to an enviable position in his profession Mr Toft passed through lean and trying years, and much might be written concerning his struggles. But, to him as to others through eating the bread of adversity has come a deep knowledge of life and broad sympathies. His hard experiences proved him and have gone towards the formation of character, have purged his artistic outlook of all traces of æsthetic dilettantism while a warm and genial temperament saved him from loss of enthusiasm and from the bitterness and sourness which are sometimes left



BUST OF THE RT. HON. JESSE COLLINGS, A.P. (LARGE)

BY ALBERT TOFT



STUDY OF A HEAD IN MARBLE  
BY ALBERT TOFT

like a scar from a wound in a young artist by his struggles with adverse circumstances

Since 1885, in which year Mr Toft first made his appearance in the Royal Academy exhibitions, he has continued, with only two exceptions, to exhibit annually at Burlington House.

The several reproductions of his works here given form, of course, only a small selection from his considerable *œuvre*, but they will serve to give an idea of the various phases of his art. He has been responsible for many fine and dignified memorials and of the thoroughness, the care for detail, which gives such unity and comprehensiveness to his commemorative work, the two reproductions of the figures symbolising *Peace* and *Education* from the King Edward Memorial at Birmingham afford interesting evidence. The Welsh National Memorial, erected at Cardiff to the memory of the Welshmen who fell in South Africa 1899-1902, is one of the best Mr Toft has executed. Readers of *The Studio* will remember that reproductions of details of this were shown in the number for January 1910. Another memorial, not so majestic but, to my thinking more graceful in design, is the South African War Memorial at Cannon Hill Park, Birmingham, while, among other commissions of the kind, Mr Toft has executed memorials to Queen Victoria at Leamington, Nottingham, and South Shields, also to King Edward VII at Leamington, the East Suffolk War Memorial at Ipswich, and the Warwickshire War Memorial in the Parish Church, Warwick.

Mr Toft's sympathy and close study of nature have developed in him great ability in portrait sculpture. The robust and finely modelled *Sir George Frampton* (Royal Academy 1915) and the excellently characterised bust of the *Right Hon Jesse Collings, M.P.* (Royal Academy, 1914) appear among the illustrations, and among other interesting sitters may be mentioned Mr Gladstone (an admirable bust of whom Mr Toft executed at Hawarden Castle) George Jacob Holyoake, R.B.

Cunninghame Graham Mrs Cyril Maude, Sir Henry Irving, David Christie Murray Sir William Pearce, Prof Leschenetzky, Mark Hambourg Sir William Treloar, and Sir Charles Mark Palmer.

Lastly, we come to those works in which the inward inspiration of the artist has been the sole and individual motive. Look first at the graceful *Spring* (in the Birmingham Art Gallery), with its youthfulness, its warm life, tender curves, and its feeling of wonderment before the recurring miracle of the birth of leaves and flowers, and compare it with the dispassionate but even more beautifully modelled *Spirit of Contemplation*, in which the body lies inert and subservient as the temple of the mind. This work, now in the Newcastle Art Gallery, is one of those by which the artist was represented at the Franco-British Exhibition in 1903 and at the International Art Exhibition at



BUST OF SIR GEORGE FRAMPTON, R.A. (BRONZE) BY ALBERT TOFT



"THE SPIRIT OF CONTEMPLATION"  
(BRONZE) BY ALBERT TOFT

*(Newcastle upon-Tyne Art Gallery)*



THE METAL POURER

BRONZE STATUETTE BY ALBERT TOFT

of inspiration and in *The Metal Pourer* (Royal Academy 1915) and *Mother and Child* the sculptor shows his sympathy with those who toil, a feeling akin to that which prompted the noble works of Millet and which finds its expression in the art of the Belgian Meunier and Brangwyn. To the latter such a powerful sketch as this little *Metal Pourer* would surely appeal and it is not surprising to learn that he as well as other brother artists has purchased a replica. The sculptor must have been keenly conscious as he vigorously modelled this tensely straining figure of the heat the sweat and the toil of the whole life of this workman which is so fervently epitomised in his momentary action. It is a work of pure inspiration wrought one imagines rapidly in the white heat of enthusiasm and, to quote Mr Toft's own words from his excellent manual for students *Modelling and Sculpture* it reminds us that there is in all creative art a pleasure almost a rapture, which is in itself one of the most exquisite delights given to man the sense of having accomplished worthy work.

One cannot do better in concluding this brief notice than quote a further passage from the same source for here may be found summed up what

Rome in 1911. Beautiful too and very characteristic is the marble head reproduced on p. 24. Simplicity of form graceful poise of the head the light and delicate suggestion of the hair—all is in keeping with the beauty of the material and we do not think we exaggerate in saying that here indeed in this sensitive head Mr Toft has made the marble live. One of his most important figures (illustrated in *THE STUDIO* June 1915) is the large marble *Father* subtly yet powerfully modelled despite its suavity which was one of the purchases of the Chantry Fund from this year's Royal Academy. The little bronze study of a recumbent female figure is a work full



STUDY IN BRONZE

BY ALBERT TOFT





"A MOTHER AND CHILD" (BRONZE) BY ALBERT TOFT

has formed the mainspring of his art. "Inspiration is indisputably the supremest gift any artist can possess but without hard work it must necessarily remain useless, because until it finds expression there is no realisable result of his imaginative power. Thought is indispensable to creation but labour alone gives thought expression." Mr Toft, it may fairly be claimed, has perfected his means of expression to the point of being able, sincerely, and beautifully to convey the thoughts and ideals which to the eye that can comprehend them reveal themselves in his art.

ARTHUR REIDIE.

THE Serbian Government has presented to the Victoria and Albert Museum the marble torso of Strahimé Ban, by Ivan Mestrovic, in proof of their appreciation of the interest shown by the British public in the recent exhibition of the artist's work at the Museum. The torso is on view in the Central Hall.

# THE WOOD CUTS OF T. STURGE MOORE BY ALEXANDER J. LINBERG

I FIRST met Sturge Moore towards the end of the eighties when we were both students at the Lambeth School of Art. Looking back now over the twenty five years and more which have passed since the college I must say that the students at that school were probably as rowdy and unpleasant a body of young ruffians as ever disgraced a school of art with their presence. Yet the turbulent atmosphere seems to have been peculiarly suited to the growth and development of the students' abilities, for an unusually large proportion of the men of that time have since distinguished themselves. Charles Hazlewood Shannon, A.R.S., Charles Ricketts and Sturge Moore, L. Raven Hill and F. H. Townsend, whose names are now so prominent in the pages of "Punch," Arthur Rackham and Reginald Savage, are a few of the names of those students which come most readily to my mind.

The school at that time was under the direction of Mr John Sparke who was also the Principal of the National Art Training School at South Kensington, but the teaching of drawing and painting was in the hands of an eccentric artist of the name of Smith. (I should think it probable that Smith had at least one Christian name, but I'm sure none of us knew what it was.) Between Sparke, Smith, and the students an open and undisguised feud was always raging. Sparke's ideal of a life study was something like those Academy studies in red and black chalk by Mulready which used to be displayed—and probably still are—in a circular hanging frame in what was then known as the South Kensington Museum. He liked a mat and pleasing general effect in a drawing and he loved carefully rounded contours and subtle curves. Smith's tastes were exactly the reverse. He hated curves and made us draw every form in a series of short straight lines. He also talked enthusiastically about "values" and instead of letting us treat all the lighter planes of an object as a generalised mass equivalent for practical purposes to the tone of the white paper we were drawing upon, he insisted on our trying to give the full difference between the highest light and the next lightest plane. The consequence was that the range of the charcoal with which we drew was very soon exhausted, and the larger part of the white flesh of a nude model standing in a glare of light was represented in

## The Wood-Cuts of T Sturge Moore

most of our life studies by the blackest black of which charcoal was capable. Imagine, then, the mingled feelings of horror, shame and indignation

with which Sparkes when he dropped in on one of his very rare visits of inspection would contemplate a roomful of about forty drawings all blacker than ink, with jagged contours as though the forms had been hastily chopped out of wood! Imagine the expression on his handsome face as he compared our

sombre and hideous representations with the gleaming white forms of the pretty model who posed on the 'throne' in the centre of the room. He seldom stayed long with us. He couldn't for

because we enjoyed Sparkes's disapproval. On one occasion when all our drawings were even blacker and smudgier than usual I remember that

Sparkes, after a brief hurried look round, had fled inconspicuously from the room, murmuring under his breath 'If only charcoal were a guinea a stick!'. That night we all went home to our suppers in a state of hilarious happiness.

But if we generally worked according to Smith's precepts

chiefly because it riled Sparkes, we also sometimes worked against them expressly to annoy Smith. Some dainty Mulready cum Raphaellesque drawings done in this way by one of the most bril-

liant students so delighted Sparkes that they brought a just punishment on the head of their clever perpetrator. He was awarded a silver or gold medal—I forget which—at the next National Competition at South Kensington, a tribunal for whose judgments this particular student had always expressed the most withering contempt. He really regarded the intended

honour as an insult, and felt heartily ashamed of his joke. His fellow students made the most of their opportunity and subjected him to a merciless stream of chaff.



BIRD CHASE. DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY  
T. STURGE MOORE



DILIGENCE TAMES THE PASSIONS. BOOK PLATE DESIGNER AND  
ENGRAVED BY T. STURGE MOORE

(By permission of Campbell Dodgson Esq.)

not negroes and negresses. But all his entreaties and arguments were lost on us for none of us liked the man, and I really think we took malicious pleasure in exaggerating Smith's mannerisms

## The Wood-Cuts of T. Sturge Moore

In addition to the classes for painting and drawing a class for wood engraving was conducted by Mr Charles Roberts, an engraver whose work often appeared in the "Graphic" and "Illustrated London News" of those days. Moore, as well as Ricketts, Shannon, Raven Hill, and Townsend, worked in this class. Ricketts was certainly the most intellectually precocious of all the students, he had, even in those days, a wonderful knowledge of all the various forms of art; he had travelled more than any of us, had read more, and was familiar not only with the works of the older masters but also with those of the modern Continental artists. Moore, like the rest of us, soon came under the influence of Ricketts's dominant personality, and I think he paid much more attention to Ricketts's criticisms and suggestions than to those of any of the masters.

Though we nearly all admired Ricketts, we feared him, I think still more, for he had a bitter tongue and a capricious temper. On the other hand we had a real liking for Moore: he was so modest, simple-minded and straightforward. I

this confession, because I knew that his brother was a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and that his sisters had had unusually distinguished academic careers. But Moore explained with his usual directness and simplicity that he was the



THE YOUNG MOTHER. DESIGNED AND  
ENGRAVED BY T. STURGE MOORE.



PEAU D'ÂNE BATHING. DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY  
T. STURGE MOORE.

still remember the quiet and quaint little smile with which he told me, after I had been admiring one of his poems, that he couldn't spell that he didn't know anything about grammar, and that in fact he was quite uneducated. I was surprised at

stupid one of the family, and that the family council had decided that the educational advantages to which his brothers and sisters were properly entitled would have been wasted on him. That was why, he added, he was allowed to go to an art school to amuse himself, and encouraged to try to learn wood engraving. As a matter of fact Moore, even at that time, was quite as well educated as the majority of his fellow art students, but he knew, from the experience of his brothers and sisters, what a thorough-going academic education meant, and he realised his own deficiencies better than we realised our own. And, I may add, he has since done everything in his power to remedy any initial shortcomings by sedulous and systematic reading. No reader of his searching studies of Flaubert's and Blake's works could regard him as anything





TAILPIECE OF  
SIGNAL AND EN  
GRAVED BY T  
STURGE MOORE

but an exceptionally well read and well educated person

I do not think any of us took Moore's artistic studies very seriously. He was what is called 'clumsy fisted'. He never seemed able to put a touch exactly where he wanted it to go. His drawings and paintings always lacked delicacy and finish. They had that kind of childish uncouthness which we now associate with the

term 'Lost Impressionism'. When we heard that several of Moore's poems had earned the approval of Kicketts, who was as hard to please in literary as in artistic matters, we assumed that Moore would devote himself mainly to a literary life and that he would soon abandon the graphic arts for which we thought he was not naturally adapted. We were right in thinking that he would achieve literary distinction—he is now a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, his poems like 'The Hout of the Amazons' and 'The Vinedresser' have placed him in the first rank of living English poets, and his critical studies of the works of Dürer, Correggio, and William Blake stand out conspicuously as Mr Laurence Binyon has well said from the current criticism of art by their penetrating power and grasp of fundamental ideas, but we were quite wrong in thinking that Moore would not also achieve distinction as an artist. We were mistaken because we overvalued manual dexterity and accomplishment as most students and nearly all artists always do, and we took too little account of the purely intellectual and imaginative side of creative art.

The wood engraving class at Lambeth was intended to train students in the work of reproductive engraving. Kicketts, with an intuitive sense of the impossibilities of every medium

he worked in, which amounted to genius, was the first to rebel against this subordination of engraving to reproductive and commercial purposes. He was the first in our generation to see that wood engraving could stand in its own right as an independent medium of artistic expression, that it might be as autonomous as oil or water-colour painting or etching, provided that the designer and engraver should work in the terms of their own art and not in those of any of its friendly or inimical neighbours. He saw clearly the advantages of combining the designer and engraver in one person, so that the design should be conceived from the first in terms of the wood block, and that the wood cutter should be sufficiently intimate with the designer's mind and intentions to work freely within the capacities of his medium. It is true that neither Dürer, Holbein, Titian, nor Rubens, and to come down to more recent times, neither Rossetti, Millais, nor Sandys, had cut their own blocks. But sufficient had been done in this direction by Blake, Calvert, and Bewick to confirm Kicketts in his idea that the most perfect artistic conditions were that the engraver should make his own designs, and that the designer should be his own engraver. But such ideas were heretical to the editors



THE CENTAURS FIRST LOVE  
DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY T. STURGE MOORE

## *The Wood-Cuts of T Sturge Moore*

and publishers of those days so Ricketts ably supported by his friend and fellow student, Charles Harlewood Shannon decided to become his own editor and publisher. In the summer of 1889 these two bold adventurers launched the first number of *The Dial*, to the horror and amazement of "*The Saturday Review* and *Magazine of Art*," and soon after

wards issued an edition of "*Daphnis and Chloe*," illustrated with thirty-six woodcuts and decorated with numerous initial letters designed and engraved by themselves — the first of what they called the *Vale Publications*.

I hope on another occasion to be able to write more in detail of the wood-cuts of these two great and original artists but no article on Sturge Moore's engravings

would be complete without some acknowledgment of the stimulus and guidance his work had received from their bold initiative. It is a great pleasure to me to be able to add, for the credit of artists in general who are not usually supposed to abound in humility or gratitude that Moore himself is always the first to acknowledge with the utmost generosity and unselfishness how much he owes to the encouragement, teaching and criticism of Ricketts and Shannon.

An announcement made in 1893 shows that it was proposed that Moore should make his first bow to the public in the double guise of poet and artist. A volume of "*First Poems and Woodcuts*" was announced for publication early in March 1891 but it was never issued. It was decided to

keep the two arts separate. A portfolio "*Metamorphoses of Pan* and other *W*" containing ten original engravings was issued in June 1895. The edition was limited portfolios but even this small edition was for the immediate public demand for 1 only two copies were sold in the first ten

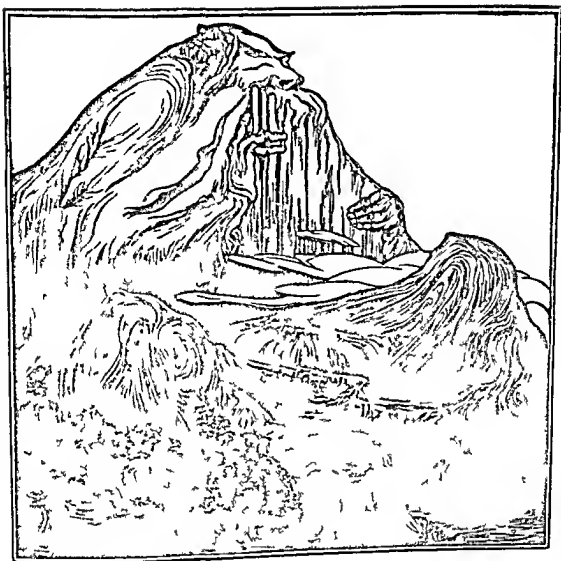
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"THE CENTAUR'S FIRST LOVE" (AN UNPUBLISHED WOOD CUT) DESIGNED  
AND ENGRAVED BY T. STURGE MOORE

of time, can even nowadays almost completely avoid the notice of the public.

But in spite of the coldness with which Moore's portfolio of woodcuts was received on its first appearance, I believe that in time it will take its place among the finest products of graphic art in this country. The designs have something of the imaginative fervour and sweep of Blake's best work, but they have a grace, tenderness, and delicate sense of humour of which we find no trace in Blake's artistic work. As an artist Blake dwelt ever in an invisible world of his own, peopled mainly with memories of bad line engravings of the works of Michael Angelo. His art very seldom came in contact with the visible world with the men and women and natural objects which we



know and see and touch. He complained that the visible world 'put him out.' Hence a certain amount of dryness, abstractness and cold remoteness in most of his work although it has a splendour and significance of its own especially in such magnificent designs as *Elijah in the Fiery Chariot* and *Pity like a Naked New-born Babe striding the First*. But Moore's mind and art are of a different kind. He is essentially a lover of all living and moving things—a lover of the brown sweet smelling

He simply watches her with the patient affection of a mother watching her child. And then somehow—I cannot tell how—for I am not a creative genius—all that the patient watcher has seen and felt and thought seems to project itself into an image which can be drawn and cut upon a wood block of

a few square inches a triumphant synthesis of things seen and the mood in which they have been received.

*I am a Cloud*, is a magnificent design of this kind. It is full of the happiness of a glorious summer's noon. The clouds

hanging down over the hillside on which the sheep browse and sleep are like the spirit of the creator of the scene conscious of and rejoicing in the happiness of all its creatures. *Pan Mountain* is

the incarnation of the high mountains rejoicing in the freshness and light of their height and enjoying the rugged and gnarled forms of their own limbs and the friendly shelter of the verdure that nestles round their feet. This superb and perfect design was first published in the



ILLUSTRATION TO WORDSWORTH'S "AS IN A GROVE I SAT RECLINED"  
DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY T. STURGE MOORE

third number of *The Dial* in 1893. In *Pan Island* we see the genial god sitting on a small rock listening to the lapping of the clear green waves and watching the free traffic of the clouds and the waters. The reproduction here given of this design is taken from the first and unpublished



ILLUSTRATION TO "THE CENTAUR AND THE EACCHANTE" BY DE GUÉRIN  
DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY T. STURGE MOORE

want to sit down and draw or paint one little scene or any one particular concatenation of objects. If he tried to do such a thing he would feel that all the other scenes and objects in this rich and beautiful world were gently reproaching him with his neglect of their charms. Moore does not 'study Nature



ate of the block. This was subsequently altered by the addition of a number of small figures which the god was made to hold in his left arm, an afterthought which I am not at all sure was an improvement. *Pan and Echo* is a gracious and delightful fantasy. The dark, rugged, vigorous figure of the god holds and sustains the white limbs of the nymph while one of his hands caresses her golden hair. *The Limit of the Land* is another of these bold and striking images. We seem to be at the very ends of the earth. The waves in the foreground dash themselves against the gaunt and immensely high cliffs. A tiny human figure crouching in one of the crevices of the rocks gazes full of wonder and awe out at the beyond. *The Young Mother* and some designs of laughing, romping children—*Baby Giants* and *Childhood*—complete the contents of this portfolio.

It is hard—nay, impossible—to describe works like these in which the substance and form are merged in such indissoluble unity. The only adequate way of praising work of this kind is to show it and this can only be done imperfectly in reproductions which have to be printed in large numbers by machinery. The illustrations which accompany this article have been printed in most cases from electrotypes made direct from the original wood blocks. These are excellent specimens of modern reproductive processes, but of course, to appreciate fully the delicacy, sweetness, and absolute beauty of Moore's work one must look

only at the hand-printed impressions taken by himself from the original wood blocks.

After the publication of the Portfolio of 1895, Moore's chief work was done to illustrate books published by the Vale, Unicorn, and Eragny Presses. His subjects ranged from Wagner's opera of "Siegfried" to Wordsworth's reflective poems. One of the illustrations to "The Centaur and the Bacchante," here reproduced, accompanied the translation made by Moore of Maurice de Guérin's delightful poem. It was published in 1899. In 1902 Moore illustrated Perrault's "Peau-d'âne," issued by the Eragny Press. The design of *Peau-d'Âne Bathing*, here reproduced, is taken from that volume. A fire in a warehouse unfortunately destroyed a number of blocks prepared for a Vale edition of Wordsworth's poems, so the volume was never issued. Some of these blocks, like the tail-piece to "Dion," of a dying swan on a wave, are on so small a scale and so full of delicate and intricate work that it is impossible to reproduce them here, but the beautiful little block, *As in a grove I sat reclined*, gives some idea of the wealth of invention lavished in vain on what would have been probably the first satisfactory attempt to illustrate Wordsworth.

The winding up of the affairs of the Vale Press in 1903 left Moore free to return to work on a larger scale than the illustration of small books permitted, and also free to follow the suggestions of his own restless imagination. *Theseus Finding the Body of*



"HORSES AND SHIPS"

POOR PLATE DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY T. STURGE MOORE  
(by permission of George H. Vistal, Esq.)



CO WASH

DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY T. STURGE MOORE



THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT

DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY T. STURGE MOORE

*Phædra*, which was exhibited with the Society of Twelve in 1908, is one of the most deeply tragic of all his designs. *The Centaurs' First Love* was exhibited in 1909. It took the place of an earlier version of the same subject which was condemned by an artist for whom Moore has the greatest affection and respect. As both versions are here reproduced the published and the condemned our readers can amuse themselves by comparing the two efforts. Personally I think I should vote for

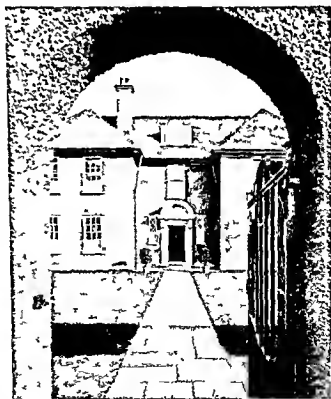
the earlier and condemned version in spite of a certain weakness of draughtsmanship in the centaurs' upraised arm. But Moore would sooner spoil a design than hurt the feelings of a friend. He has a genius for friendship, and the number of bookplates he has made for his friends shows how ready he is to use his talents for their pleasure. Two of these are here reproduced: the beautiful design made for Mr. Campbell Dodgson, and the romantic *Horses and Ships* for Mr. G. H. Milsted.

to others of the blocks included in this  
le—*Go Hash* and *The Sermon on the Mount*  
re originally published in the second number  
The Art Ingraver a quarterly magazine  
h set out gallantly and unsuccessfully in 1903  
the laudable object of popularizing original  
iving of all kinds. These two beautiful  
ms seem to me to offer a most delightful and  
estive development of the earlier series of the  
morphoses of Pan. The teacher of cleanliness  
in *Go Hash* is not so very far removed from  
retesque but benign god who found happiness  
atching the life of old Mother Earth the sea  
the sky. But he is older by many centuries,  
his sympathies have broadened. We might  
him a christianized Pan. And the teacher in  
*Sermon on the Mount* is still further humanized  
it is still to the children—to the young in heart  
t he addresses his message of love, love, the  
dy of old Ian's piping the burden of our  
s best sings the inspiration of all the best  
ts painted and graven by our artists  
will bring these inadequate remarks to a

e with an expression of  
tude to the Editor of THE  
io for having given me per  
ion to introduce Moore's work  
re wder public which his excel  
review reaches though I fear I  
not made as much of my  
rtunity as a more eloquent  
r would have made. But  
res work I feel confident has  
to be seen to gain the admir  
and applause it deserves. The  
gns we show you here give so ne  
of the work he has done in  
s of coldness and neglect. He  
not ask for your applause, and  
as shown that he can do without  
He is more concerned to deserve  
But he is still young, and his  
stry and the force of his living na  
are unimpaired. Poets and  
ts—and Moore is both—thrive  
in an atmosphere of praise and  
tion. I should like to see the  
nd d thngs Moore has done ap  
ded as warmly as they deserve  
the affectionate admiration of  
many who can now appreciate  
y fine work, urging him on to  
e strenuous efforts and greater  
vphs in the future.

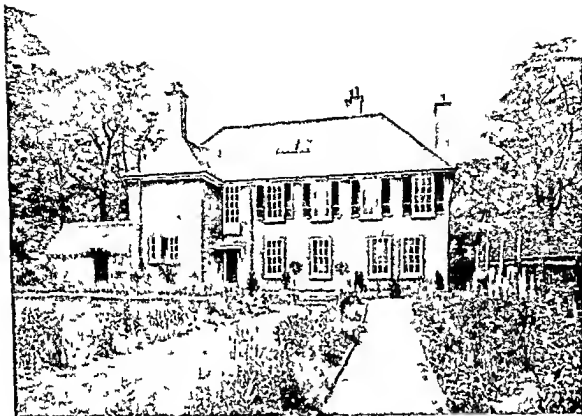
## RECENT DESIGNS IN DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE

MR F C BEWLEY, F R I B A, has built  
for his own occupation the house shown below and  
opposite. It is situated within a mile and a half  
of the centre of Birmingham, a fact scarcely  
indicated by the apparently rural surroundings.  
Simplicity inside and out was the aim of the  
architect. The external walls are covered with  
cement rough cast, the roof being of dark coloured,  
hand made tiles. The skylight seen from the  
garden front is for the purpose of lighting a large  
studio. An archway was made through the existing  
high brick wall by the roadside and one of the views  
of the house is taken through this entrance. Most  
of the internal woodwork is stained and dull  
varnished a very dark brown, the door architraves  
being enamelled white. The plaster walls are  
finished with a rough surface and are distempered  
white or grey. There are no picture rails, the  
architect preferring to hang pictures direct to  
supports in the walls. He also chose wash



HOUSE AT EDGBASTON, BIRMINGHAM

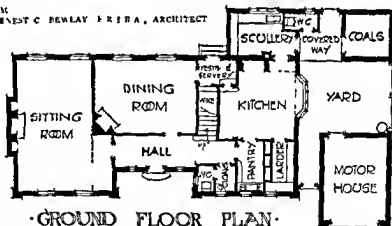
ERNEST C BEWLEY, F R I B A, ARCHITECT



HOUSE AT EIDRAGON, BIRMINGHAM  
ERNEST C BEWLEY F.R.I.B.A., ARCHITECT

windows rather than case-  
ments

The southern half of Surrey, with its fine ranges of hills and beautiful pine wood scenery, was discovered many years ago as an unvalled residential district within easy access of London. Recent building activity not including the temporary structures erected everywhere by the War Department, have shown that the various neighbourhoods have grown in favour, and new houses of all descriptions appear on the heights and on the verdant plains. The motor car is responsible to some extent for this development and it is natural that many of the buildings should be provided with extensive garage accommodation for the use of the owner and his visitors. In spite of all human intrusions however, this part of Surrey retains much of its pristine beauty and charm.



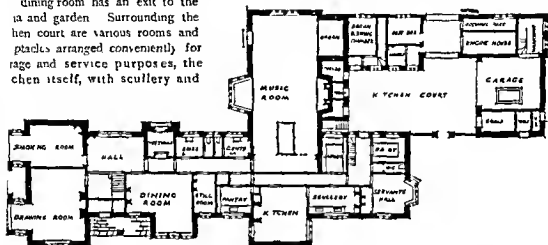
Witley like other places in Surrey has long been famous for its artistic associations—J C Hook, Burlet Foster, Arthur Melville, Mrs Allingham, Mr Graham Robertson being among the painters and George Eliot among the writers who have lived there. It is not surprising to find therefore, that in one of the latest homes erected there, a music room should be the dominating feature. The house is called "Great Roke," and it was designed by the well known Birmingham architects,

## *Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture*

s Herbert T Buckland, F R I B A, and Haywood Farmer, F R I B A, now Messrs land, Haywood, and Farmer. The large room as will be seen from the plan below, the northern side with a bay to the west looking the drive and the main entrance to the e. The hall has a corner fireplace of stone leading from this part of the building is a ase in English oak. The smoking room and ing room adjoin the latter having two outlooks he south, one being from the bay dining room has an exit to the ia and garden. Surrounding the hen court are various rooms and ptacles arranged conveniently for age and service purposes, the chen itself, with scullery and

servants' hall, being on the south. The upstairs accommodation includes a private suite consisting of two bedrooms, bathroom, and a sitting room which opens on to a wide balcony, on the first floor are also four other bedrooms, a dressing room, schoolroom, bathroom, etc. The servants bed and bathrooms are on the second floor.

"Great Roke" is on the top of a hill and is built externally with the local Bargate stone, with window and other dressings of Douling stone. The walls



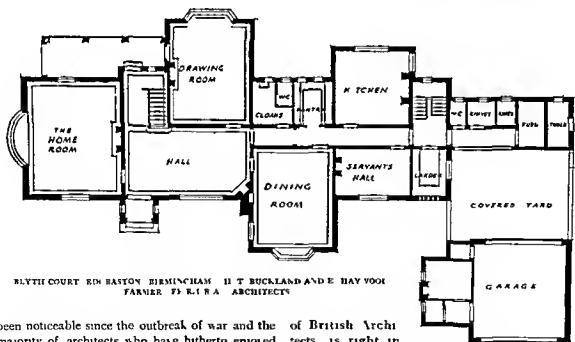
GREAT ROKE WILLY SURREY NORTH FRONT

H. T. BUCKLAND AND E. HAYWOOD FARMER, F R I B A, ARCHITECTS



"GREAT ROKE," WITLEY, SURREY: SOUTH FRONT

H. T. BUCKLAND AND E. HAYWOOD-FARMER, FF. R. I. B. A., ARCHITECTS



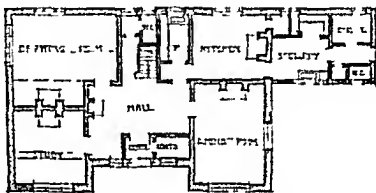
been noticeable since the outbreak of war and the majority of architects who have hitherto enjoyed comfortable practices in domestic architecture have seen few new clients. The injunction of the Parliamentary War Savings Committee that no one should build a house for himself at this time seems rather ironical to those who are in touch with the realities of the day. Still there is a certain amount of work going on and Mr Ernest Newton A.R.A., President of the Royal Institute

of British Architects is right in pointing out that if all such expenditure on building and decoration were to cease a large number of men engaged in this branch of industry in one way or another would be deprived of the only means of earning a bare living without contributing to the military strength of the country. Building in strict moderation should meet the situation in the best possible way

## Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture

all concerned. If architects who are more less idle and are unable to divert their powers to national purposes can evolve economies to be utilised by their clients in future, they will be doing good work. The abolition of the chimney is one of the innovations already proposed. The aim is to popularise central heating—for cheapness of house construction, for more even distribution of warmth and for less cost in fuel and chiming, to carry this proposal into effect building operations are involved and the matter must be left till after the war, but the possibilities of this scheme are worth consideration. The use of peat for fuel will be more common probably, during the coming winter. Some wonderful facts have been recorded to prove the value of this substance and Sir Herbert Maxwell has stated recently that he once saw a peat fire which had been burning, or mouldering, for twenty-seven years without going out. With peat and wood fires the grate and chimney must be of a certain type if the most pleasant and efficient heat is to be obtained but some arrangements may be adapted for this purpose.

A cordial welcome may be given to any means by which architects and artists may be employed in the difficult days which are casting their shadows on cities and studios. Much may be done by combination and efficient organisation to bring about good results for the benefit of workers and the community. One of the objects of the newly formed Civil Arts Association is to ensure the artistic importance of the war memorials which are in contemplation and which will be needed more and more as the ravages of the conflict are felt to the full extent. Throughout the country such permanent tributes, large and small, private and public, will be desired, and those responsible will do well to obtain professional advice before putting



HOUSE NEAR HATHFIELD, HERTS

(See p. 41)

BY SWENFY W. CRANFILL A.R.I.B.A. ARCHITECT





HALL, 'DALKEATHIE SCOTLAND' (See p. 44) J. D. MILLS AND G. D. D. SHEPHERD FRIBA ARCHITECTS

work in hand. Even a simple inscription can gain in reverence and sentiment if the lettering is good, and many a humble record, executed in good taste and well placed, is better than an ill conceived though imposing monument. Perhaps there is no more difficult problem than to perpetuate worthy the brave deeds of kinsmen and local heroes. It is necessary that such matters should be settled without undue haste so that the right artists should be engaged on the work. The Civic Arts Association desire to formulate the correct principles to be observed and to guide public opinion. Prizes will be offered for suitable designs and an exhibition will be held. The Association may extend its programme by presenting gifts to the Allies for preservation in ruined districts on the Continent. Those in sympathy with these objects are asked to subscribe five shillings annually or to make donations. Communications may be addressed to the Hon. Rachel Kay Shuttleworth, 28 Prince's Gardens, S.W. The list of supporters already includes the names of eminent architects, sculptors,

and craftsmen together with other influential workers in other spheres.

An important addition to the treasures of the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square was made in August by the presentation of M. Egide Rombaux's statue, *Le Premier Malin*, which was one of the most notable exhibits at the recent summer exhibition of the Royal Academy. The gift of this work to the National Collection is due to the action of Sir Edward Poynter, the President and various Members and Associates of the Academy, including Sir Thomas Brock, Sir W. Goscombe John, Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, Mr. D. Y. Cameron, Mr. Hughes Stanton, Mr. W. B. Richmond, Mr. John Lavery, Sir Aston Webb, and Sir E. A. Waterlow, who decided to raise a fund to enable the statue to be retained in England, and the needful sum (£800) having been raised by subscription, the formal presentation of the work to the Trustees of the National Gallery took place on August 12 in the Sculpture Gallery at Burlington House.



LUDOWICH MUGGLETON FOUNDER OF  
THE SECT OF MUGGLETONIANS  
FROM THE MINIATURE BY SAMUEL COOPER

MINIATURES IN THE PIER-  
PONT MORGAN COLLECTION\*  
—III SAMUEL COOPER'S  
'LODOWICH MUGGLETON'

THE middle of the seventeenth century was in England a time of great revival of religious thought, and was responsible for the creation of numerous strange and mysterious sects, the leaders of which entertained strong and definite opinions respecting one another and did not fail to express them, both by word of mouth and in their writings, in a forcible manner mingled with much personal abuse.

Of the various bodies which arose in this time of tempestuous movement and of the Commonwealth sects two only now survive—the Society of Friends and the exceedingly small and obscure body known as Muggletonians. In their time there were no men more bitterly opposed to one another than were the two Founders of these bodies, William Penn and Lodowich Muggleton.

His mother when only three years of age, and as his father married again was brought up away from home. In his early youth he was a tailor, and attracted by the preaching of the Puritans, whose religious movement he joined. About 1650 he came under the influence, through his writings, of Jacob Behmen, the mystic of Gorkitz in Silesia, and two years later came forward into the turmoil of religious controversy, declaring himself the prophet of a new dispensation. Of course he was charged with blasphemy and imprisoned, and this happened more than once, but he had a strong following, and his opinions were accepted by many people. He prepared a third Testament, which his followers accept as possessing equal authority with the other two. He also compiled a volume of religious songs and issued numerous theological tracts, many of which were bitter attacks upon Penn the Quaker, his strong opponent, and all his followers. Like the Quakers, however, the Muggletonians attached no importance to forms and ceremonies, refused to bear arms or to take an oath, and believed that salvation was wholly spiritual and had nothing

## Etchings of Flanders

### ETCHINGS OF FLANDERS BY VICTOR GILSOUL

BORN at Brussels in 1867, M. Victor Gilsoul rapidly, and at an early age made for himself a great reputation among artists of the Belgian School. A member of a Brussels commercial family of small means, he entered at the age of fifteen the Academy of Antwerp and the following year sent to the triennial exhibition at Brussels a *Moulin en Flandre* which did not pass unnoticed. Domiciled in his native town he became a pupil of the sea painter Louis Artan whose delicate pictures carry on the tradition of Jongkind and of Lepine and at the same period was also one of the favourite disciples of Franz Courtens whose numerous and radiant landscapes have long been familiar to our readers. About 1883 it was possible to recognise in the paintings of M. Victor Gilsoul the influence of Courtens but certain personal qualities destined to become more pronounced invested these youthful works with a particular character which accounts for their rapid success—primarily a great vivacity of expression in these landscapes of the outskirts of

Brussels—mills, canals, railway embankments, bargemen's cottages, skaters on the frozen marshes, nocturnal skies, carts loaded with sand and houses in course of construction further an extreme freedom of touch giving a sensation of richness and brilliance even in passages of sombre colouring, and finally a real originality of composition which attracts the eyes and arrests the attention of the spectator.

To such pictures as these based upon direct observation and forming practically literal copies of nature there succeeded during a period of six or seven years that is to say almost up to the painter's thirtieth year some landscapes in which interpretation played the greater and at times even the preponderant rôle. For instead of executing the picture entirely in the presence of the motif the artist no longer made more than studies and drawings from nature reentering his studio to compose with greater freedom works which often picturesque are at times dramatic and occasionally even romantic. Paintings of this period are those which may be found in the galleries of Brussels, Antwerp, Namur, Louvain, of the Musée du Luxem



Victor Gilsoul

N. 5111

## Etchings of Flanders



*Victor Gilsoul*

LASER DEVAUT NIEUPORT (SOIR)

BY VICTOR GILSOUL

bourg in Paris and at Crefeld in Germany. A need for sincerity, an impulse towards scrupulous accuracy and desirable truth led the artist back again to direct study of nature and to copying reality. Works such as those by which he is represented in the gallery at Barcelona Spain and at Buenos Ayres afford proof of a tempered but undeniable realism.

The recent work of the artist is the outcome of a perfect equilibrium maintained between the demands of objective truth and the inward emotion which discriminates, which selects from the natural data, and modifies the relations between different parts in order to give greater intensity to the general character.

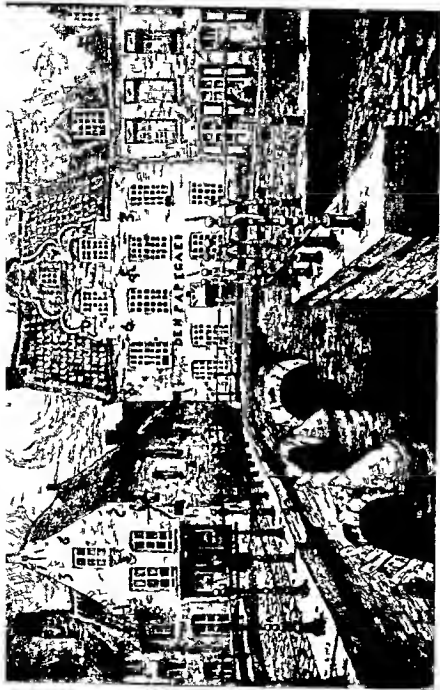
In the etchings which we reproduce this equilibrium is apparent. Here are characteristic land-

scapes of that unhappy country Belgium to-day delivered over to devastation. From one point of view nothing could be more accurate than this *Blanchage de Dismude* this *Pont sur l'Yser à Dismude* or the Yser canal at Nieuport the *Vieille place à Ypres* this landscape and old bridge at Dismude, or again *Les Halles* at Ypres now destroyed. But this exactitude is nothing. What gives a peculiar value to these plates is the filial sentiment full of tenderness and respect, which this Belgian painter bears for his native land, the æsthetic sense which selects, under all circumstances, the most characteristic and the most touching aspects, and finally the sobriety, the energy and the simple beauty of execution which makes of this excellent painter a very great etcher.

ACHILLE SIGARD

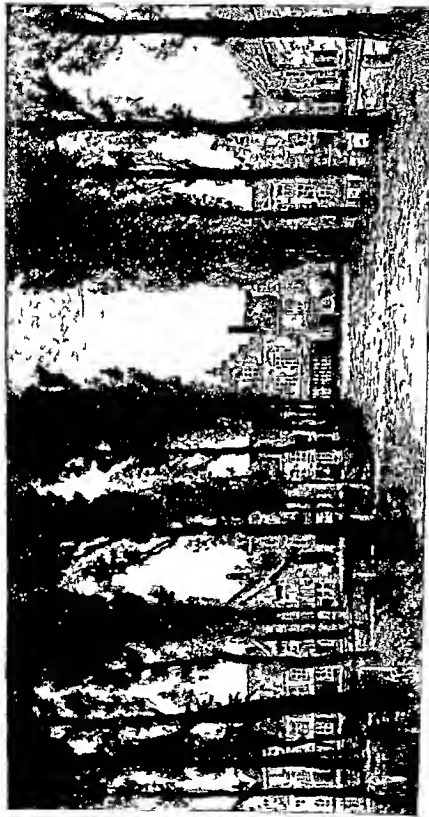


"LYSER A DINMUDE"  
BY VICTOR GILSOUL



v by Gilsoul

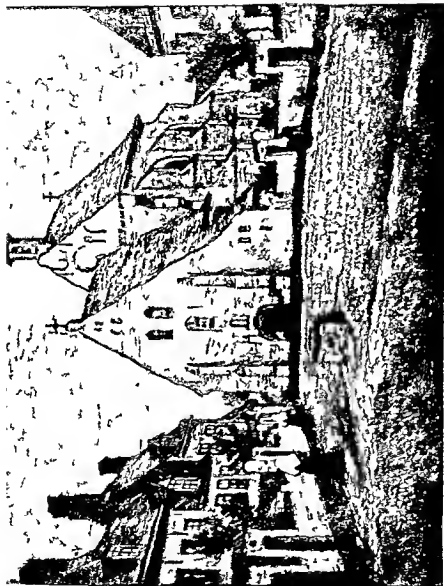
10NT SUR LYSIR A DIXMUDE  
BY VICTOR GILSOUL



*Victor Gilsoul*

VIELLE PLACE A YPRES  
BY VICTOR GILSOUL





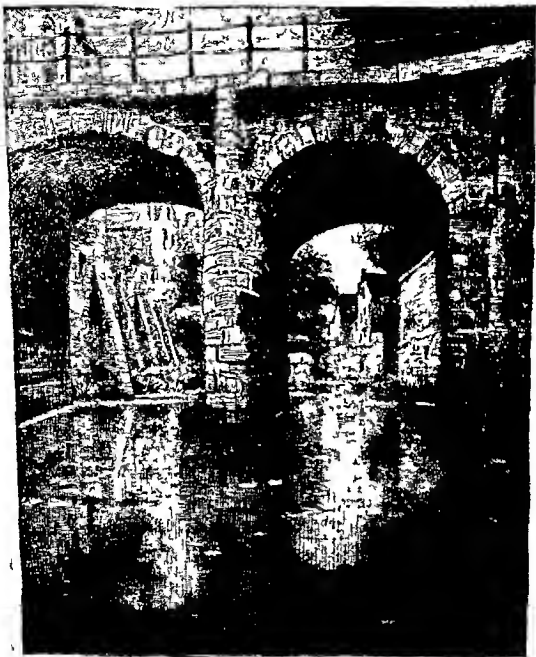
*Victor Gilsoul*

LE BLGUINAGL DE DINMUDE  
BY VICTOR GILSOUL



Victor Gilsoul

"LES HALLES D'YPRES INCENDIÉES"  
BY VICTOR GILSOUL



*very good*

"VIEUX FONT A DIXMUDE  
BY VICTOR GILSOUL

# STUDIO TALK

(From Our Own Correspondents)

LONDON—The portrait of HIM the Emperor of Russia which we reproduce as our frontispiece this month was one of the outstanding pictures in the recent exhibition of Military Paintings at the Guildhall Art Gallery and for permission to include this illustration we have to express our indebtedness to the Officer Commanding the Royal Scots Greys who communicated his consent from the headquarters of that distinguished regiment some where in France. The richly colouristic portrait dated 190 shows the Emperor in the full dress uniform of the Royal Scots Greys of which he is the Colonel in Chief. The painter, Valentine Alexandrovitch Seroff was born in Petrograd January 1865 and by his early decease in December 1911 Russian art suffered a serious loss. Reproductions of his pictures have appeared from time to time in these pages and his robust and markedly characterised portraits gained him a high reputation in his own country and abroad. He was one of the most interesting among the painters

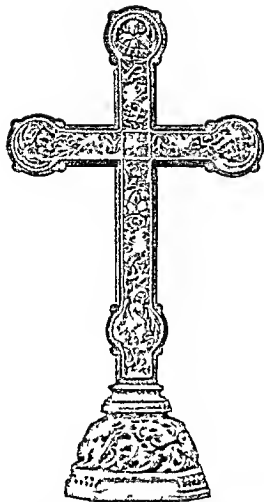
of the modern Russian school and while his *forte* was portraiture he also achieved distinction as a painter of historical subjects of which notable examples are to be seen in the Alexander III Museum Petrograd and the Tretakoff Gallery Moscow. As a landscape painter also he displayed marked ability and a sympathetic vision.

The death of Mr Frank Brimley R.A., which took place in London on August 10 after a long and painful illness is a loss not only to the Royal Academy with which he had been associated for upwards of twenty years but also to a wide circle of art lovers to whom his pictures made a powerful appeal and especially to the Newlyn Colony, among whom he lived and worked for some ten years at the outset of his distinguished career. It was from Newlyn that he sent to the Academy of 1888 the picture which brought him prominently before the world—*A Hopeless Dawn*. The canvas was singled out for purchase under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest. Six years later he was elected Associate of the Royal Academy of which he became a full member in 1911. Besides his numerous subject pictures which owed as much of their interest to



THE POND

BY C. JACQUET

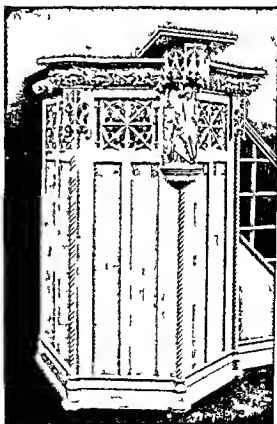


ALTAR CROSS IN LOCKINGTON CHURCH LEICESTERSHIRE. DESIGNED BY ARTHUR MARSHALL A.R.I.B.A. NOTTINGHAM AND EXECUTED IN SILVER AND OAK BY JOSEPH PHILLIPS

collection of work chiefly Burmese subjects by Mr Gerald Festus Kelly. Black and white art is, as usual, represented by an important selection and Mr Frank Brangwyn A.R.A. has contributed a fine poster design. A sister art is to be called in to supplement the attractions of painting and sculpture. Afternoon recitals of music, chiefly instrumental, are to be given weekly, following a plan which was tried very successfully at the end of last season. All the leading local performers on the pianoforte, violin, cello, &c. are to appear in turn, and the programmes are to be chosen chiefly from the works of British, French, Russian, Italian and Belgian composers. The Art Union, which has been especially helpful to local artists having succeeded last year in spite of the war depression, will be held for the fifth time, and ten per cent. of its takings will be added to the handsome sum to be given to the

funds of the Red Cross Society. The name of the friend of art and artists who has saved the exhibition is not officially stated, but rumour says it is Councillor Frederick C. Bowring, J.P., T.N.

**N**OTTINGHAM — The Cross illustrated on this page was designed by Mr Arthur Marshall A.R.I.B.A., for the altar of Lockington Church, Leicestershire. The *motif* for the design consists of a conventional treatment of the vine, amongst the foliage of which the symbols of the four evangelists are introduced. At the intersection of the arms there is an old type of Celtic cross in slight relief. The whole of the ornament of the Cross is beaten out of sheet silver and left as from the pitch. The base, which is richly carved also with the vine, and the foundation of the Cross itself, are of English oak, slightly darkened by fuming. Mr Marshall's design has been skilfully executed by Mr Joseph Phillips.



OAK LECTERN. DESIGNED FOR ST GABRIEL'S CHURCH, BISHOP'S CEEKNOUTH, BY C. A. CLAYTON GREYNE, F.R.I.B.A. ARCHITECT.

(See *Sunderland Studio-Talk* next page)

**S**UNDERLAND — The lectern illustrated on page 61 forms part of the equipment of the Church of St. Gabriel, Bishopwearmouth, and, together with the rest of the furniture, was specially designed by the architect of the building, Mr Clayton Greene, of this town. The church is a recent structure, and the whole of the furniture is of oak.

**E**XETER.—Among the artists of the West Country who have essayed to record the manifold and varied beauties with which Nature has so lavishly endowed this part of England the name of Mr F J Widgey has for some years occupied a prominent position. A native of this city and the son of an artist, who was also well known throughout the West of England as well as the Midlands, there is scarcely a nook or corner of the South Western Shires which he has not explored, and the periodical exhibitions of work by West Country artists in this city invariably contain numerous results of his explorations. It

is, however, more particularly the rugged scenery for which those shires are noted, that has stimulated his brush and pencil—the craggy tors and boulder strewn rivers and rivulets of Dartmoor, and the majestic cliffs, which along mile after mile of the coast bid defiance to the onslaught of the Atlantic billows, and these he has portrayed in innumerable drawings under all sorts of conditions. Mr Widgey in early years was a student of the City School of Art, over which he now presides as Chairman. He also studied under Verlat at Antwerp and he was one of the first group of students to gather round Herkomer at Bushey, but apart from these temporary excursions, practically his whole life has been spent in this region. He has closely identified himself with the public life of his native city, and besides being Chairman of the Public Art Gallery and a magistrate of the City, he has held the important position of Mayor. We reproduce two of his black and white drawings which perhaps are less familiar to the general public than his water colours. W N



"WEST WILF TOR CORNISH HILLS IN THE DISTANCE"

CHALK DRAWING BY F J WIDGEY



IN NEWQUAY BAY CORNWALL  
CHALK DRAWING BY F J WIDGERY

**S**HEFFIELD—The present day difficulties which beset those who have in hand the organisation of art exhibitions—notably the difficulty of transit and uncertainty of sales—make any successful enterprise in the art world a thing of note just now the more so when new ground is broken or local difficulties present themselves only to be successfully overcome. Such circumstances as these—the war the impossibility of securing a suitable hall and the fact that the projected scheme was something of a novelty to the district—faced the organisers of an Arts and Crafts exhibition recently held at the Howard Street Club Sheffield which brought together not merely a comprehensive display of many phases of modern arts and crafts but also a daily crowd of visitors not likely to be excelled even in times of peace. The exhibition had a three fold objective to familiarise the public with British craftwork as opposed to foreign productions, to preach the aesthetics of Plato in regard to the educational value of beautiful things and lastly to assist the funds of the Workgirls Club the existence of the premises of which made the venture possible.

Paintings drawings, sculpture jewellery embroidery examples of old Sheffield plate writing and illuminating and bookbinding made up the principal items of the catalogue. The promoters of the exhibition were particularly fortunate in being able to secure a portion of the collection of Indian drawings, which was shown at South Kensington last year. These delicately handled works, along with *jade scent bottles Japanese ivory carvings and Chinese red lacquer work* helped to form a collection of Eastern work which was in its small way remarkable. The embroidery section could hardly have been more comprehensive containing as it did both modern and ancient work of all kinds. Several cases of jewellery showed that, as in all the other departments of the exhibition an artistically keen and discerning judgment had been at work in the process of selecting

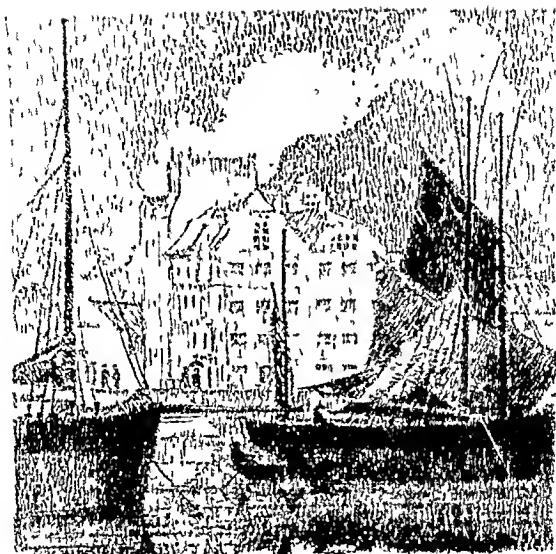
writing and illuminating was a particularly strong one, and the examples of writing and printing by Mr W F Northend—who is now on active service—claim special attention. His complete production of Lord Dunsany's "The Fortress Unvanquishable save for Sacnoth" shows excellence alike in typographical arrangement, border design, and pictorial interpretation. Miss Madelyn Walkers exhibits of quill penmanship may also be highly appraised and a small and chaste item from the hand of the guide of so many of our present day exponents of the writers craft—Mr Edward Johnson—must also be acknowledged as something quite above the ordinary level.

These, however are but a few of the exhibits the large number of which perhaps, suggests a word of criticism of the exhibition as a whole. For whilst one cannot complain of quality the quantity so



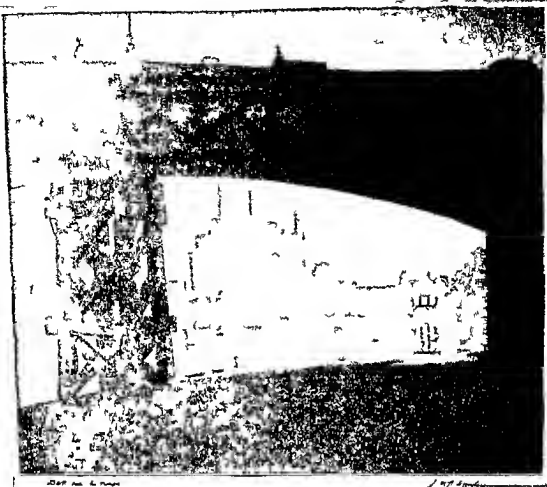
ILLUSTRATION TO LORD DUNSANY'S "THE FORTRESS UNVANQUISHABLE SAVE FOR SACNOTH" BY W F NORTHEAST A.R.C.A.





A WET DAY AT CONCARNEAU  
FROM AN ORIGINAL LITHO  
GRAPH BY JAMES STOUPE

(See *D Man St d o Talk*  
page 66)



BATTERSEA WHARF

FROM AN ORIGINAL LITHOGRAPH BY J. A. S. LEY

severely overtaxed the space it at the arrangement had in some respects to suffer. Next time a larger hall ought to be secured.

B. J. C.

**D**UBLIN.—A course of lectures in practical lithography has recently been delivered at the Dublin Metropolitan School of Art by Mr. F. Errett Jackson, one of the founders of the Senefelder Club. The lectures—the second set given by Mr. Jackson at the Selco—were arranged with the object of encouraging the teaching of lithography in the various art and technical schools in Ireland and were attended by a number of Art Masters from all parts of the country. Interesting work has been done by several of these men amongst whom may be specially mentioned Mr. J. M. A. Smiley, Mr. A. K. Baker and Mr. James Stoughton, all of Belfast, and Mr. W. L. Whelan of Dublin, who

has recently made a special study of some of the picturesque old courtways of Dublin now rapidly disappearing under the pressure of the sanitary authority. It is hoped that the Irish printers will take advantage of the very promising work now being produced in several of the Irish schools, notably in Dublin and Belfast. E. D.

**R**OME.—The National Gallery of Modern Art has now been reopened to the public in the new building erected in the Valle Giulia from the designs of the architect Cesare Bazzani. The Gallery was instituted in the year 1883 primarily for the purpose of bringing together the works of modern art acquired from time to time by the Ministry of Public Instruction, which had hitherto been distributed in the corridors at the Ministry itself or grouped together in the Aula Magna of the Collegio



William Whelan

THE FOUNTAIN

FROM AN ORIGINAL LITHOGRAPH BY W. WHELAN

Romano. Thereafter until 1913 the Gallery was housed in the Via Nazionale but in course of time the number of works for which accommodation had to be provided including from 1906 onwards works by foreign artists grew so large that more commodious quarters became necessary. At the end of the art season of 1913 the Gallery was closed to permit of the transfer of its contents to the new Palazzo under the supervision of a sub-committee consisting of Signor Ugo Fleres the Director and two well known artists. Certain works have been weeded out from the collection as having no particular interest in relation to its aims and in the arrangement of the Gallery as so far accomplished (some of the rooms still remain to be completed) a more systematic grouping has been followed than was carried out at the old quarters. Of especial interest are the rooms assigned to the

works of non Italian artists furnishing as they do in conjunction with those containing native productions ample material for a comparative study of artistic activity in the various countries of Europe.

In connection with the Italian Art Section at the Panama Pacific Exposition the following awards have been announced. The Grand Prix for painting has been bestowed on Litore Fito medals of honour have been awarded to Onorato Carlandi and Camillo Innocenti gold medals to L. Bazzaro, Italo Brass, Guglielmo Beppo and Emma Ciardi, Ugo Coromaldi, Visconti Terraguti, V. Irolli, Lanco Lionne, G. Mentessi, I. Iorio, Nomellini and F. Scattola and silver medals to G. Belloni, A. Bona, A. Busi, P. Chiesa, C. Corsi, Arturo Noci, M. Innocenti and C. Rho. The awards for

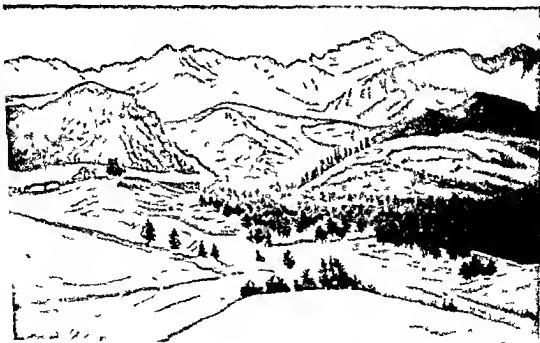
## Studio-Talk

ulpture include the names of Arturo Dazzi, Giuseppe Graziosi, and Maria Antonietta Pogliani. The section contained 159 works exhibited by 122 artists and was arranged in five saloons of ample dimensions. The adverse conditions prevailing in Europe have, happily, not extended to the Pacific East, and this display of Italian art in the Far East has been a great success. A

**ST. GALL, SWITZERLAND**—It is gratifying to learn from *THE STUDIO* that in the dreadful times through which Europe is passing when every day brings its tale of slaughter and destruction art has not been wholly submerged but, as one is glad to infer, continues to exercise a refining influence on human thought and feeling. War is horrible enough in all conscience but how much more horrible would it be as one of its consequences, all those agencies which make for true civilisation were to cease entirely? Art and War are things apart, the one constructive, the other destructive in more senses than one and bitter as are the animosities inevitably engendered by war they ought not to be allowed to obtrude in the domain of art. In the ranks of the armies now arrayed against one another in mortal combat there must be

thousands of artists of many nationalities, but it is as citizens and not as artists that they are fighting, and I cannot believe that there is any antagonism between the artists of one country and those even of an enemy country as such. And that is the conviction which has impressed itself on me from what has happened in Vienna where I have spent many months since the beginning of this terrible conflict.

In Vienna the conditions in regard to art have not been materially different from those prevailing in London though of course the legal obligation on all the younger men to serve in the army has been responsible for a large diminution in the ranks of artists of various denominations. Many of those who have been called up for active service are still busy with brush and pencil whenever opportunities arise others have been wounded, and some have fallen including Hofer the most important of the younger school of etchers in Austria, and Hugo Kuhnelt a sculptor of whose work I have had occasion to speak. But in Vienna, as elsewhere, there are many artists who are not qualified to serve in the army and immediately after war broke out it was recognised by the authorities that assistance would be required



THE HIGHER TATRA MOUNTAINS

OIL PAINTING BY STEFAN FILIPKIEWICZ



FEAST OF J. BLAN, BRESIN, OF THE WATERS, J. ALICIA

GOLACHE BY TR. DOR AKENTOWICE

by those whose circumstances were materially affected by the war and that steps should be taken to meet the situation. One of the steps proposed was the opening of a permanent gallery where artists could exhibit their work and through the joint efforts of the Ministry of Fine Arts and Education and others interested in art the needful arrangements were quickly made. The gallery was thrown open to artists of every creed, and the results have been highly successful.

The artists themselves also started a Self Help Society which has met with excellent results. In this too the State has aided materially. Grants for studios have been paid and monetary help given not only in the capital but also to artists residing in the provinces regardless of sex or nationality. This arrangement is to remain in force till such time, after peace is restored, as the artists are again able to help themselves. How important such an action is and what it means to the struggling artist whose studio is also his home will readily be understood especially when it is remembered that by far the larger number of the men have been called up for

war and that very many of the women artists have volunteered their services in various causes connected with the war. Those forced by age or weakness to remain at home will be enabled by this assistance to tide over a time of storm and stress. The whole thing has been well managed from the first, the funds available are in no way meagrely and the entire scheme is founded on a firm economic basis.

What has been done in Vienna for the painters and sculptors of both sexes and for architects by the Ministry of Fine Arts has been done for the decorative and applied artists by the Ministry of Public Works under whose cognisance they normally fall. Several exhibitions have been held and numerous money prizes have been awarded by way of encouraging the inventiveness of the workers. Among other things prizes amounting to some thousands of pounds have been awarded for the best designs for crosses, gravestones and other monuments to mark the resting places of those who have fallen on the field of battle, and the results have justified the expenditure, for the



LADY IN BLACK

BY JOZEF MENOTTER

gns sent in are remarkable for their simplicity, intrinsic beauty and deep earnestness. Not only do they reveal a full sense of the grave solemnity of the occasion, but they are also in keeping with the landscape and other surroundings in which the morials are to be erected. One of the most interesting of the exhibitions of Applied Art consisted of war mementoes, the objects being chiefly such as could be put to daily use. The exhibits were sold at moderate prices and the results were considered very satisfactory. The designing of names and other details of feminine attire has been an occupation to a number of art workers, and here again the prevailing characteristic is simplicity and an absence of superfluities.

There have been numerous exhibitions of the Fine Arts. The two chief buildings available for

these—the Kunstlerhaus and the Secession—were handed over to the Red Cross early in the war and transformed into hospitals for the wounded, but the upper chambers of the former were turned to account and the Commune lent the old Hagenbund Gallery for exhibition purposes. At the latter place members of all the leading art societies—the Kunstlergenossenschaft, the Secession, the Hagenbund and the group headed by Gustav Klimt—have exhibited side by side, and the exhibition seems to have been a great success from the pecuniary as well as from the artistic point of view, as most of the exhibits were sold. But perhaps the event of chief importance, so far as fine art is concerned, has been the exhibition of pictures, sculptures, drawings, &c., by Polish artists held in the upper rooms of the Kunstlerhaus.



LADY WITH FAN

PAINTED BY TEOODOR AXENTOWICZ



PORTRAIT (PLASTER)

BY KSAWERA LEONIKOWSKI

and Michael Plonski who in subsequent years was Keeper of the National Print Collection in Paris. Among the artists of the succeeding generation were Julius Kossak, an aquarellist deservedly known for his drawings of Napoleonic subjects, Franz Lepa, Leopolski, Suchodolski, Brodowski, and Peter Michailowski who studied in Paris under Charlet and won renown for his equestrian drawings and genre pictures. But the best known of the Polish painters are undoubtedly Jan Matejko and Artur Grottger, the former a great historical painter and idealist whose works tell of the stories of Cracow, whose child he so truly was, and the latter a dreamer who in the short span of thirty years allotted to him won fame by his epos, a series of drawings entitled 'Polonia', 'Lithuania', and 'War'. Contemporary with these two was H. Rodakowski (1823-1894) who was a pupil of Cogniet and is often mentioned by Delacroix in his *Memoirs*, in which he is referred to as a painter of pictures as beautiful as they can be"—this was a reproach of Rodakowski's *Portrait of My Mother* and *A Young Man at Breakfast*. Then coming down almost to our own days we have Stanislawski (1860-1906) painter of charming miniature landscapes, Wyspianski (1869-1907) poet, painter, dramatist and

native artist whose devotion to his peasant patriot's writ so large in his work, and Josef Imonek who born in 1850 died as recently April 1914, and became famous for his landscapes, which were a familiar feature of the Paris and other Continental exhibitions. These are but a few of the Polish painters who were presented in the retrospective section of the exhibition at the Kunstlerhaus.

Owing to the restricted accommodation available pictures by living Polish artists were relatively in number though in point of quality the selection was excellent. A notable portrait was that of the great Polish writer Henryk Sienkiewicz, Olga Bozanska, and the various examples of portraiture by Professors Pochwalski and Mehoffer.

Stefan Weiss, Alfons Arpiniski, and Janina Ossman showed that in this branch of art Polish artists of the present day have attained a very high standard. Then there was that of Teodor Axentowicz whose work is well known in France and England, whose paintings excellent portraits, in the treatment of which French influences are apparent, but in the larger works he has painted descriptive of the village customs of his native country, he is purely national and his pictures of this character will, when "civilisation" has swept these customs away be of importance as historical records. One of them exhibited at the Kunstlerhaus, *The Feast of Jordan Blessing of the Waters*, the scene of which is Galicia is remarkable for its boldness of manipulation and striking colour.

He painted many village madonnas, does not confine his attention to such beatific types, and in two works of his shown at the Kunstlerhaus *The Drunkard* and *The Beggar*, the pathetic side of rural life was his theme. Sichulski's *Husul Wedding*, a subject culled from the Carpathians but not so well painted as his pictures usually are, Wyczolkowski's *Gathering Beetroots*, admirable for its tonal harmonies, and Tetmajer's *After the Fair* and *Evening Prayer* afforded glimpses of peasant life in times of peace. Poland boasts too, of not a few talented landscape painters, prominent among whom is Professor Julian Falat, noted chiefly for his admirable snow scenes and his water-colour and pastel pictures of these ancient wooden churches of Galicia upon which time has bestowed a delightful patina that is always feelingly rendered by him.



MOTHER AND CHILD" (PASTEL)

BY STANISLAW WYSPIANSKI

Village life plays a conspicuous rôle in the work of Polish painters. Vladimir Hofmann who has





GATHERING THE ROOTS

BY STEFAN WYCZOLKOWSKI

Stephan Lilipkiewicz is another who excels in snowy landscape and he is especially fond of depicting it with a mountainous background as in the picture of the High Tatra, a region in which the scenery is very varied. Henryk Uziemblo too besides being a decorative artist and designer of interiors is a landscape painter of merit, with considerable talent in rendering trees as was shown by a study of *Oak Trees in Ukraine*. Jerzy Ruszczy Stanisław Kamoci Josef Pinkiewicz whose landscapes of Brittany show him to be a true lover of nature. Jan Talaga and Zak are other painters who do credit to the Polish school of to-day.

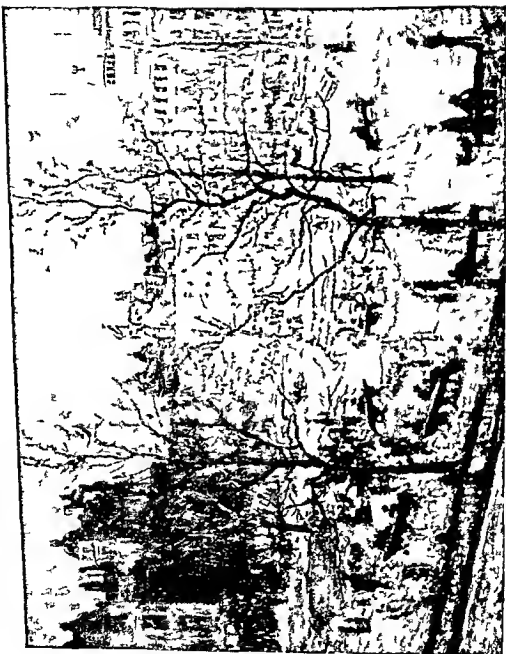
Then there are a few Polish artists to be named whose work does not fall within the categories mentioned. Such is Jacek Malczewski who, passionately inspired by the history and trials of his native land passes his days in the silence of his studio studying Polish literature when not occupied with his painting.

Besides his genre pictures in which Poland is the theme, he is also a painter of mystic or symbolical subjects but whatever his subject his paintings always strong and virile bear the impress of a remarkable personality. Witold Wojtkiewicz is a dreamy phantasiast. Artur Markowicz a painter of Jewish types in the rendering of which he displays considerable retrospection. Adalbert Kossak has inherited a talent for painting historical subjects and his war pictures realistically treated betray close study of horses and riders. Ignacy Pienkowski is an able depicter of the human figure in motion. The number of Polish sculptors of the first rank is not large but among others Ksawery Dunikowski deserves to be mentioned as an artist of decided originality.

A. S. L.



STUDY FOR MURAL DEcoration BY A. S. COVEY  
(See New York Studio Talk p. 73)



# EMILE CLAUS, PAINTER OF SUNSHINE

"He has been conscious of the great intoxication of the world, he has felt organically the life of light." Thus with so much truth wrote Camille Lemonnier of Emile Claus, the greatest of the modern school of Belgian landscape painters whose career it is proposed briefly to recapitulate in this article. One dare assert indeed that no other painter of modern times has arrived at a more complete understanding at a more sincere interpretation of what we may describe as the *soul of the sunlight* for no other has loved it more fervently because no other has striven with more tenacious pertinacity to penetrate its mysteries, to express its beauty at all moments of the day, at all stages of the seasons.

Nevertheless Claus did not by any means feel all at once this attraction towards light. Like those of Claude Lorrain the earliest years of our artist were spent in the country and if the French master was not distinguished from other boys of his age save by a dreamy taciturnity, the while he filled his eyes and stored his memory with the beauties of Nature which in after years he translated in immortal works—Emile Claus, son of humble

folk dealing in pottery at Vive St. Eloi, a village of East Flanders was an urchin always game to play truant to go off bird's nesting and to mimic with a comic perfection the gestures and speech of all whom he encountered.

But even at the early age of twelve little Claus had begun to marvel at the green tonalities of woods and meadows and the golden glory of the cornfields at the transparent greys of waves and the multiple colours of the flowers. He was enraptured at the beauties of nature, and attracted by the varied scenes of life, and one day, having possessed himself of paints and brushes, he set himself to paint upon the four walls of the family parlour a hunting scene, a village fair, a shipwreck, and the landscape in the neighbourhood of his home. His sympathetic and far seeing mother, hard working and sweet tempered was very proud of the first attempt of her youngest born. But father knit his brows—it pleased him not at all to see his boy attracted towards so very un lucrative a profession.

Nevertheless the tendencies of the young lad continued to manifest themselves yet more and more each Sunday he traversed many miles on foot to go and follow a course of drawing in the school at Wareghem. At length the father, in

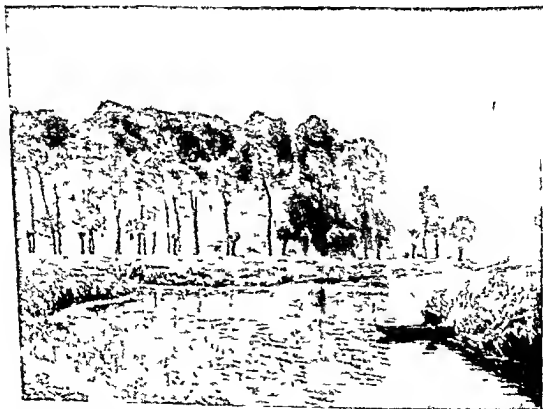


## Emile Claus

o der once and for all to turn his boy from art, decided to place him with a pastrycook, and here, like Claude Lorrain, who also was a journeyman baker he distinguished himself by becoming absorbed in the beauties of the landscape and neglecting his business—so much so that oftentimes he was heedless of the stealthy abstraction of his wares by young rascals enticed thereto by the tempting dainties of his basket. Dismissed by his employer young Claus got work on the railway, but fortunately Providence watches over those whom she has impressed with the divine seal of art, and it so happened that the famous musician Peter Benoit, being come to spend a few days of his holidays with his father, a lock keeper at Vite St. Eloi, expressed his astonishment at finding such an intelligent young man thwarted of his proper vocation. He urged upon Emile's father that he should send his son to the Antwerp Academy, persuading him that apart from the hours devoted to study the lad might be able to earn a little money. The father yielded to this persuasion, and young Claus, having entered as a

student at the Academy, helped to maintain himself by working for a maker of devotional images. As a student he made rapid progress, but despite his academic successes, he became dissatisfied with the usual routine, and finding a greater attraction in the busy scenes at the waterside soon came to forsake the conventional subjects of the Academy for those of everyday life. Ere long he held an exhibition at Ghent, comprising *genre* pictures, landscapes and a portrait of the sculptor Joris which aroused much comment.

By what curious coincidence can it have come about that Emile Claus should have gone and installed himself in the *aforetime studio* of Henri de Braeckeleere the father of modern luminists, and this at an epoch when he had as yet not been subjugated by the mysterious and powerful life of light? Was it by reason of having dwelt within those four walls wherein, as Camille Lemonnier has said Henri de Braeckeleere 'smote upon the anvil the burning gold which spattered out in rosy notes in the glowing atmosphere of *L'homme à la fenetre* and *L'homme assis*' that Claus, later on,



"BASSIN DE LA LYS"



conceived the ardent desire to capture light and with it to illumine his pictures? No one can tell what inspiration his artistic soul may have received in that environment but it was from thence that he set out to visit those lands of sunshine—Spain Morocco and Algeria. The brilliance of the luminous however, seemed to him as dry as bar gold and the luminosity of the African coasts, permeating the turquoise sky equally with the sands of the deserts pleased him not at all. With out perhaps being conscious of it he had begun to feel already a longing for the light of his own land of that mysterious luminousness which filtering through the atmosphere—saturated, as most often it is with haze—ends by being refracted in wondrous rainbows on the earth.

So Claus betook himself back to East Flanders where after a very short time he depicted upon the canvas one of its local customs. *Un combat de coqs* in which the physiognomy of each of the spectators is portrayed with astounding veracity. The picture was exhibited at Antwerp and also in Paris which later was to set its approval upon the art of Emile Claus esteeming it as one of the most original expressions of contemporary Flemish painting. But soon the poetry of Nature in all her fresh

beauty tempted the artist to give us further works of deep significance. It was now the life of the peasant participating in that of the countryside in which he dwells and whence he springs that Claus showed us in paintings all steeped in what Camille Lemonnier would describe as 'the heroism of daily life'. So we see gangs of labourers, men and women young and old sowing, cultivating and garnering the fruits of the earth made fertile by their toil and sweat—as for instance in *La récolte des betteraves* a noble work in which amid the rude November gusts, man is seen toiling and the soil is stuned with the ruddy juice of which the earth has drunk its fill ere it yields up to him the fruits of his exertions, or again, *Les sardesuses de lin* (see THE STUDIO, vol. xvii p. 155), in which the expression of each visage is truly that of the working classes—a faithful mirror of their souls, ardent or careless melancholy or cheerful borne down by lassitude, or filled to exuberance with the joy of life.

And it was not the travail alone, but also the simple joys of humble folk that the artist loved to depict for us in his works. In *Le Pique-nique*, for example they have come out from the town in their pleasure skiff these picnickers upon the

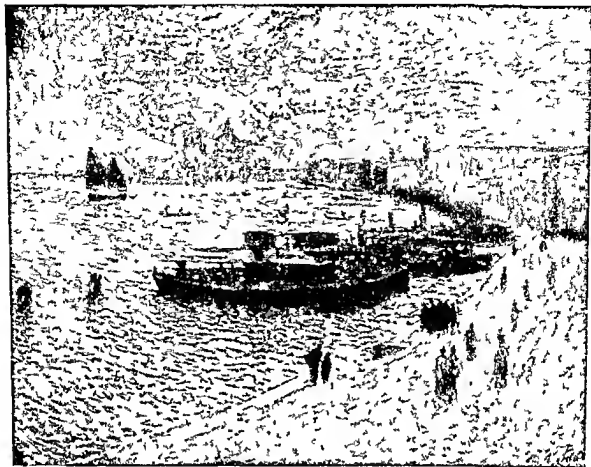


1 A BARRIÈRE

Oil painting by EMILE CLAUS



THE VILLAGE POND UPTON GREY  
OIL PAINTING BY EMILE CLAUSS



LA SALUTE AU COUCHANT (VENISE)

OIL PAINTING BY EMILE CLAUS

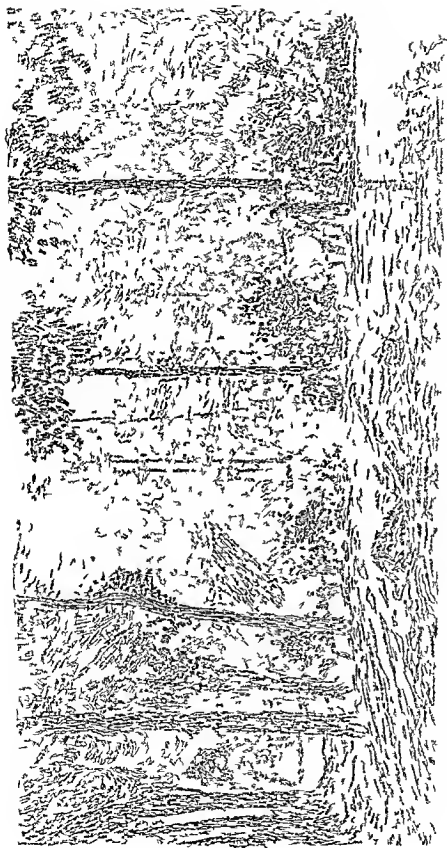
by the ruddy foliage of the beeches and the chestnut with its gnarled trunk—high up upon this cold dwelling where from 1886 onwards he made his home hard by the Ijs—Claus could inscribe in letters of gold in the centre of a round window framed with roses the word *ZONNESCHYN* (Sunshine)—that word which might thenceforth be said to sum up his art and his life. *Zonneschyn*—Light dazzling and magnificent—a mysterious and subtle clarity—a sparkle of life among the shadows—all this did the old Flemish word signify to the artist. And it was this he meant to put into his pictures for Claus had found his road. Light had claimed its painter and never was an artist more enamoured of his model. At this period he painted *Port n d'Ynd* (reproduced in *THE STUDIO* vol. xvi, p. 120) and *Les Premières Communiantes*. In the latter the whole world in which pass the children coming out of church is bathed in the rays with which the sun illuminates everything as though to envelop with a nimbus the white veils of the pure souls in whom dwells He who is the Light. An l across the path, resplendent with brightness fall

only the shadows of those whose First Communion is already made and of the children who watch the procession pass.

Yet other works succeeded these: *Le Défilé d'un Jour*, *Le Gare*, *Le Retour du Marché*, *Les Fincheurs*, *Matinée d'Octobre*, *La Berge ensoleillée*, *Zonneschyn* (the home of the painter) which Leonce Benedite bought for the Musée du Luxembourg and many more pictures still revealing already in 1895 when they were shown at the Cercle Artistique at Brussels the new era upon which the courageous artist was embarking. Four years later *Le Lissage des Vaches* (see *THE STUDIO* xxi, 135) purchased originally by an English collector and subsequently attested the maturity of Claus's talent in this art of Luminism of which he has become a past master. Numerous are the disciples and pupils who while preserving their own individuality have proved by their works that they belong to that school whose supreme rule it is 'no longer to transpose light into the picture but to compose it directly of the light itself.



MATINLE DE SEPTEMBRE  
LITHOGRAPH BY EMILF CLAUS





ouette of the distinguished Constantin Meunier moment when the latter was putting the finish touches to a drawing in his studio, he had sed his own home "Zonneschyn with us den to live upon the canvas and with it a copper ch and veritable oak but it had never occurred him to paint the portrait of his old fir tree, duly coming more withered up by age. However, as passed by one day he seemed to hear the old e which Claus my friend, how much longer are u going to forget me? And Claus ended by ing moved by the plaint of the *Lieuw Safin*, d at length determined to paint its portrait too. aving he enwrapped the old trunk in the last ys of a glorious sunset, and while the bare anches stretched upwards with an imploring sure the green buds at their extremities seemed hold out the promise of a renewal of life. Here as a masterpiece in which one felt the resurrection the aged tree in and by the sunlight.

For many years Claus continued to live happily t Zonneschyn where the wind and the sun, the ver, the fields and the flowers the cows in the readows and the little cottages of the hamlets, athed in turn in the stilly sunlight of the dawn the veiled refulgence of the twilight or in the toxicating ardour of the midday sun sufficed o satisfy his artistic soul, until one day they came

o tell him that the army f the enemy was close at and and the time was ome for him to fly. And so with hardly a oment's preparation he ame across to the land of that wonderful painter whom he worships almost as a god — Turner, that magician of light, that superb rival of our great Rubens, who himself illumined the fair skin of his women with the brilliant light with which Turner transfigured his sea peeces and landscapes.

Claus has tried to drown his sorrows by striving to capture, also the light of this country of mists to express it in those little pastels, so rich and harmonious in colour, which he showed at the

International Society's exhibition last spring, and in the pictures he has painted in and around London, such as *March Sunshine*, *Leicester Square*, and in Hampshire, whence came *The Village Pond*, *Upton Grey*, and *A Wooded Hillside*. One finds this same light in the artist's portrait of himself (reproduced in *THE STUDIO*, July 1915), as it falls through the window upon his forehead, while in his keen piercing eye we recognise the whole will of the painter bent upon the search for beauty, and the pre-occupation of expressing it in his works. At the same time, too, can we not perceive the shadow of that sorrow which veils his anguished heart, as it does our own, with the mournful tragedy of these present days?

Emile far from altering the art of Emile Claus has opened new fields to him, and he will have a harvest of *chefs-d'œuvre* to carry back with him to his beloved fatherland—that fertile Flanders every pulsation of whose life he loves, and where the sunlight has in it none of that impetuousness such as is characteristic of the Orient, but rather is sweet and gracious, for it does not swallow up the shadows but lightens them; it never burns up the soil but renders it fruitful, it revisifies and only dissipates the dew over meadows bathed in cloudy vapours, in order again to adorn the earth with glistening opals.

MARIA BURNES



COTTAGES UPTON GREY

PAINTING BY EMILE CLAUS

# MODERN BRITISH SCULPTORS W ROBERT COLTON A R A

WHEN in years to come the record of British art is dealt with by the dispassionate historian a chapter will certainly be devoted to the revival in sculpture which was brought about during the latter half of the nineteenth century. The earlier part of the Victorian era was a period in which our sculptors can hardly be said to have sufficiently justified themselves, overweighted by the classic tradition, they sacrificed spontaneity and vitality to attain a sort of cold perfection which was strangely lifeless and wanting in character. Their art was formal, precise, and deliberate, limited by fixed rules and subject to conventions which allowed them little scope for the display of individuality either in outlook or in manner of treatment. That it was based on a mis-  
understanding of the practice of the Greeks and observed the letter of the Greek tradition without any appreciation of its spirit did not occur to them, they formed themselves on the classic model and permitted no divergence from what they conceived to be the classic principles.

The result was as might have been expected, singularly unfortunate. British sculpture became a sort of pale reflection of the antique, a dead thing unrelated to the life of the times in which it was produced. It ceased to inspire any interest, and it lost all hold upon the attention of the people, who wanted something less pedantic and less abstract. The sculptors saw themselves neglected and their appeal for consideration disregarded. They had put themselves out of touch with their contemporaries and had to pay the penalty for their mistake—half a century ago the profession of sculpture had come to be lamentably unprofitable.

But that this unsatisfactory condition of affairs was the fault of the sculptors themselves and not due to any popular dislike of sculpture as an art was proved very plainly only a few years later. Before the nineteenth century had come to an end a new generation of sculptors had sprung up who had emancipated

themselves from the slavish tradition of their predecessors and whose work had its full share of the modern spirit. They sought for personal methods of expression, and each one aimed at the development of his own individual conviction, choosing the direction in which by temperament and natural inclination he was best fitted to travel. The earlier conventions disappeared, and in their place grew up real breadth of view and independence of effort.

And this new school of sculptors had not long to wait for recognition. People were quick to appreciate its vigorous vitality and its soundness of purpose, and they welcomed the sincerity with which each member of it strove each in his own way, to raise the standard of his art. Sculpture ceased to be neglected by the public, and the sculptors found themselves in favour and their work in demand.

Certainly they deserve the fullest credit for this



"MOTHERHOOD"

BY W. ROBERT COLTON, A R A

revival the popularity of sculpture to-day is due to them and to them only. For one thing they have taken the only line which could lead them to definitely important achievement, for another, they have increased remarkably the technical merit of their work. Our modern sculptors are as notable for the quality of their craftsmanship as they are for their intelligent application of artistic principles and for their freedom from the domination of obsolete tradition.

What they are producing now is better in many ways than anything this country has seen before, more alive, more original, and more accomplished, and what they are doing to advance the interests of British art is more significant and more helpful than anything that is recorded in our history.

Among the men who are playing prominent parts as leaders of the revival there are many whose distinction is beyond dispute and whose work takes high rank in the art world—some of mature years with a long list of achievements to their credit, others younger who have done much but from whom even more is to be expected. With the best of these younger sculptors must certainly be counted Mr W Robert Colton, the subject of this article, for he is a typical exponent of the modern spirit and his craftsmanship is beyond reproach. The place he occupies in the British school—and it is a place of no little importance—he has gained by sheer strength of artistic personality, by the clear expression of a well-considered conviction which has guided him consistently through all the developments of his practice. His success has been no accident: he has earned it by more than

twenty-five years of continuous effort, during which he has had experience of most of the possible applications of sculpture and has matured his powers by constant self-discipline.

Mr Colton was born in 1867, and was trained first at the Lambeth School of Art and afterwards in the Royal Academy Schools and in Paris. He began to exhibit in 1889 and ten years later his statue, *The Girdle*, shown at Burlington House, was

purchased by the Chantrey Fund Trustees, and in 1903 he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy—these are the more salient biographical facts in his career. His early training and the influences under which he came in his youth cannot, however, be said to have had any deciding influence upon his art, that he has shaped and determined for himself, profiting no doubt by his study of the work of other men, but using his own temperament and his own æsthetic preferences to fix definitely the manner of his artistic growth.

It is by his performances during the last few years that he can best be judged, not, indeed, because they suggest any finality in his conviction, but rather

because they show how ready he is to adapt himself to the conditions and inspiration of the moment. The increased command over technical devices which comes with years of practice has not made him less receptive of new impressions, the acquisition of executive facility has not induced in him any inclination to repeat himself or to stereotype his work; he uses his skill as a craftsman to enable him to express himself better as an artist.



\* THE STRINGTIDE OF 1897 BY W. R. COLTON, A. R. A.  
(Tate Gallery)



"THE CROWN OF LOVE." BY  
W. ROBERT COLTON, A.R.A.

#### IV Robert Colton, A.R.A.

But it is in his later productions that the fullest revelation is afforded of his mental attitude towards art and that the best hint is given of what will be his tendencies in the future. There is apparent in them all a certain love of picturesqueness—of a sort of pictorial freedom as opposed to sculptural evenness—which influences both the character of his main design and the management of the details by which this design is amplified and completed. He has a liking for free and flowing line, for compositions which are complicated and elaborate, and for form arrangements which can be made sumptuous without becoming unduly involved. This liking is evident all through his work, it gives a specific character to everything he does and it affects both his choice of subjects and his interpretation of them.

It is seen very plainly in his South African War Memorial, for example—a vigorous composition which achieves the rather difficult feat of being dramatic without seeming theatrical. It appears definitely, too, in his finely conceived group, *The Crown of Love* a tangle of lines in which, however there is no confusion and no lack of right relation, and it is not less marked in his charmingly imagined *Springtide of Life*, another notable exercise in interlacing line. In these three pieces of work most of the better characteristics of his art are effectively summarised and the qualities which distinguish his practice can be clearly perceived, all three are stamped throughout with the mark of his personality, and bear the full impress of his temperament.

Exceedingly characteristic again is the group which surmounts the Royal Artillery Memorial in the Mall. It differs from the three already noted in manner of treatment, for it is more deliberately decorative and therefore more simple and

formal in design. But in making his line composition less complex he has merely taken into consideration the particular destination of this work, he has not really modified his artistic conviction. The sumptuousness of form arrangement remains, and the desire for picturesqueness of general effect is as obvious as in any of his other works, but both the sumptuousness and the picturesqueness are restrained and kept under control by a true instinct for decorative appropriateness. They make the design richer and more attractive without diminishing its dignity or detracting from its monumental quality.

This capacity to suit himself to circumstances without sacrificing the principles in which he believes is one of the best things in Mr Colton's equipment as an artist. It enables him to handle successfully the most diverse types of work, and to be himself in them all. It helps him, too, to choose with certainty the way in which any given



MEMORIAL TO OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY IN THE MALL,  
ST JAMES'S PARK LONDON. BY MR ROBERT COLTON A.R.A.



CROUP SURMOUNTING THE ROYAL ARTILLERY  
MEMORIAL IN ST JAMES'S PARK BY W  
ROBERT COLTON 1914



subject can best be treated, to decide what kind of technical method is most appropriate, and to settle how he can consistently carry through the conception he has formed of the motive presented to him. In this connection a comparison can usefully be made between his admirable bust of Lord Roberts and his charming, marble group of a mother and child—in the one the rugged reality of old age has been his inspiration, in the other the subtlety of a symbolical abstraction which needed no insistence upon detailed actuality to point its meaning. Yet both are entirely persuasive, and in both he has been wholly true to his æsthetic creed.

And it is essentially part of this creed that the duty of the artist is to do what he has to do with the fullest measure of executive distinction. He recognises completely that without finely sensitive modelling a well intended piece of sculpture must lose much of its significance and must fail to be convincing. So he has trained himself to use his materials with a certainty and confidence which can be unhesitatingly commended, and he has acquired a control over the mechanism of his work which is exceptionally valuable. Few of our sculptors rival him in their treatment of flesh textures or in feeling for refinements of surface form fewer still can express in so skilful a manner the structure of the human body or give so intimate a suggestion of the underlying modellings of bone and muscle. Not many men who follow this walk of art can achieve so much exactness of realistic statement without descending into merely faithful imitation of the living model—without forgetting that is to say, how the pursuit of fact must be kept within bounds by delicate and sensitive fancy. He has learned well how nature should be studied by the artist who has ideas of his own that he desires to express and how what the eye perceives should be used to make intelligible a mental vision which is an abstract inspiration rather than a recollection of something actually seen. This

balance of judgment it is that gives to his work its special distinction and that makes his executive facility—which might be dangerous to any one with a less clear appreciation of the duty which an artist owes to his art—serve so admirably the purposes of his practice. But, then, Mr Colton ranks among our modern masters, and it is by surpassing his competitors that the master's position is gained. A. L. BALDREY

*The collection of bronzes by Auguste Rodin presented by the sculptor to the Victoria and Albert Museum, have been returned from Edinburgh, where they were exhibited on loan by the Royal Scottish Academy during the past summer, and have been replaced in the West Hall of the Museum, where they are now on view.*



BUST OF LORD ROBERTS

BY W. R. COLTON, A.R.A.



SOUTH AFRICAN WAR MEMORIAL  
ERECTED AT WORCESTER BY  
W ROBERT COLTON A.R.A

# THE FIFTY FOURTH EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL GLASGOW INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS

HAD Glasgow absorbed in war concerns, been obliged to defer for a season consideration of art would not have been matter for surprise if for a moment. But a centre that cradled a virile school of painters would not forsake art because military necessity rides rough shod over its most sacred traditions. Hence the long sequence of annual exhibitions under the auspices of the Royal Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts is maintained unbroken. The fifty fourth is now being held and it would have been a pity to have missed the collection of painted pictures brought together by an assiduous and discriminating Committee, and the years' harvest of work sent in from sketching-ground and studio far and near—particularly the efforts by some of the younger men, marking in some cases surprising advancement.

Amongst the many loaned works, which include Cainsborough's *Master Heathcote*, a seascape

and landscape by McTaggart *Wounded the Laver* canvas around which such interest gathered at Burlington House during the past summer, and Mr Augustus Johns most arresting study, *The Smith's Woman* there is for many reasons no more interesting work than the *Sir Isambard at the Ford* by Millais. It is in the manner adopted then discarded by the artist. When exhibited in the year 1857 at the Royal Academy and later at the Glasgow Institute it was assailed with fierce criticism. It has passed through many hands, it just missed being purchased by Glasgow Corporation for the Kelvingrove Gallery, and finally it finds a resting place in the collection of Sir W. H. Lever Bart. To-day by his courtesy it hangs at the Institute intrinsically as well as historically important so rich so refulgent, so reposeful a striking legacy from a brief phase of art over which men violently differ, yet agree concerning its creative interest.

In a necessarily brief notice it is possible only to touch on a few aspects of the exhibition selected here and there for no arbitrary reason except that they have some particular significance and





THE GARDEN BY  
FRA H NEWBERRY

## The Royal Glasgow Institute

many of the exhibits have to be passed over, not because of non appreciation

Though in regard to portraiture the display is particularly striking, there are yet personal sentiments of more than passing interest. *anne*, the work of Miss Alexandra MacRitchie, distinguished by great unity and charm, a *portrait*, eminently decorative, is that by Miss Sarah Nelson Gray, R.S.W., and *Finishing the shawl*, by Miss Sara McGregor (Mrs. Olroyd) a decorative figure study, is masterly and pleasing in modelling and tonal subtlety. By the hanging committee, unless moved thereto by exigencies of space, should have placed this delicate symphony of colour adjacent to John Mackintosh's aggressively toned commemorative Bankers' picture, commissioned in an excess of patriotic fervour by the Glasgow Corporation, is difficult to determine. Notable portraits are also contributed by Mr F. A. Walton, R.S.A., Mr George Henry, A.R.A., R.S.A., Mr Fiddes Watt,

A.R.S.A., Mr W. M. Petrie, Mr William Findlay, and Mr J. B. Anderson.

*The Fen Reeve*, by Mr Fra. H. Newbery, dominates a whole room, in its robust handling and strength of characterisation. The Director of the Glasgow School of Art has revelled in this masterful composition. And as if to emphasise the extreme versatility of the modern artist, he sends *The Garden*, an antithesis to *The Fen Reeve* in almost every quality but that of convincingness. Natural, fresh, and radiant, it veritably scintillates with daylight, it fulfils the expectation encouraged by Mr Newbery, of new interest on every canvas.

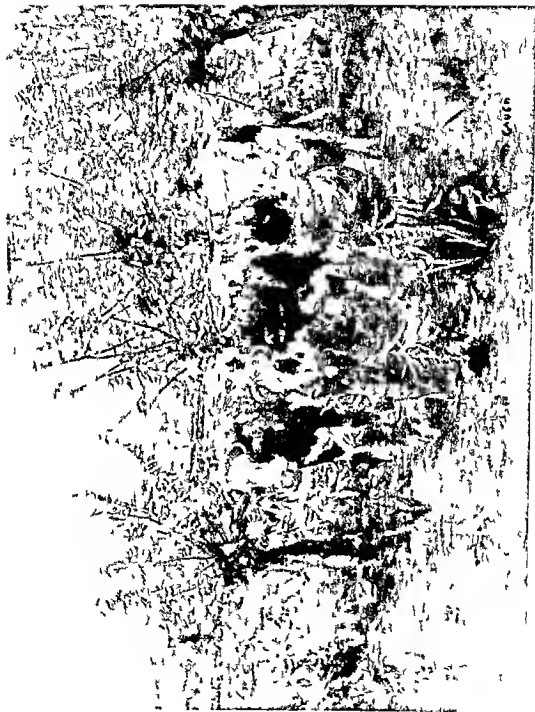
Three contributions by Mr E. A. Hornel are in the unique style of this master of matchless colour harmonies. *The Estuary*, a glimpse of sea and sky through a tracery of branches, with headland and wild hyacinth patch in middle distance and foreground, is attractive, yet bewildering, the little nymphs are absent—are on holiday the artist says—and the theme seems deficient in consequence.



'SUNLIT MEADOWS'

BY W. H. CLARKE

EARLY SUMMER PICARDY  
BY DAVID GAULD



here they are in *The Enchanted Wood* and by *Water Lilies* mid tall tree trunks, and a riot blossom with radiant complexions, in dainty rocks, true complement of the environment. ornels art bewitches and it will continue to private. There are no imitators to counterfeit no pupils to arouse disputes over authenticity

Forward amongst the new men stands Mr R. W. Allan, an earnest student of country life and incident. He has learnt early the lesson of restraint and concentration the essentiality of one picture on one canvas, he has a firm grasp of real values in relation to distance. He absorbs his subject and the local colour of it, then makes a ripping picture that calls one back again and again each time to discover fresh interest in idea, composition, or technique. Mr Allan's art is no mere pictorialism instigated by whim or necessity, it is a living passion, an impelling purpose, and in pursuit of it he lives the outdoor life, mixes with the husbandman and has the elds for a rendezvous. *Turning the Plough* is study approached with purpose, handled with

insight, worked out with sincerity. The subject is the team, the accessories, brown earth tinged with green, distant landscape, a receding sky, and in a degree the ploughman, are all subordinate, as they would be with mind and eye concentrated on the horses. Every other consideration is lost in the bold sympathetic treatment, the successful working out of a problem teeming with difficulty and temptation to a young painter.

Mr D. Forrester Wilson is an essentially decorative artist, conscious of the value of big almost unbroken spaces around a well-modelled figure. His *Faggots* is striking tonally, in reticence pronounced, in massed monochromism startling. The canvas, except for grey tones in the figure, faint green in the tree trunks, and the deferential note in the extreme background is a mass of golden brown fallen leaves, yet the effect is naturalistic, pleasing actual, the faggot woman is a reality. A further glimpse of sky might have helped the composition, but this did not come within the mind or eye of the artist, and his must be the clearer vision.



WINTER MORNING IN THE HIGHLANDS

BY A. K. BROWN, R.S.A.



LAG OT

R D FORRESTER LEON

*His Ir Mor in the Highlands* by Mr A K Brown RSA is one of the truest and most beautiful Highland grandeur and solitude this art renders so poetically. Not alone by literature has the world secured the character of the north country—and of course Scotland especially—has laid bare its charms. This is a big canvas in low tone, distinct with the spirit of the Highlands almost oppressive in its loneliness and austerity.

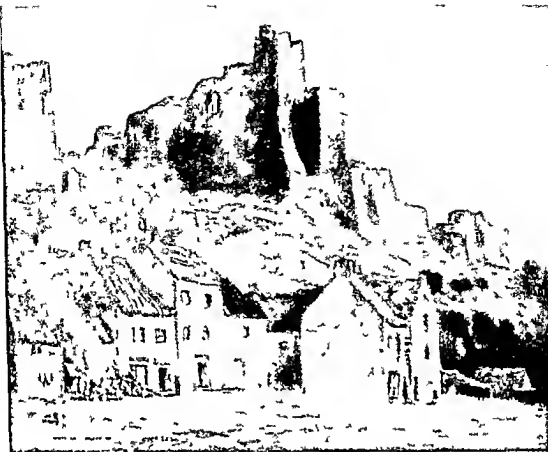
When an artist changes his outlook his art often undergoes a complete transformation. It has been so in the case of Mr David Gauld. His subjects are mainly boyish in character. It may be that associated with the most delicate of painter in the atmosphere of mysticism of Percy Lasgaitly influenced the manner and method of which *Early Summer* by Mr Gauld is a charming example. But the ravages of war have banished the artist from his lovely corner of France and he remains desolate.

Three charming expressions not by Mr W H Clarke are no danger of being overlooked. They stand out both in freshness and promise. His sketching ground is a modern Mecca to the artist; it abounds in subject and interest; it fascinates the devotees of the wholehearted pursuit of art and even eases the artist from the bondage of convention.

*It Meadows* is a direct natural explanation of the charm that lures us into the outdoor world to an art with a clear outlook.

*The Green Road* is a sympathetic well-placed scholarly expression by a thoughtful artist Mr J Whistler Hamilton RSA. Beginning to paint when the Glasgow School had become firmly established happy coincidences threw him into close association with the charming group. But with all the benefit that comes from consorting with genius our young artist struck out an independent course travelled along dual





THE GREEN RICHMOND

BY J. WHITELAW HAMILTON A.R.S.A.

istic lines. His work suggests contemplation, refinement, character. It makes for itself a position in any company. In the work under review the composition, the play of light on the sloping green under the old Castle wall, on the red tiled roofs on the roadway in front of the Inn, the massed low-toned architecture silhouetted against the grey like Yorkshire sky, are unmistakably convincing.

It would serve small purpose to enumerate the many other interesting pictures in an exhibition worthy of careful attention. It must suffice to say that in the Water Colour room there are two characteristic studies of feathered life by Joseph Crawhall, separated by a drawing of rare sensitivity and charm by the late H. S. Hopwood R.W.S. that inspires regret at death's lack of discrimination. There is clever work by Mr. A. B. McKechnie R.S.W. by Mr. John Keppie F.R.I.B.A. who also has been honoured by the Corporation selecting one of his pictures by Mr. R. B. Nesbitt R.S.A. and two capital drawings of trench warfare in France by Mr. F. A. Taylor.

The black and white section for the first time in sympathetic environment, is distinguished by etchings contributed by Mr. D. V. Cameron A.R.A., Mr. Muirhead Bone, Mr. James M. Bey, and others. Then there are some book plate illustrations by Mr. Munro S. Orr, a war drawing in charcoal by Mr. Jack Orr, and an etched "Roll of Honour" by Mr. J. Hamilton McKenzie R.S.W. A.R.E. displaying the arms and emblems of the constituent countries of the British Empire and those of its allies.

In the Sculpture Gallery the feature is examples of Serbian art by Ivan Mestrovic and there is bronze and other sculpture by Mr. Kellock Brown, Mr. John Tweed, Mr. F. Derwent Wood A.R.A., Mr. Percy Portsmouth A.R.S.A., Mr. Alex. I. Iroulfoot, and Mr. James Gray.

The exhibition as a whole is a striking repudiation of the assertion that our national virility has become decadent and should give way to the ruthless march of relentless force that is contemptuously intolerant of art of honour and of peace.

J. TAYLOR

# THE NEW SPELL OF VENICE

BY WILLY G R BENEDICTUS

IN Italy one is sorely tempted to forget the war in the delight provided for senses and taste by nature and art. The traveller has to pinch himself at every turning to make sure that the war with all it implies is not a dream. Temptation and forgetfulness, smiling, lurk in every corner—in the lovely classical face of a girl one meets in the street, or the features, more lovely still, of a madonna seen in a museum, in a quaint vine garlanded doorway, a fountain possibly planned by Cellini or some other genius. Through the voices of landscape, breeze, lake, and sea nature calls upon you to resign all thoughts that are not of her, to stop reading the paper, to cease troubling about passing events, and dive into oblivion in her peaceful depths. Nature and art the monuments of God and man, have seen worse conflicts, and will outlive this one too.

But all at once, like a man who is awakened from a pleasant dream by having a bucket of cold water thrown over him, we are shaken out of our philosophical reverie by the mere reading of the words "Yesterday enemy aviators bombarded the arsenal of Venice" or by seeing the words, 'Venice, War Zone' heading a passport. After which no more pleasant dreams of fancy, and our minds shall know no rest. The facts stare us in the face, and won't be denied. The impossible war is but too true, and there is nothing impossible on earth as long as Venice—the unreal city built upon a dream the chosen home of lovers and poets—belongs to a war zone.

Venice was never, so to speak, of this earth, only bound to it with golden chains. Each time we kissed her good bye it was in fear lest we should not find her again. We half believed she would some day break her bonds and roam on the oceans erring island of ever fair renown or sink and vanish under water with her unspoken spell. Now, of all things prosaic, Venice is subject to military regulations, liable to be attacked and destroyed she, the Eternal One. Queen of cities, at whose feet lay the world she is only a unit in the great strife that takes no heed of beauty.

Wishing to see my old revered friend in this her new garb, I arrived there one fine autumn morning when the dazzling lagoon mixing mother of pearls with gold, irresistibly put the later Turner before my memory. All at once I experienced a relief. Never had I beheld the face of Venice so pure and spotless. Usually at this season

the city is full of Germans and Hungarians, who used to come across the Adriatic in swarms, no doubt attracted by the cheap fare, for the passage cost them no more than seven francs apiece. But there is no sign of them this year, and in their absence the town is rewarded by the presence of the true Venetians, the *élite* that in other years were wont to come back only in the Spring. At the first whisper of danger, they came to stand by their tottering *palazzi*. Men and women may be seen walking in the street, whose names mean half a century in the history of the Republic. They were rarely to be seen elsewhere than at some ultra select theatre or social gathering, they were night birds. The Venetian aristocracy is the laziest of all Italian aristocracies, who, as an American would put it, "beat the world's record of laziness dead." Here the war has taught early rising and many things besides. The Venetian lady talks no more of vanities, lices, sweets and their bosom friends' reputations, but of Red Cross examinations and wool wherewith to knit stockings, caps, and waistscoats. Snow white hands that have lain idly in a lap all their life are now busy knitting—or trying to. But, as the French proverb puts it, "L'attention en fait le prix," and there is no prettier sight. A local committee has been formed to help the poor, whose numbers are legion. The war has doomed to temporary death the quaint parasitical industries which gave them their daily morsel of macaroni and sup of wine. Likewise the pigeons are losers by the war. No more sentimental grun showing tourists for them. The town which usually spends four thousand pounds a year to feed them feels the difference greatly.

The activity of the harbour is totally dulled. "The war," as an old Venetian tells me, "will open for us a new era of work and self reliance. Venice will think less of her position as the premier art city of the world and more of her position as Italy's second harbour. The source of income provided by the foreign visitor will be dried up for years, and Venice put to the test of showing what she can do by dint of normal industry and commerce. I am shocked—as we always are who find the inhabitants of great artistic cities thinking less of their beauty than we do. Of course the Venetian cannot live on Tiepolo, but I deprecate the idea of Venice becoming a port where business is brisk. Let us allow the hideous Lido to become a brand new harbour bent on gain but the flower of respectable avidity must not grow and bloom between the frail pink stones of these real walls.

Venice remains for us mainly the City of Beauty

## The New Spell of Venice

to which Ruskin led our steps. Our first thought as for its monuments. How would they bear the run of war? It is a consolation to learn that assaults on their fragile structure have been provided against. First the basilica, then the more dangerously situated churches, and the *palazzi*—those façades are like cobwebs of stone, have been protected by a covering of rafters and wooden pillars. Venice's fairest citizens are hidden up to the waist seeming to undergo a mysterious process of rejuvenation or, speaking more prosaically, of uterine cleaning. And the glory of San Marco's horses has departed from the Piazza. This change excepted Venice remains the same, not a bit scared by the propinquity of war. The Austrian aviators provide a healthy amusement to the folk. *Gli aerei!* Too late to pronounce 'aeroplane' properly the Venetian idler runs to look up at the pink-winged bird soaring above in the ruddy Adriatic sunset and deftly manoeuvring amongst the shrapnel shells that dot the sky with an infinity of white and blue specks. For the Venetian *gamin* these visits of the enemy are great fun. On one occasion I overheard two of them betting on the result. "Ten *centesimi* he'll be thrown," cried one. "He won't!" exclaimed the other, promptly accepting the odds. As a matter of fact neither of the two young street gentlemen was blessed with the needful coin until it was produced by myself after some most delightful begging and cutting of capers defter even than those executed over our heads by the wicked bird.

Durnal Venice bears thus no essential sign of war but at a quarter to nine the city gives itself over to the arms of war—and darkness. Light is absolutely forbidden. No streak of light escapes from under the closed blinds. Shadowy figures tread softly along shadowy paths. Invisible gondolas glide past on the water that is still more invisible. The numerous *firstelle* are pools of darkness in which the Venetians not at all dismayed, sit, talk, make merry, sipping liquid refreshment the while. At first the darkness draws from the uneven stones memories of abductions and many other black deeds, memories of the time when gondolas, like to these, earned on the selfsame waters, stifled women and stabbed men to the cold embrace of the whispering lagoon. The Venice of Casanova is fugitively born again from that darkness which gave birth to so many romantic dreams and poetical ghosts dear to the heart of very youthful and very old maids.

But these spells are soon broken. The darkness is nowadays of the sociable, chatty, comfortable

sort. You run into invisible walkers tread upon invisible toes and beg the night's pardon.

The Piazza is full. So, too, the Café Florian where once upon a time a little Swiss attaché at the French Consulate, who happened to call himself Jean Jacques Rousseau, sipped ices and cast timid glances at the flower sellers in their black shawls. Then man was happier and better, and peace not yet a dream.

Under Florian's dark and suggestive arcades, you take a chocolate iced for granted, and if the *cameriere* keeps a "tip" twice as large as usual, who is to blame but the darkness? An invisible band plays patriotic tunes, and the crowd raises such gallant cheers to the twinkling stars, that San Marco's scared pigeons, perhaps believing it to be day, fly about excitedly, striking their pink beaks against the monstrous gilded beasts making grimaces at them above the *fuoristi*.

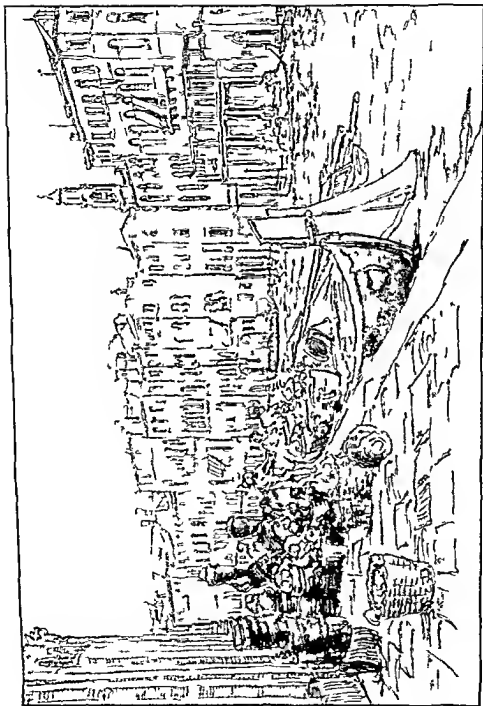
An hour before midnight the *cafés* must close, and the Venetian scorning the idea of bed, to him untimely, walks to and fro between piazza and piazzetta as if both were more brilliantly illumined than of yore.

This promenade in the darkness recalls a performance of Chinese puppets. Matches are allowed—law, though martial, has to curb itself before smokers—and little stars wake up for one second in the peopled obscurity lending an illusory ruddiness to some pale sharply shaped Venetian face. A fat old gentleman blowing in his cheeks in the act of lighting a cigarette emerges from the darkness as from the sombre background of one of Palma Vecchio's pictures—elderly bodiless cherub blowing his soul out upon a celestial tuba. But to all these quaint aspects fade away before the radiating glory of Venice under full moon. No feast in time of peace ever presented such a fine sight. Far away the two islands which close the gulf like two jewels clasping a belt look like pale clouds floating on an azure infinity. The Schiavoni bank is dark but all the windows of the Doge's Palace glitter like pearls of many hues, and the very scaffolding propping up the Campanile weaves on the clear pavement immaterial eerie trceries of light and shadow, beauty and mystery. The ogives of the Basilica seem drawn by the attraction of the moon and in their silvery splendour melt upwards into realms of whiteness untold where San Marco looms high and triumphant.

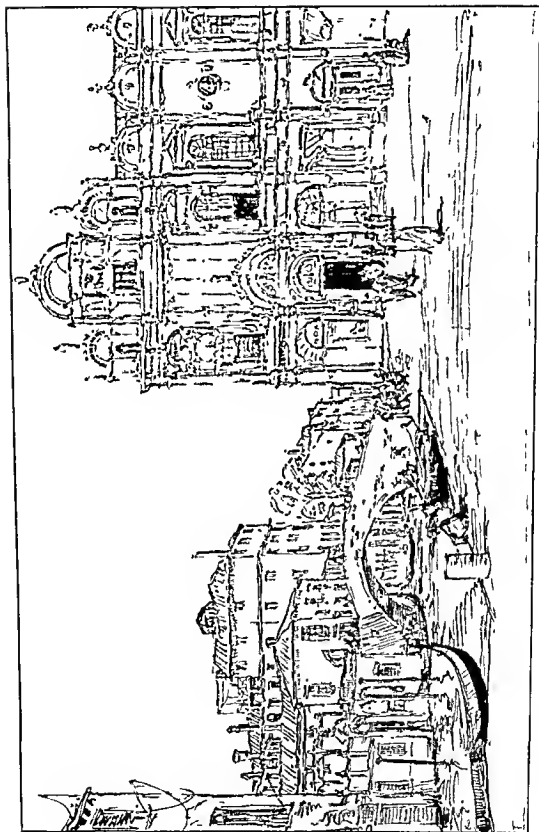
Without man made light to dim its brightness, this new moon-kissed Venice of deep shadow and silky radiance stands revealed indeed as an unexpected boon of the war.

SKETCHES OF  
VENICE AND FLORENCE  
BY  
HERMAN A. WEBSTER, R.E.





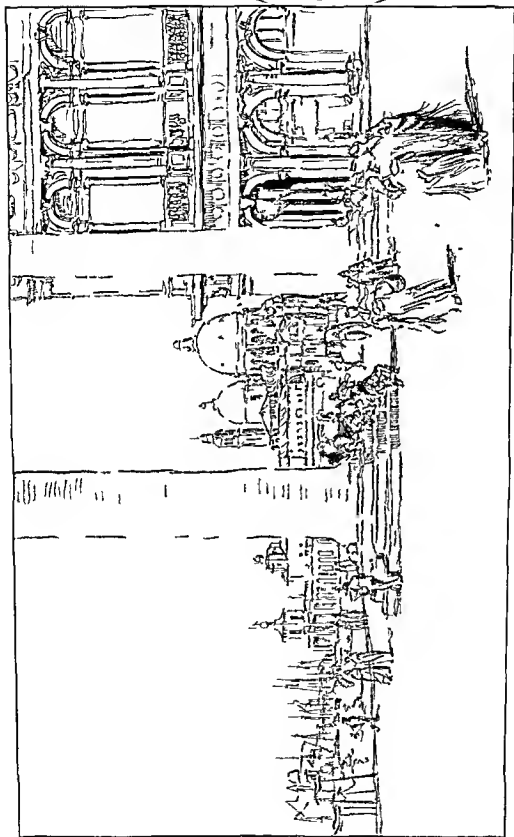
MARKET ON THE GRAND CANAL VENICE  
BY HERMAN A WEBSTER R E



"SCUOLA DI S. MARCO VENICE  
BY HERMAN A WEBSTER R E



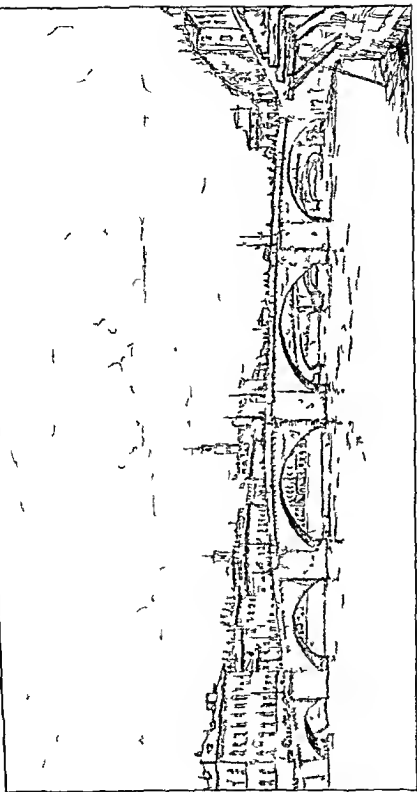
SAN ROCCO VEN CE. BY  
HERMANA WEBSTER R.E.

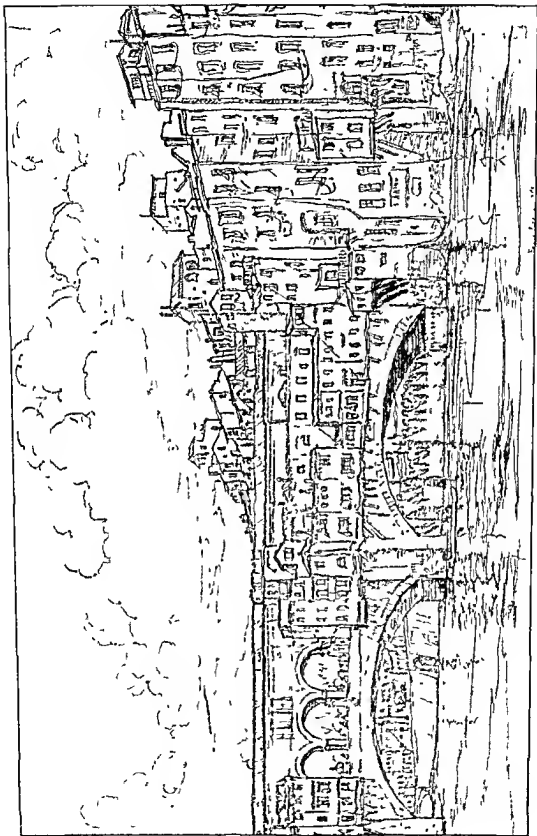


THE MOLE VENICE BY  
HERMAN WEBSTER RE

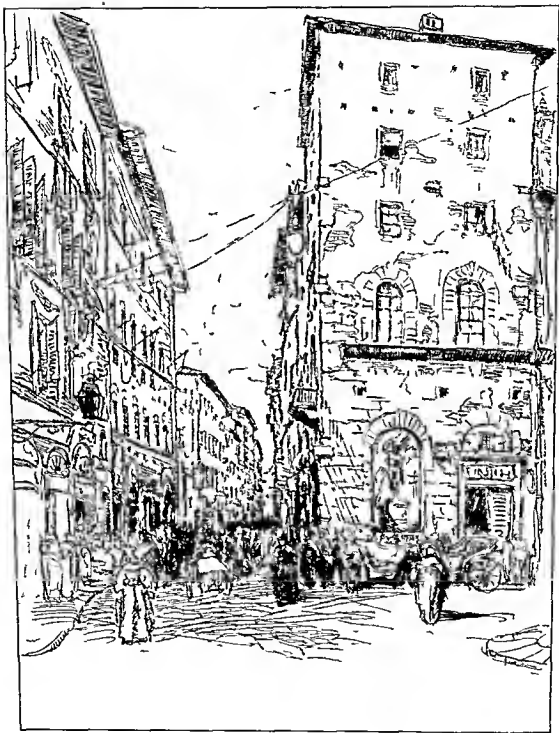


PONTE ALLA CARRAIA FLORENCE  
BY HERMAN A WEBSTER R E





"PONTE VECCHIO, FLORENCE  
BY HERMAN A WEBSTER R E



"VIA GUICCIARDINI FLORENCE"  
BY HERMAN A WEBSTER R.E.

# MODERN BRITISH SCULPTORS W ROBERT COLTON, A R A

WHEN in years to come the record of British art is dealt with by the dispassionate historian a chapter will certainly be devoted to the revival in sculpture which was brought about during the latter half of the nineteenth century. The earlier part of the Victorian era was a period in which our sculptors can hardly be said to have sufficiently justified themselves, overweighted by the classic tradition, they sacrificed spontaneity and vitality to attain a sort of cold perfection which was strangely lifeless and wanting in character. Their art was formal, precise, and deliberate, limited by fixed rules and subject to conventions which allowed them little scope for the display of individuality either in outlook or in manner of treatment. That it was based on a mis understanding of the practice of the Greeks and observed the letter of the Greek tradition without any appreciation of its spirit did not occur to them, they formed themselves on the classic model and permitted no divergence from what they conceived to be the classic principles.

The result was as might have been expected, singularly unfortunate. British sculpture became a sort of pale reflection of the antique a dead thing unrelated to the life of the times in which it was produced. It ceased to inspire any interest, and it lost all hold upon the attention of the people, who wanted something less pedantic and less abstract. The sculptors saw themselves neglected and their appeal for consideration disregarded, they had put themselves out of touch with their contemporaries and had to pay the penalty for their mistake—half a century ago the profession of sculpture had come to be lamentably unprofitable.

But that this unsatisfactory condition of affairs was the fault of the sculptors themselves and not due to any popular dislike of sculpture as an art was proved very plainly only a few years later. Before the nineteenth century had come to an end a new generation of sculptors had sprung up who had emancipated

themselves from the slavish tradition of their predecessors and whose work had its full share of the modern spirit. They sought for personal methods of expression, and each one aimed at the development of his own individual conviction choosing the direction in which by temperament and natural inclination he was best fitted to travel. The earlier conventions disappeared and in their place grew up real breadth of view and independence of effort.

And this new school of sculptors had not long to wait for recognition. People were quick to appreciate its vigorous vitality and its soundness of purpose and they welcomed the sincerity with which each member of it strove, each in his own way, to raise the standard of his art. Sculpture ceased to be neglected by the public, and the sculptors found themselves in favour and their work in demand.

Certainly they deserve the fullest credit for this



MOTHERHOOD

BY W ROBERT COLTON, A R A.

### W. Robert Colton, A.R.A.

revival, the popularity of sculpture to-day is due to them, and to them only. For one thing they have taken the only line which could lead them to definitely important achievement, for another, they have increased remarkably the technical merit of their work. Our modern sculptors are as notable for the quality of their craftsmanship as they are for their intelligent application of artistic principles and for their freedom from the domination of obsolete tradition.

What they are producing now is better in many ways than anything this country has seen before, more alive, more original and more accomplished, and what they are doing to advance the interests of British art is more significant and more helpful than anything that is recorded in our history.

Among the men who are playing prominent parts as leaders of the revival there are many whose distinction is beyond dispute and whose work takes high rank in the art world—some of mature years with a long list of achievements to their credit, others younger who have done much, but from whom even more is to be expected. With the best of these younger sculptors must cer-

tainly be counted Mr W. Robert Colton, the subject of this article, for he is a typical exponent of the modern spirit and his craftsmanship is beyond reproach. The place he occupies in the British school—and it is a place of no little importance—he has gained by sheer strength of artistic personality, by the clear expression of a well considered conviction which has guided him consistently through all the developments of his practice. His success has been no accident, he has earned it by more than

twenty five years of continuous effort, during which he has had experience of most of the possible applications of sculpture and has matured his powers by constant self-discipline.

Mr Colton was born in 1867, and was trained first at the Lambeth School of Art and afterwards in the Royal Academy Schools and in Paris. He began to exhibit in 1889 and ten years later his statue, *The Grille*, shown at Burlington House, was

purchased by the Chantrey Fund Trustees, and in 1903 he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy—these are the more salient biographical facts in his career. His early training and the influences under which he came in his youth cannot, however, be said to have had any deciding influence upon his art, that he has shaped and determined for himself, profiting no doubt, by his study of the work of other men, but using his own temperament and his own æsthetic preferences to fix definitely the manner of his artistic growth.

It is by his performances during the last few years that he can best be judged, not indeed, because they suggest any finality in his conviction, but rather

because they show how ready he is to adapt himself to the conditions and inspiration of the moment. The increased command over technical devices which comes with years of practice has not made him less receptive of new impressions, the acquisition of executive facility has not induced in him any inclination to repeat himself or to stereotype his work, he uses his skill as a craftsman to enable him to express himself better as an artist.



'THE SPRINGTIME OF LIFE.' BY W. R. COLTON, A.R.A.  
(Tate Gallery)



THE CROWN OF LOVE BY  
W ROBERT COLTON ARA

But it is in his later productions that the fullest revelation is afforded of his mental attitude towards his art and that the best hint is given of what will be his tendencies in the future. There is apparent in them all a certain love of picturesqueness—of a sort of pictorial freedom as opposed to sculptural severity—which influences both the character of his main design and the management of the details by which this design is amplified and completed. He has a liking for free and flowing line, for compositions which are complicated and elaborate, and for form arrangements which can be made sumptuous without becoming unduly involved. This liking is evident all through his work, it gives a specific character to everything he does and it affects both his choice of subjects and his interpretation of them.

It is seen very plainly in his South African War Memorial, for example—a vigorous composition which achieves the rather difficult feat of being dramatic without seeming theatrical. It appears definitely, too, in his finely conceived group, *The Crown of Love*, a tangle of lines in which, however, there is no confusion and no lack of right relation, and it is not less marked in his charmingly imagined *Springtide of Life*, another notable exercise in interlacing line. In these three pieces of work most of the better characteristics of his art are effectively summarised and the qualities which distinguish his practice can be clearly perceived, all three are stamped throughout with the mark of his personality, and bear the full impress of his temperament.

Exceedingly characteristic, again, is the group which surmounts the Royal Artillery Memorial in the Mall. It differs from the three already noted in manner of treatment, for it is more deliberately decorative and therefore more simple and

formal in design. But in making his line composition less complex he has merely taken into consideration the particular destination of this work, he has not really modified his artistic conviction. The sumptuousness of form arrangement remains, and the desire for picturesqueness of general effect is as obvious as in any of his other works, but both the sumptuousness and the picturesqueness are restrained and kept under control by a true instinct for decorative appropriateness, they make the design richer and more attractive without diminishing its dignity or detracting from its monumental quality.

This capacity to suit himself to circumstances without sacrificing the principles in which he believes is one of the best things in Mr Colton's equipment as an artist. It enables him to handle successfully the most diverse types of work, and to be himself in them all. It helps him, too, to choose with certainty the way in which any given



MEMORIAL TO OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY, IN THE MALL, ST JAMES'S PARK, LONDON. BY W. ROBERT COLTON, A.R.A.



GROUP SURMOUNTING THE ROYAL ARTILLERY  
MEMORIAL IN ST JAMESS PARK BY W.  
ROBERT COLTON, A.R.A



#### IV Robert Colton, A R A

subject can best be treated to decide what kind of technical method is most appropriate, and to settle how he can consistently carry through the conception he has formed of the motive presented to him. In this connection a comparison can usefully be made between his admirable bust of Lord Roberts and his charming marble group of a mother and child—in the one the rugged reality of old age has been his inspiration, in the other the subtlety of a symbolical abstraction which needed no insistence upon detailed actuality to point its meaning. Yet both are entirely persuasive and in both he has been wholly true to his aesthetic creed.

And it is essentially part of this creed that the duty of the artist is to do what he has to do with the fullest measure of executive distinction. He recognises completely that without finely sensitive modelling a well intended piece of sculpture must lose much of its significance and must fail to be convincing. So he has trained himself to use his materials with a certainty and confidence which can be unhesitatingly commended and he has acquired a control over the mechanism of his work which is exceptionally valuable. Few of our sculptors rival him in their treatment of flesh textures or in feeling for refinements of surface form, fewer still can express in so skilful a manner the structure of the human body or give so intimate a suggestion of the underlying modellings of bone and muscle. Not many men who follow this walk of art can achieve so much exactness of realistic statement without descending into merely faithful imitation of the living model—without forgetting that it is to say how the pursuit of fact must be kept within bounds by delicate and sensitive fancy. He has learned well how nature should be studied by the artist who has ideas of his own that he desires to express and how what the eye perceives should be used to make intelligible a mental vision which is an abstract inspiration rather than a recollection of something actually seen. This

balance of judgment it is that gives to his work its special distinction and that makes his executive facility—which might be dangerous to any one with a less clear appreciation of the duty which an artist owes to his art—serve so admirably the purposes of his practice. But, then Mr Colton ranks among our modern masters, and it is by surpassing his competitors that the master's position is gained. A. L. BALDREY

THE collection of bronzes by Auguste Rodin presented by the sculptor to the Victoria and Albert Museum, have been returned from Edinburgh where they were exhibited on loan by the Royal Scottish Academy during the past summer, and have been replaced in the West Hall of the Museum where they are now on view.



BUST OF LORD ROBERTS

BY W. R. COLTON, A. R. A.

## The Royal Glasgow Institute

### THE FIFTY FOURTH EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL GLASGOW INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS

HAD Glasgow absorbed in war concerns been tempted to defer for a season consideration of art it would not have been matter for surprise if for regret. But a centre that cradled a virile school of painters would not forsake art because military necessity rides rough shod over its most sacred traditions. Hence the long sequence of annual exhibitions under the auspices of the Royal Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts is maintained unbroken: the fifty fourth is now being held and it would have been a pity to have missed the collection of loaned pictures brought together by an assiduous and discriminating Committee and the years' harvest of work sent in from sketching-ground and studio far and near—particularly the efforts by some of the younger men marking in some cases, surprising advancement.

Amongst the many loaned works which include Cunsborough's *Master Heath etc.* a seascape

and landscape by McTaggart, *Wounded the Lavery* canvas around which such interest gathered at Burlington House during the past summer, and Mr Augustus John's most arresting study *The Smiling Woman* there is for many reasons no more interesting work than the *Sir Isumbras at the Ford* by Millais. It is in the manner adopted then discarded by the artist. When exhibited in the year 1857 at the Royal Academy and later at the Glasgow Institute it was assailed with fierce criticism. It has passed through many hands: it just missed being purchased by Glasgow Corporation for the Kelvingrove Gallery, and finally it finds a resting place in the collection of Sir W. H. Lever Bart. To-day by his courtesy it hangs at the Institute intrinsically as well as historically important, so rich so resplendent so reposeful a striking legacy from a brief phase of art over which men violently differ yet agree concerning its creative interest.

In a necessarily brief notice it is possible only to touch on a few aspects of the exhibition selected here and there for no arbitrary reason except that they have some particular significance and



TURNING THE PLOUGH"

## The Royal Glasgow Institute

f many of the exhibits have to be passed over it is not because of non appreciation

Though in regard to portraiture the display is not particularly striking there are yet personal presentiments of more than passing interest. *Susanne* the work of Miss Alexina MacRitchie is distinguished by great unity and charm. A *Portrait* eminently decorative, is that by Miss Norah Nelson Gray, R.S.W. and *Finishing the Patchwork Quilt* by Miss Sara McGregor (Mrs. Holroyd) a decorative figure study, is masterly and pleasing in modelling and tonal subtlety. Why the hanging committee, unless moved thereto by exigencies of space, should have placed this delicate symphony of colour adjacent to John Hassall's aggressively toned commemorative Banockburn picture, commissioned in an excess of patriotic fervour by the Glasgow Corporation, is difficult to determine. Notable portraits are also contributed by Mr. E. A. Walton, R.S.A. Mr. George Henry, A.R.A., R.S.A. Mr. F. Edes, Watt

A.R.S.A. Mr. W. M. Petrie, Mr. William Findlay and Mr. J. B. Anderson.

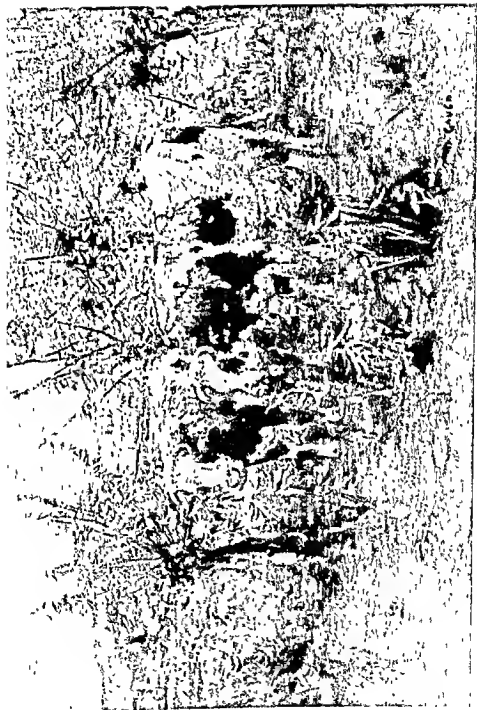
*The Fen Reeve* by Mr. Fra. H. Newbery dominates a whole room, in its robust handling and strength of characterisation. The Director of the Glasgow School of Art has revelled in this masterful composition. And as if to emphasise the extreme versatility of the modern artist, he sends *The Garden* an antithesis to *The Fen Reeve* in almost every quality but that of convincingness. Natural, fresh, and radiant, it veritably scintillates with daylight. It fulfils the expectation encouraged by Mr. Newbery of new interest on every canvas.

Three contributions by Mr. E. A. Homel are in the unique style of this master of matchless colour harmonies. *The Estuary*, a glimpse of sea and sky through a tracery of branches, with headland and wild hyacinth patch in middle distance and foreground's attractive yet bewildering little nymphs are absent—are on holiday the artist says—and the theme seems deficient in consequence.



SU L Y MEADOWS"

BY W. H. CLARKE



"EARLY SUMMER, PICARDY "  
BY DAVID GAULD

## The Royal Glasgow Institute

But here they are in *The Enchanted Wood* and by the *Water Lilies* mud tall tree trunks, and a riot of blossom with radiant complexions, in dainty frocks true complement of the environment. Hornel's art bewitches and it will continue to captivate. There are no imitators to counterfeit it, no pupil to arouse disputes over authenticity.

Forward amongst the new men stands Mr A. R. W. Allan an earnest student of country life and incident. He has learnt early the lesson of restraint and concentration the essentiality of one picture on one canvas. he has a firm grasp of tonal values in relation to distance, he absorbs his subject and the local colour of it, then makes a gripping picture that calls one back again and again, each time to discover fresh interest in idea, composition or technique. Mr Allan's art is no mere pictorialism instigated by whim or necessity. it is a living passion an unpelling purpose and in pursuit of it he lives the outdoor life, mixes with the husbandman and has the fields for a rendezvous. *Turning the Plough* is a study approached with purpose handled with

insight, worked out with sincerity. The subject is the team, the accessories brown earth tinged with green, distant land cape, a receding sky and in a degree the ploughman, are all subordinate, as they would be with mind and eye concentrated on the horses. Every other consideration is lost in the bold sympathetic treatment, the successful working out of a problem teeming with difficulty and temptation to a young painter.

Mr D. Forrester Wilson is an essentially decorative artist conscious of the value of big almost unbroken spaces around a well modelled figure. *Mrs Faggots* is striking tonally in reticence pronounced in massed monochromism startling. The canvas, except for grey tones in the figure, faint green in the tree trunks and the deferential note in the extreme background, is a mass of golden brown fallen leaves, yet the effect is naturalistic, pleasing, actual, the faggot woman is a reality. A further glimpse of sky might have helped the composition, but this did not come within the mind or eye of the artist, and his must be the clearer vision.



"WINTER SCENES IN THE HIGHLANDS"

BY A. R. BROWN R.S.A.



FAGGOTS

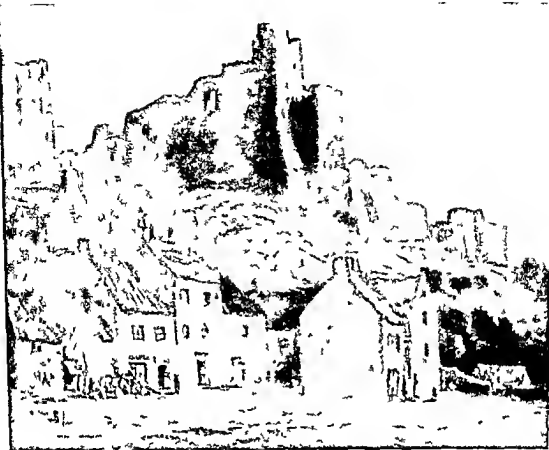
B. D. FORRESTER, L.S.O.

*Winter Morn* in the *Highland* by Mr A. K. Brown, R.S.A. is one of those transcriptions of highland grandeur and solitude that artists render so poetically. Not alone by literature has the world discovered the character of the north country art—and of course Scottish art especially—has laid bare its charms. This is a big canvas, and tones instinct with the spirit of the highlands almost oppress in its loneliness and austerity.

When an artist changes his outlook his art often undergoes a complete transition. It has been so in the case of Mr David Gauld whose subjects are mainly those in character. It may be that association with the most idealistic of painters in the atmosphere of mysticism of Piccadilly has greatly influenced his manner and method of which *Early Summer Piccadilly* is a charming example. But the ravages of war have banished the artist from this lovely corner of France and he remains desolate.

Three charming expressions in oil by Mr W. H. Clarke are in no danger of being overlooked. They stand out both in freshness and promise. His sketching ground, *Arkoudbright*, is a modern Mecca to the artist; it abounds in subject and interest that fascinates and holds few distractions to the whole-hearted pursuit of art and even weans the artist from the bondage of convention. *St. I. Meadows* is a direct natural exhilarating transcription of the charm that lurks in outdoor colour to an artist with a clear outlook.

*The Green Road* is a sympathetic well-phased scholarly expression by a thoughtful artist Mr J. Whelan Hamilton, R.S.A. Beginning to paint when the Glasgow School had become firmly established, happy coincidences threw him into close association with the charmed group. But with all the benefit that comes from consorting with genius, our young artist struck out an independent course travelled alone, and dual



THE GREEN, RICHMOND

BY J. WHITELAW HAMILTON, A.R.S.A.

istic lines. His work suggests contemplation, refinement, character. It makes for itself a position in any company. In the work under review the composition, the play of light on the sloping green under the old Castle wall, on the red tiled roofs on the roadway in front of the Inn, the massed low-toned architecture silhouetted against the grey like Yorksh. re. sky, are unmistakably convincing.

It would serve small purpose to enumerate the many other interesting pictures in an exhibition worthy of careful attention. It must suffice to say that in the Water Colour room there are two characteristic studies of feathered life by Joseph Crawhall, separated by a drawing of rare sensitiveness and charm by the late H. S. Hopwood, R.W.S., that inspires regret at death's lack of discrimination. There is clever work by Mr. A. B. McKnight, R.S.W., by Mr. John Keppel, F.R.I.B.A., who also has been honoured by the Corporation selecting one of his pictures, by Mr. K. B. Nesbet, R.S.A., and two capital drawings of trench warfare in France by Mr. E. A. Taylor.

The black-and-white section, for the first time in sympathetic environment, is distinguished by etchings contributed by Mr. D. Y. Cameron, A.R.A., Mr. Muirhead Bone, Mr. James M. Bey, and others. Then there are some book-plate illustrations by Mr. Munro S. Orr, a war drawing in charcoal by Mr. Jack Orr, and an etched Roll of Honour by Mr. J. Hamilton McKenzie, R.S.W. A.R.S.A. are displaying the arms and emblems of the constituent countries of the British Empire and those of its allies.

In the Sculpture Gallery the feature is examples of Serbian art by Ivan Mestrovic, and there is bronze and other sculpture by Mr. Kellock Brown, Mr. John Tweed, Mr. F. Derwent Wood, A.R.A., Mr. Percy Portsmouth, A.R.S.A., Mr. Alex. Proudfoot, and Mr. James Gray.

The exhibition as a whole is a striking repudiation of the assertion that our national vitality has become decadent and should give way to the ruthless march of relentless force that is contemptuously intolerant of art, of honour, and of peace.

J. TAYLOR

# THE NEW SPELL OF VENICE

BY WILLY G R BENEDICTUS

IN Italy one is sorely tempted to forget the war in the delight provided for senses and taste by nature and art. The traveller has to pinch himself at every turning to make sure that the war with all it implies is not a dream. Temptation and forgetfulness, smiling lurk in every corner—in the lovely classical face of a girl one meets in the street, or the features, more lovely still, of a madonna seen in a museum, in a quaint vine garlanded doorway, a fountain possibly planned by Cellini or some other genius. Through the voices of landscape, breeze, lake, and sea nature calls upon you to resign all thoughts that are not of her, to stop reading the paper, to cease troubling about passing events, and dive into oblivion in her peaceful depths. Nature and art, the monuments of God and man, have seen worse conflicts, and will outlive this one too.

But all at once, like a man who is awakened from a pleasant dream by having a bucket of cold water thrown over him, we are shaken out of our philosophical reverie by the mere reading of the words "Yesterday enemy aviators bombarded the arsenal of Venice," or by seeing the words "Venice, War Zone" heading a passport. After which no more pleasant dreams of fancy, and our minds shall know no rest. The facts stare us in the face, and won't be denied. The impossible war is but too true, and there is nothing impossible on earth, as long as Venice—the unreal city built upon a dream, the chosen home of lovers and poets—belongs to a war zone.

Venice was never, so to speak, of this earth, only bound to it with golden chains. Each time we kissed her good bye it was in fear lest we should not find her again. We half believed she would some day break her bonds and roam on the oceans erring island of ever fair renown or sink and vanish under water with her unspoken spell. Now, of all things prosaic, Venice is subject to military regulations, liable to be attacked and destroyed she, the Eternal One. Queen of cities, at whose feet lay the world she is only a unit in the great strife that takes no heed of beauty.

Wishing to see my old revered friend in this her new garb I arrived there one fine autumn morning when the dazzling lagoon mixing mother of pearls with gold irresistibly put the later Turner before my memory. All at once I experienced a relief. Never had I beheld the face of Venice so pure and spotless. Usually at this season

the city is full of Germans and Hungarians, who used to come across the Adriatic in swarms, no doubt attracted by the cheap fare, for the passage cost them no more than seven francs apiece. But there is no sign of them this year, and in their absence the town is rewarded by the presence of the true Venetians, the *élite* that in other years were wont to come back only in the Spring. At the first whisper of danger, they came to stand by their tottering *palazzi*. Men and women may be seen walking in the street, whose names mean half a century in the history of the Republic. They were rarely to be seen elsewhere than at some ultra select theatre or social gathering, they were night birds. The Venetian aristocracy is the laziest of all Italian aristocracies, who, as an American would put it "best the world's record of laziness dead." Here the war has taught early rising and many things besides. The Venetian lady talks no more of vanities, lices, sweets, and their bosom friends reputations, but of Red Cross examinations and wool wherewith to knit stockings, caps, and wastecoats. Snow white hands that have lain idly in a lap all their life are now busy knitting—or trying to. But, as the French proverb puts it, 'L'attention en fait le prix,' and there is no prettier sight. A local committee has been formed to help the poor, whose numbers are legion. The war has doomed to temporary death the quaint parasitical industries which gave them their daily morsel of macaroni and sup of wine. Likewise the pigeons are losers by the war. No more sentimental grain showering tourists for them. The town which usually spends four thousand pounds a year to feed them feels the difference greatly.

The activity of the harbour is totally dulled. "The war, as an old Venetian tells me, "will open for us a new era of work and self reliance. Venice will think less of her position as the premier art-city of the world and more of her position as Italy's second harbour. The source of income provided by the foreign visitor will be dried up for years, and Venice put to the test of showing what she can do by dint of normal industry and commerce. I am shocked—as we always are who find the inhabitants of great artistic cities thinking less of their beauty than we do. Of course the Venetian cannot live on Trepolo but I deprecate the idea of Venice becoming a port where business is brisk. Let us allow the Indeous Lido to become a brand new harbour bent on gain, but the flower of respectable avidity must not grow and bloom between the frail pink stones of these real walls.

Venice remains for us mainly the City of Beauty



## The New Spell of Venice

which Ruskin led our steps. Our first thought is for its monuments. How would they bear the run of war? It is a consolation to learn that assaults on their fragile structure have been provided against. First the basilica, then the more luxuriously situated churches, and the *palazzi* whose façades are like cobwebs of stone, have been protected by a covering of rafters and wooden pillars. Venice's fairest citizens are hidden up to the waist, seeming to undergo a mysterious process of rejuvenation, or, speaking more prosaically, of uterine cleansing. And the glory of San Marco's horses has departed from the Piazza. This change accepted Venice remains the same, not a bit altered by the propinquity of war. The Austrian invaders provide a healthy amusement to the folk. *Gli ariofanti*! Too lazy to pronounce "aeroplane" properly the Venetian idler runs to look up at the pink-winged bird soaring above in the ruddy Adriatic sunset and deftly manoeuvring amongst the shrapnel shells that dot the sky with an infinity of white and blue specks. For the Venetian *gamin* these visits of the enemy are great fun. On one occasion I overheard two of them betting on the result. "Ten *centesimi* he'll be thrown," cried one. "He won't!" exclaimed the other, promptly accepting the odds. As a matter of fact neither of the two young street gentlemen was blessed with the needful coin until it was produced by myself, after some most delightful begging and cutting of capers defter even than those executed over our heads by the wicked bird.

Diurnal Venice bears thus no essential sign of war, but at a quarter to nine the city gives itself over to the arms of war and darkness. Light is absolutely forbidden. No streak of light escapes from under the closed blinds. Shadowy figures tread softly along shadowy paths. Invisible gondolas glide past on the water that is still more invisible. The numerous *piacelle* are pools of darkness, in which the Venetians, not at all dismayed, sit, talk, make merry, sipping liquid refreshment the while. At first the darkness draws from the uneven stones memories of abductions and many other black deeds, memories of the time when gondolas, like to these, carried, on the selfsame waters, stuffed women and stabbed men to the cold embrace of the whispering lagoon. The Venice of Casanova is fugitively born again from that darkness which gave birth to so many romantic dreams and poetical ghosts dear to the heart of a very youthful and very old mards.

But these spells are soon broken. The darkness is nowadays of the sociable, chatty, comfortable

sort. You run into invisible walkers, tread upon invisible toes, and beg the night's pardon.

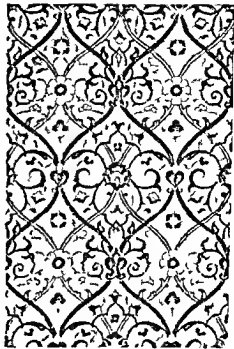
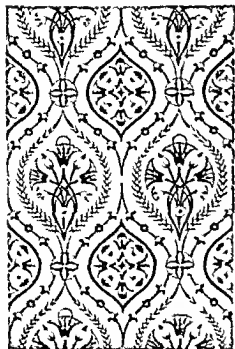
The Piazza is full. So, too, the Café Florian where once upon a time a little Swiss attaché at the French Consulate, who happened to call himself Jean Jacques Rousseau, sipped ices and cast timid glances at the flower-sellers in their black shawls. Then man was naughtier and better, and peace not yet a dream.

Under Florian's dark and suggestive arcades, you take a chocolate ice for grunted, and if the *cameriere* keeps a "tip" twice as large as usual, who is to blame but the darkness? An invisible band plays patriotic tunes, and the crowd raises such gallant cheers to the twinkling stars, that San Marco's scared pigeons, perhaps believing it to be day, fly about excitedly, striking their pink beaks against the monstrous gilded beasts making grimaces at them above the *facciata*.

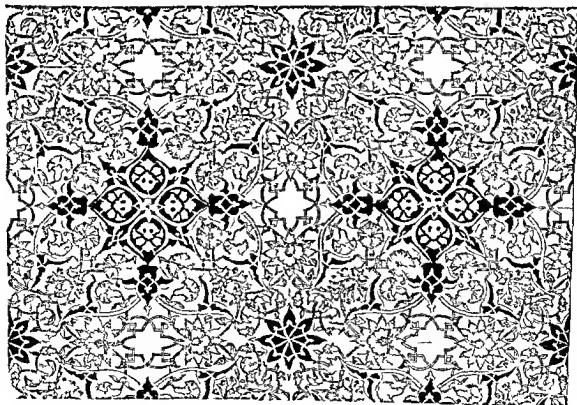
An hour before midnight the *cafés* must close, and the Venetian scorning the idea of bed, to him unumely, walks to and fro between piazza and piazzetta as if both were more brilliantly illumined than of yore.

This promenading in the darkness recalls a performance of Chinese puppets. Matches are allowed—law, though martial, has to curb itself before smokers—and little stars wake up for one second in the peopled obscurity, lending an illusory ruddiness to some pale sharply shaped Venetian face. A fat old gentleman blowing in his cheeks in the act of lighting a cigarette, emerges from the darkness as from the sombre background of one of Palma Vecchio's pictures: elderly bodiless cherub blowing his soul out upon a celestial tuba. But lo! all these quaint aspects fade away before the radiating glory of Venice under full moon. No feast in time of peace ever presented such a fine sight. Far away the two islands which close the gulf like two jewels clasping a belt look like pale clouds floating on an azure infinity. The Schiavoni bank is dark, but all the windows of the Doge's Palace glitter like pearls of many hues, and the very scaffolding propping up the Campanile weaves on the clear pavement immaterial eerie traceries of light and shadow, beauty and mystery. The ogives of the Basilica seem drawn by the attraction of the moon and in their silvery splendour melt upwards into realms of whiteness untold, where San Marco looms high and triumphant.

Without man made light to dim its brightness, this new moon kissed Venice of deep shadow and silky radiance stands revealed, indeed, as an unexpected boon of the war.



DESIGNS FOR WOOLLEN FABRICS BY STUDENTS OF THE BOULAK TECHNICAL SCHOOL



DESIGN FOR PAINTED TILES BY A STUDENT OF THE BOULAK TECHNICAL SCHOOL



DESIGNS FOR PLATES BY STUDENTS OF THE BOCLA TECHNICAL SCHOOL

and indirect artistic education especially the former the Government authorities are to be warmly congratulated, and for the success of their future efforts in these directions they have our heartiest good wishes.

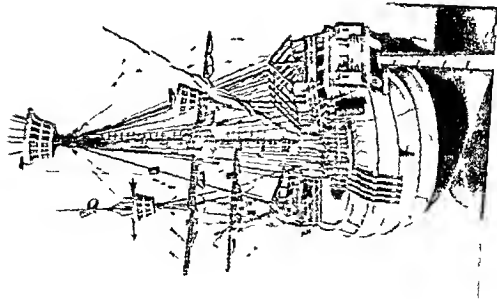
P. R.

## STUDIO TALK

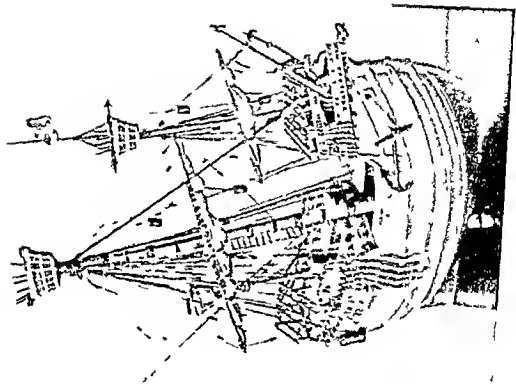
(From Our Own Correspondents)

LONDON.—A year ago we gave an illustration of the model of an Elizabethan galleon made by Mr Morton Nance who of late years has devoted much time and thought to the reconstruction on a small scale of the picturesque craft that sailed the seas in the days of long ago. The model we illustrate by two views on the opposite page is a rather earlier type of vessel and is, Mr Nance tells us, an exact copy

(allowing for a slight incorrectness of perspective) of a kraeck or carrack engraved by the Netherlandish master 'W. A.' who flourished in the latter half of the fifteenth century. This appears to be the only extant representation giving in full detail the rig of that date and such parts as are not shown in the print have been supplied from other sources. The 'craneline' pokes in the rigging show this craft to have been a fighter, for these receptacles were used for hauling up stones and other arms. Models such as this and the various others which Mr Nance has constructed from time to time have in addition to their historical value, a distinct fascination from the decorative point of view and they have moreover a peculiar interest for the student of the paintings of the Old Masters who introduced them into their backgrounds.



*(Photo by Mr C Harrison Hoyle)*



MODEL OF A FIFTEENTH CENTURY  
CARRACK BY R MORTON NANCE

With the advent of autumn there come signs of a gradually re-awakening activity in the London galleries and so far as can be seen at the time of writing it seems probable that this winter season will approximate much more nearly to ante bellum conditions than did last winter season

At the Leicester Galleries we have had exhibition of works by Mr E. J. Sullivan and Miss E. Fortescue-Brickdale, and of drawings by various French artists. The first room was occupied by 'The Kaiser's Garland' a series of forty-eight war cartoons dealing satirically with the attitude of the All Highest and his minions. Mr Sullivan's fine draughtsmanship allied to his sense of style in composition have allowed him to present us with caricatures which if barbed and penetrating have yet a dignity in their poignant satire such as it is interesting to contrast in the mind with the pictorial lampoons produced during the great conflict of a hundred years ago

Miss Eleanor Fortescue-Brickdale's water colours illustrating Old English Songs and Ballads were in her familiar and attractive vein. These carefully wrought compositions with all their wealth of pre-Raphaelite minuteness are entirely English in character and as such consort well with the themes they accompany. If there is a fault in her work it is a little want of clarity in the flesh painting, but in her finely studied backgrounds of foliage or landscape, and in the sympathetic rendering of silks and stuffs she achieves much beauty.

The third room at the Leicester Galleries was devoted to a number of drawings and sketches by French artists many of them produced we are told in the intervals of stern work in the fighting line. Such well-known men as Steichen, Landre, Poulbot, G. Barbier, Iorain, Koubille, Valotton, Hermann, Paul Huard, Carlegle, Jules Gruen, Floris, Abel Faivre, Willotte and Radon were

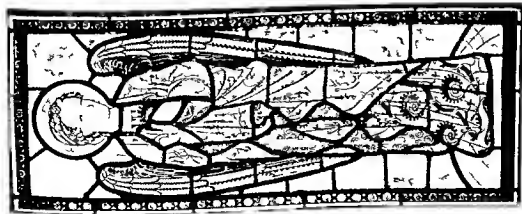
represented by vivacious and able works, while those whose drawings were done in the trenches comprised Bils, Miarko, Guy Arnoux, Jodelet, de Therlikowski (a *volontaire* killed in action last May), Murray, Lortac, Gir, Emon, Dy, Fouff, M. Dethomas, Mirande, Boileury, Bob E. Touraine, G. Delaw, Huygens, Ch. Genty, D. Hampol, Hautot and Falke. A number of sketches by J. Touchet made while prisoner of war during nine months at Gestrov in Mecklenburg together with his yellow *Kriegsgefangenen* brassard were in interesting feature of an exhibition which showed the high spirits and bold hearts of artists who are nobly playing their part in the ranks of our gallant Ally.

We reproduce some interesting examples of glass painting by Mr Stanley North, a young artist who received part of his training at South Kensington under Professor Lethaby in the Design School. The tempera painting *St. George and the Dragon* gained a prize at the Crosby Hall Exhibition of Mural Decoration some three years ago. The South Kensington Museum possesses over one hundred and twenty drawings by Mr North of old English painted glass, of which he has made an extensive study.

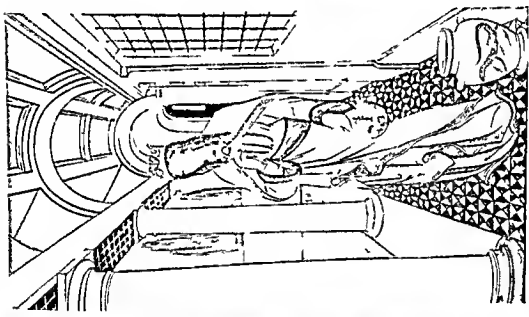
The Gallery of the Medici Society after containing two exhibitions of the beautiful stained



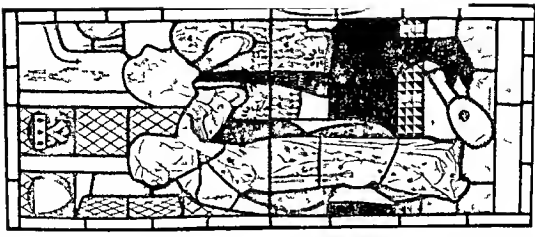
ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON. TEMPERA PAINTING BY STANLEY NORTH



CLASS PAINTING - IFACE  
BY STANLEY NORTH  
(It is the pose of the Act A T F h)



CLASS PAINTING - ST ELIZABETH  
BY STANLEY NORTH  
(It is the pose of John La e L q)



CLASS PAINTING - ISABELLA AND THE LOT  
OF BASIL (PART OF A THREE LIGHT WIN-  
DOW) BY STANLEY NORTH  
(It is the possession of Clifford Bar Eig)

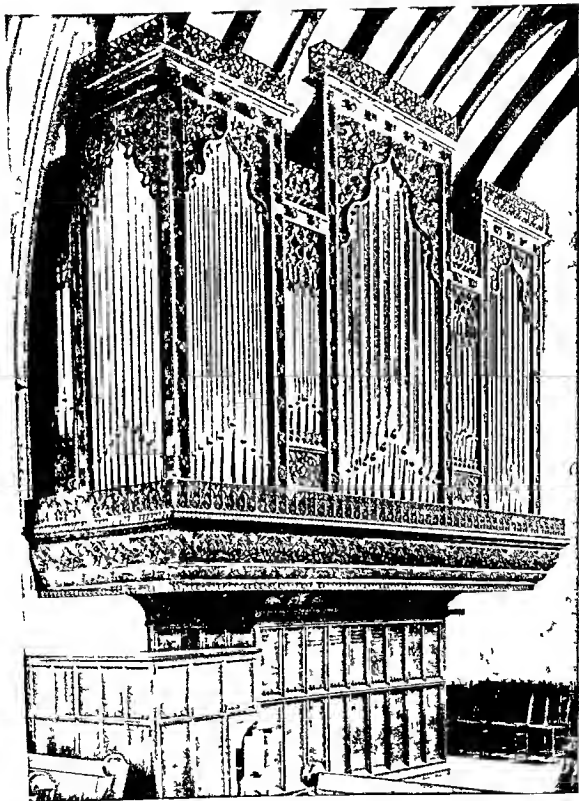
glass of Mr Louis Davis was recently filled with a general exhibition of examples by a number of craftsmen who work in this medium. The admirable productions of Mr Martin Travers beautiful in composition and in detailed draughtsmanship especially a design one panel of which was shown as executed for a painted window for a living room three windows by Mr Davis particularly *The North Wind* of delightful colour also two examples by Miss Pocock in which pleasant use is made of a chequered pattern of black and yellow all call for mention. Good exhibits were those of Mr George Kruger—we noticed especially his little heraldic windows for Christ's Hospital—Miss Esplan's windows for Khartoum Cathedral designed with a due regard for the brilliant sunlight against which they will be placed (very fine was *The Three Wise Men* clerestory window and in particular the third light showing Balthazar of Ethiopia bearing the Myrrh) and cartoons or glass by Mr Wooliscroft Rhead Miss M. A. Rope Miss Townsend Mr Reginald Hallward, Mr P. Wood

roffe and others. A noble and dignified cartoon was Prof Selwyn Images *The Annunciation* and harmonious in colouring were two lights of windows by Miss Hutchinson *The Resurrection* and *St Timothy Bishop of Ephesus*. An interesting window was the *St Kenelm* by Mr Henry Payne who also showed the cartoon *Sir Galahad* which we reproduced some eighteen months ago.

On this and the following page we illustrate examples of ecclesiastical woodwork recently carried out at Walsall, Staffordshire and Townyn in Merionethshire from designs by Mr Charles E. Bateman (Bateman and Bateman) of Birmingham the execution of the work in both cases having been entrusted to Messrs Bridgeman and Son of Lichfield. In the case of the Walsall Church the work was added to a chancel built from the designs of Mr Beck of Wolverhampton. Of a more elaborate character is the framing of the organ at Townyn a piece of work worthy of the best traditions of ecclesiastical decorative art in this country.



CHOIR STALLS ETC. IN S. PETER'S CHURCH, WALSHALL. DESIGNED BY CHARLES E. BATEMAN, F.R.I.B.A. ARCHITECT



ORGAN IN TOWYN PARISH CHURCH DE  
SIGNED BY CHARLES E BATEMAN FRIBA



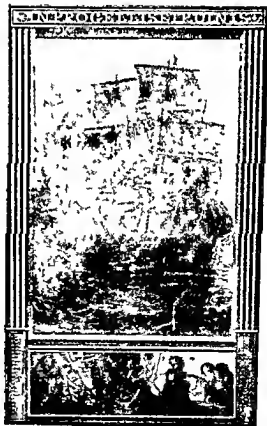
FLORENCE—The art of modern Italy in its pictorial manifestations has been without doubt profoundly influenced by the inspiration of Segantini and of those artists who shared in his impulse or followed his technical methods. To grasp this illusive vision of light to bring it closer, to imprison it within the canvas—this has been the dream of more than one master of our time on both sides of the Alps. Within Italy it has touched not merely the painters of the snows like Giuseppe Carozzi or Alberto Falchetti, but such widely differing artists as Gaetano Previati, Camillo Innocenti, Gableo Chini, and among the Tuscans Francesco Gioli, and, still more directly and markedly, Plinio Nomellini to whom as noted in the last issue of this magazine a Gold Medal has just been awarded in connection with the exhibition of Italian art at the Panama Pacific Exposition.

Nomellini was born at Leghorn in August 1866 of parents in a modest position of life. His father, who was engaged in the service of the Italian Customs at Leghorn, was transferred while our artist was still very young to Cagliari in Sardinia, and it was in this island with its wild, picturesque scenery, its sunshine and rich colour, that his first impressions were received, impressions which may be traced even in the latest manifestations of his art. The artistic impulse was very strong in him as a boy, and led him, in spite of parental prohibitions, to take part in the competition for a scholarship or pensionate in painting. He was successful, and this first success was decisive in confirming his natural inclination which had led him so often to escape from the routine of lessons to the shores of Leghorn her pinewoods and her resounding waves. The scholarship brought him an allowance of 60 francs a month, and he had the very welcome duty of attending the classes of the Academy of Fine Arts at Florence.

At the time when Plinio Nomellini entered the Academy at Florence, that fine Tuscan artist Giovanni Fattori (also a native of Leghorn) was still professor. He was one who considered his scholars rather as friends than from the professorial stand point and sought to guide them by sympathy and interest rather than direct precept to a love of nature and nature in art. A better guide for Nomellini could, perhaps, scarcely have been found by fortune without checking his originality. Tatton who had a sincere affection for the brilliant young student

led him forward into the path of art in his own studio, where he formed the friendship of Signorini, Banti, and others of his own standing. His first success was at the 'Promotrice' of Florence, where a scene from the life of the Maremma gained good notice, but now there was to follow a period of hard struggle for the young artist. His monthly pension had come to a natural end, his first picture, though it had won good press notices, had remained unsold. Colours, canvas, and frames all cost money and the dreams of the future had to be nourished on but scanty and poorly paid commissions in the present.

Plinio Nomellini met the stress and storm without flinching, with serenity, sometimes with ready jest and caustic criticism, and slowly the tide of fortune began to turn in his favour. The Venice International Art Exhibition, which have been such a source of inspiration and encouragement to all that is most original and modern in Italian art, helped him very materially, as they have helped



THE CORSAIR SHIP

BY PLINIO NOMELLINI



THE FIRST LISSON  
BY ILINIO NOMPELLINI



SPRING BY  
PLINIO NONFLLINI

others In 1901 he had already made his mark there with his painting full of poetic suggestion entitled *Sinfonia della Luna* (Moonlight Symphony) and other works, a success which he followed up two years later with his masterly composition entitled *The Treasures of the Sea*

At the commencement of our century Nomellini had already found his message of art in rendering the mystery and wonder of light and though some of his earlier works with their reminiscence of the *risorgimento* bring us closer to the spirit of his master Fattori it is as a luminist that he claims our attention here and it is in this relation that his work which I have studied in every consecutive Venice exhibition for the last eight years and at the Roman Secession has chiefly impressed me In the Secession of 1913 at Rome I recollect what a delight it was to enter the room set apart for his paintings Simple as was the decorative scheme—plain restful walls plain wood frames and furniture—the room seemed radiant with light and gave one the impression of entering suddenly into the sunshine Such too was if we may judge by his

own works the impression which the artist sought to convey in these paintings They tell in their unison he said there the story of a pleasant excursion through a happy country Restless quickly moving clouds traverse the skies leaving their patterns carpeted on the plains the faces of children smile a sense of music is in the air Here there is not the imagination which is bound and struggles to be free kindling visions of tumult and of terror only the soul is here intent on gathering the echoes of those melodies which rise up from the kindly earth and are lost in the limitless space—the soul which anxiously listens and treasures them Before this vision I have no need no wish to assert any problem of technique or theory

One phrase in this description seems to lead us near the heart of the painter's creation The soul intent on gathering the echo of those melodies which rise up from the kindly earth Gaetano Previati the apostle in modern Italy of the Divisionist theory has stated that the disintegration (*scompositore*) of colours tending to



AN IDYL OF THE MAREMMA

BY PLINIO NOMELELLI



ДИКОРАТИВИ ЛАНДСКАПЕ  
БЫ Н В ДОРПИ

draw from the luminous vibrations not merely the general tone of the painting but its every separate element, appears markedly only among the *colorist* to assume its definite and systematised character in the works of Segantini, notably in that grand triptych *Vita Natura e Morte*—a milestone in the already glorious advance of art to the conquest of luminous objectivity, the true aim of the disintegration of colours.

But Nomellini though a luminescent of the first order, does not, as far as I can see in himself, as even Previti inclines to do to the precise method of any systematisation of colour as presenting refracted light. Endowed with a marvellous sense of colour and light, with a vigorously assertive artistic personality, he has used the divisional method where it suited his needs. The end here surely justifies the means, the plenitude of living light and glow of colour in Plinio Nomellini's later works, such as those he showed at Rome in 1913 at Venice the year before, and again last year, justify his choice of technique by their success—a success which sufficient in itself gained for him that coveted prize the *Premio Ussi*.

At the close of this brief notice I go back again to the artist's own words which seem to intimately convey the spirit of his work—"the soul intent on gathering the echo of the melodies that rise from the kindly earth. The sea with all its splendour and terror, crashing upon those coasts of Viareggio which our Shelley knew too fatally and loved the great pine forests among which a man may lose himself for hours with the sunlight patterning itself through the close branches the wholesome quiet and freshness of the Tuscan country life, the flood of sunshine in long summer days upon the coast or among the olive yards of Tuscany—all these seem part of an art which, though strong enough to represent the terror and tragedy of Nature his preferred—happily for us—to gather these echoes of her most intimate harmony." S B

VENICE—With the death of Eduardo Dilibono who died at Naples on August 23 at the age of seventy one, there has disappeared one of the most characteristic and distinguished representatives of that brilliant period of Neapolitan painters and sculptors which for some years formed the vanguard of the new artistic movement in Italy. Dilibono was a visionary of the brush. To his spirit as to his

vision scenes of nature and of the mass of humanity only appeared as though seen through veils of phantasmagoria sparkling with the most brilliant illumination. His regard never turned with satisfaction towards anything but smiling sunny landscapes, or bustling scenes of fetes and, little by little, beneath the insistence of his intoxicated gaze, all became transfigured vivacious gay and charming so that the figures and the spectacles fixed upon canvas or paper by his glorifying brush ceased to belong any longer to the world of actuality, but to a faerie kingdom, a land of dreams! And so it is that Naples and the Neapolitans found in him much more than merely a brilliant observer, kindly and sympathetic, such as was Tivetto for the Venetians. Rather was Dilibono their poet and extoller incapable of placing before us anything but their most amiable gracious and seductive aspects while rendering these by his rare pictorial ability yet more gracious, more amiable and more seductive still. V P

COPFENHAGEN—Mr N V Dorphs rare sense of the decorative asserts itself in most of his paintings and portraits and of late years he has developed what approaches a style of his own in large decorative landscape pictures with figures. Picturesque motifs found where his travels chance to take him are made the scene of maidens bathing of nymphs at play or some such thing but his mainly self-containment guards him against the temptation of becoming sentimental which the subject otherwise might involve and there is nothing whatever of the *pastiche* in these handsome canvases which endow the room they are destined to ornament with a beauty and *festivitas* in which there is much of the mood of bygone beauty loving days. G B

## ART SCHOOL NOTES

LONDON—In a circular addressed to Local Education Authorities and Schools of Art the Board of Education announce that in view of the urgent need for national economy and other circumstances arising out of the war no National Competition will be held in 1916 and that though they hope to hold the examinations in art as usual it may be necessary at a later date to suspend these examinations. The interim regulations for scholarships exhibitions and other awards in art already in force are provisionally continued subject to certain modifications.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

*The Surrey Hills* By E. E. GREEN With illustrations by ELLIOTT SEABROOKE (London Chatto and Windus) 7s 6d net.—Mr Green has written a very entertaining narrative of his rambles among the hills which make Surrey one of the most charming shires of England. Numbered are the celebrities who have lived there and in fact there is hardly a village in the author's itinerary with which some name of importance is not associated. The chief literary men of note figure most prominently in Mr Green's pages, and amongst the chief he gives an entire chapter to George Meredith and his abode in Boxhill. One of Mr Seabrooke's illustrations shows a view of the broad expanse of country seen from Meredeth's window at Flint Cottage—a view which makes one appreciate his zeal in building it and his attachment to the spot for over forty years, for as he wrote to a friend 'I must have for my daily meal a goodlyful of sky and the sun must drip into it or I am not satisfied. I feed on him and the field he traverses.' But literary men have not been allowed to monopolise the charms of Surrey and of late years an increasing number of well-to-do merchants, lawyers and others who have prospered have found an abiding place on the tops or slopes of its hills, many of them developing a taste for truly rural pursuits. The author mentions a lawyer noted for his knowledge of philosophy as well as law, whose penchant was pedigree pigs, and who spent the best part of his Sundays gazing at them the smell of his piggery being more alluring to him than the incense of his church. Mr Seabrooke has supplied twenty-eight illustrations, and as an artist with an eye for broad vistas and a poetic temperament he was especially fitted to do justice, as he has done to the landscape beauties of the Surrey hills. One shortcoming of the book is the absence of an index.

*Lives of the Most Eminent Painters, Sculptors and Architects* By GIOVANNI VASARI Newly translated by GASTON DE C. DE VÈRE (London: Medici Society) Vols. VII, VIII, IX. 25s net each.—In reviewing the earlier volumes of this new translation of Vasari's *Lives* we have testified to the conscientious care and thought bestowed on its preparation and to the admirable way in which the edition has been presented both as regards typography and the illustrations in colour and monochrome. The three further volumes before us fully maintain the high standard of excellence exhibited in the antecedent volumes and in anticipation of the promised early publication of the

tenth and final volume we can congratulate the Medici Society upon the completion of an undertaking which will earn the appreciation of all students of the history of Italian art. We understand it is their intention to supplement the ten volumes of the translation with a supplementary volume devoted to a critical commentary on Vasari's statements embodying the results of the vast amount of research which has been bestowed on the work of the artists whose deeds and achievements he has recorded.

*The Book of Old English Songs and Ballads* Illustrated in colour by ELEANOR LOITSELYER JACKESON (London: Hodder and Stoughton.) 10s 5s net, Cloth, 15s net.—We have referred elsewhere to the original drawings, twenty-four of which are here reproduced in colour in connection with the exhibition at the Leicester Galleries. Very charming is the picture accompanying Ben Jonson's 'A Hic and Cry after Cupid' and the illustration 'O Love! but she's the time this to thee' to Jyl's delightful 'Cupid and his Canisopus,' and yet another specimen in design and colour 'Our Lady sings Magnificat.' The poetical quality of Miss Jackson's work in this volume is for the most part in the delicate and very pleasing craftsmanship rather than in the pictorial ideas, which might some of them seem a little prosaic. The illustrations to such charming lines as these here reprinted, do not the beauty of the technical accomplishment fill our eyes.

*The Art and Anatomy of Trees* By HENRY VECAT COLE (London: Seeley Service and Co.) 7s 6d net.—This recent addition to the 'New Art Library' will be found very helpful to the student of landscape painting. The name of the author is itself a guarantee that the subject is adequately treated, he has devoted many years to the study of trees in all their varieties and aspects, and already many an artist and designer has profited by the extensive series of drawings which appeared in Mr Vecat Cole's comprehensive work on 'British Trees' issued about seven or eight years ago and of which some selected examples were reproduced in our pages at the time. In this new manual intended to meet the needs of beginners as well as more advanced students, the subject is handled in a systematic and lucid way which the novice with but an elementary knowledge of drawing and no knowledge of the structure of trees can follow with ease while among those who pride themselves on considerable proficiency in drawing or painting trees there are few who will fail to derive some advantage from its contents. The author has

devoted a large part of the volume to the anatomy of the tree and the configuration of its details in the belief that this kind of knowledge is essential to the artist who makes use of tree forms and though it may be readily admitted that an excess of merely botanical knowledge may reflect unfavourably on his work we agree that there are many landscape painters whose work would carry more conviction if it showed more appreciation of the specific characteristics of the trees that figure in their compositions. The volume is provided with an abundance of illustrations consisting for the most part of drawings made by the author but including reproductions of works by great masters ancient and modern in which trees form an important part of the composition.

*Bath and Bristol* Painted by LAURA A. HAPPERFIELD, described by STANLEY HUTTON (London: A and C. Black) 7s 6d net.—The author has gathered together in the 190 odd pages of this book a great deal of information regarding these two cities situated so close to one another yet fundamentally so different in their character. He evokes memories of the many distinguished men who have been closely associated with either Bath or Bristol and the text makes interesting reading. Lord Rosebery is reported to have declared that "the city of Bath in the month of May is the most beautiful city or town in the kingdom" and perhaps we may see a revival of the great popularity which it enjoyed in the days of Nash and before the foreign set became so much the resort of fashionable valetudinarians. The volume contains twenty reproductions in colour of water colours by Laura Happerfield and two plans.

*The Decoration and Furnishing of Apartments* By H. RUSSELL HERTS. (London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons) 14s net.—In the larger cities of America as in those of England, France, Germany and other countries the apartment house has become an increasingly conspicuous feature in recent years and in years to come will probably be more so, as the "servant problem" which in both hemispheres is largely responsible for this development is not likely to become less acute but rather the contrary. It is to the occupiers of such dwellings ranging from the small two room suite to the large suite of ten to twenty rooms disposed on one, two, or three levels, that Mr. Herts offers advice in the matter of the artistic treatment of their houses and though he is more especially concerned with conditions existing in America these conditions so closely correspond to those met with wherever the flat is in evidence that his obser-

vations admit of general application. In America, however, he perceives especially among the well-to-do, a greater need of enlightenment in artistic decoration and furnishing than elsewhere. "One of the great difficulties which some Americans have to face is that of being extravagant gracefully. We do a lot of copying of old things in America but we do it chiefly without the background of inherited tradition. Our ideals like our apartment house small of fresh paint. Under such conditions the decorator's task is not an easy one, but the author believes that the future is with the artists of the profession and not with those whose chief concern is getting big profits. His counsel especially in the equipment of the smaller suites of apartments will be helpful alike to those who live in them and to decorators who turn their attention to the new problems which the new conditions of life have produced. The illustrations consist of reproductions in colour or monochrome of interiors designed by the author.

*Little People Rhymes* by L. H. LEWIS. Illustrations by H. WITTENBERG. L. M. MAIR. (London: Augener Ltd. Philadelphia: David McKay) 3s 6d net.—Miss Le Mair's illustrations in nursery rhymes and children's songs have captivated the hearts of a legion of little folk to whom the young Dutch artist has endeared herself by that sympathy with childhood which is so evident in her dainty drawings. We are sure therefore that this new book with its ten illustrations in colour will meet with a warm welcome from all the "little people" into whose hands it falls.

Under the general title of "Memorabilia" the Media Society through its publisher Mr. Lee Warner is issuing a series of booklets containing as their subject matter either some literary classic or a group of monochrome reproductions of paintings by old masters with a common theme. In the former category there is "Browning's Christmas Eve" and "Foster's Day, Milton's Nativity Ode, Gray's Elegy "A Book of Carols," and another of "Noël Français." In the illustrated booklets the subjects are "The Visitation of Mary, The Adoration of the Magi, The Flight into Egypt, 'The Life of Christ (after Duccio), St. George the Martyr, St. Francis of Assisi (after Giotto)." Each booklet is printed in the beautiful type designed by Mr. Herbert Home for the Society and is published at 1s net.

*Variorum books published recently have reached us too late for notice in this number and will be reserved in our next issue.*



## *The Lay Figure*

### THE LAY FIGURE ON THE PRACTICAL VALUE OF ART

"How is it possible to claim any practical value for art?" asked the Plain Man. "I have heard a great deal of talk lately about art as a national asset and as an important factor in the prosperity of the country, but it all seems to me to be mere twaddle."

"Oh, does it?" cried the Man with the Red Tie. "You are much too ready to dismiss as twaddle any argument that you cannot understand. What do you know about art, anyhow?"

"I flatter myself that I have a very fair knowledge of many kinds of art," protested the Plain Man. "I am very fond of pictures and I am really interested in what artists are doing. To look at works of art gives me a great deal of pleasure."

"In other words it amuses you," scoffed the Man with the Red Tie. "The artist is to you a sort of mountebank whose tricks make you smile. You give him an occasional spare moment but you never dream of taking him seriously."

"Take him seriously, I hardly think one could do that," reflected the Plain Man. "I suppose art is really a form of amusement, and it would not be right to allow it to take up too much of one's time. Naturally it cannot claim a place among the practical facts of life and therefore it can only be enjoyed in moments of leisure by the busy men who have to do the work of the world."

many people who, like our friend here, honestly believe that art is just the useless, unprofitable, unpractical thing that he describes."

"One moment," interrupted the Plain Man. "I do not say that art is useless because I see that as an amusement it has its place in the scheme of existence, but I do think it is unpractical, and unprofitable as well, because it can never be anything but an amusement, and therefore of no actual value to a working community."

"It seems to me that your conception of life is by no means an elevated one," replied the Critic. "You appear to think that only things which contribute to the gratification of the cruder sensations are of any account."

"My conception of life is, I maintain, a common sense one," retorted the Plain Man. "I set no store by anything which does not serve a really useful purpose by adding to the earning power of the nation, and as art does not do that, it is not worthy of serious consideration."

"Do you allow it no educational influence? Do you deny to it the power to improve men's minds? Do you suggest that neither socially, politically nor industrially, it serves any purpose at all?" asked the Critic. "I say that in all these ways it fulfils a mission of the highest importance."

"How can a thing inherently trivial exercise any influence or fulfil any mission?" rejoined the Plain Man.